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Fair Daphne's dead, and love is now no more !

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THE WORKS

OF

ALEXANDER POPE.

VOL. III.

But see the shepherds shun the noonday heat.

Pastoral II — Summer.

LONDON:

A. J. VALPY, M.A.

1832.

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THE WORKS

OF

ALEXANDER POPE;

WITH

A MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR,

NOTES, AND CRITICAL NOTICES ON EACH POEM,

BY THE REV. G. CROLY, LL.D.

RECTOR OF ST. STEPHEN'S, WALBROOK, LONDON.

VOL. III.

LONDON: A. J. VALPY, M.A.

1835.

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ILLUSTRATIONS

TO

THE THIRD VOLUME.

FRONTISPIECE, from the Fourth Pastoral, v. 21, &c.

VIGNETTE, from the Second Pastoral, v. 85.

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THE

DUNCIAD,

IN FOUR BOOKS;

WITH THE

PROLEGOMENA OF SCRIBLERUS,

THE

HYPERCRITICS OF ARISTARCHUS,

AND

NOTES VARIORUM.

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THE DUNCIAD.

The direct origin of this longest and most labored of Pope's poems has been already detailed in the Memoir of his life. The initials appended to the 'Treatise on the Art of Sinking in Poetry' had excited universal resentment: the writers, whose works had been held up to public contempt, retorted in a body; and, if their revenge was not classic, it was at least keen. Libels, personalities, and threats filled the public ear; and Pope declares that 'for half a year and more, the common newspapers were filled with the most abusive falsehoods and scurrilities that they could possibly devise.' 'A liberty,' he farther observes, 'no way to be wondered at in those people and in those papers, that, for many years, during the uncontrolled license of the press, had aspersed almost all the great characters of the age, and this with impunity, their own persons and names being utterly secret and obscure.'

For those reasons, which ought to have taught him the hopelessness of attack, if not the dignity of silence; he resolved by one decisive blow to extinguish the whole fraternity of the 'scribblers.' The habitual failure of his temperament was irritability, and in this instance it betrayed him into warfare with a generation, whose obscurity he confesses to have placed them beyond the reach of assault, if their callousness did not render them insensible to his weapons. His knowlege of the world ought also to have warned him, that the eminent are always losers in a volun-

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tary contest with the contemptible; and his knowlege of the race with whom he had to deal, that the libeller may make up in virulence what he wants in vigor; that the public, with all their favoritism for the man of genius, can laugh at seeing him entangled with the mean; and, that when abuse is to decide the battle, the mean are the natural masters of the field.

The value of those maxims is proved, by the fact that, from the commencement of the quarrel, Pope's life seems to have been one of perpetual vexation: every newspaper that reached his hands teemed with fresh insult; he was pursued by ballads, stung by epigrams, burlesqued by caricatures, and even menaced with those personal attacks, which to his feebleness of frame, and consequent powerlessness of self-protection, must have been matters of serious anxiety. The multitude of biting pamphlets and furious paragraphs written against him perhaps outnumber those which either party stimulants or popular rage called forth against the most obnoxious public men of England. In this unenviable tribute sir Robert Walpole himself may give way to the author of the 'Treatise of the Bathos.'

At the head of the dunces he had placed Theobald, a plodding but a diligent critic, 'whose real crime,' Johnson says, 'was that of having revised Shakspeare more happily than himself.' Pope, with a scorn, of which the intention is more easily seen than the point discoverable, calling him Tibbald, opens the poem by a description of the goddess of Dulness fixing her fondest glance on the critic, on the evening of a lord mayor's day, when he is sitting gloomily among his abortive works, and pondering on the downfall of her empire, from the advanced age of Settle. The goddess suddenly reveals herself to the desponding hero, announces the death of Settle, and proclaims him legitimate successor of the ancient sovereign of the dunces.

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In the second book the new king celebrates his accession by games, in which all the subordinate dunces contend. In the third, the goddess descends, and laying Tibbald in slumber on her lap, transports him to the river of oblivion, where the shade of Settle declaims on the future triumphs of the monarchy of Dulness, its rapid extension over all the sciences and arts of England, and its final absorption of all into an intellectual chaos.

The variety, keenness, and poetic picturesque, the classic illusion, and polished venom, to which this plan afforded space, or tempted satire, might have sufficed a less comprehensive indignation than that which roused Pope against the general dulness of the world. But with him the appetite grew by what it fed on; and to indulge his wrath, he even incurred the hazard of blunting its edge: In 1742, thirteen years after the first quarto, he wrote a fourth book on the pursuits of Dulness; distinguished by equal skill with the former, but losing their poignancy, by generalising their satire. In the following year he fell into a still more unlucky snare, by substituting Cibber for Theobald, in revenge for a contemptuous pamphlet. Cibber was a coxcomb; but clever, witty, and fashionable; among the best actors of a day memorable for theatrical skill; an author, whose comedies still survive; and a dexterous, alert, and sarcastic man of the world. Walpole pronounces his 'Treatise on the Stage' inimitable. To place the graceful frivolity of Cibber in the seat which had been fabricated for the stagnant pedantry of Theobald, was a palpable error in taste: but the heavier error in judgment, was the substitution in any shape; for, by showing that he could thus shift his satire, he extinguished its strength: its particularity was the sting of its power.

Pope's care of this great poem has remarkably supplied it with notes; and as those from his own pen, or Warburton's,

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under his direction, must be presumed to give the best elucidation of his meaning, they are preserved wherever it is possible.

Those published by Pope in the quarto edition of 1729 are marked P.

Those by Pope, in the subsequent joint edition of Pope and Warburton, in 1743, are marked P.†

Those written by Pope and Warburton in conjunction, are marked P. W.

Those by Warburton, as they appeared in the edition of 1743, and consequently approved of by Pope, are marked W.

And those which first appeared in the general edition of the works in 1751, by Warburton, after the death of Pope, are marked W.†

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LETTER TO THE PUBLISHER,

OCCASIONED BY THE FIRST CORRECT EDITION OF THE DUNCIAD.

It is with pleasure I hear, that you have procured a correct copy of the Dunciad, which the many surreptitious ones have rendered so necessary; and it is yet with more, that I am informed it will be attended with a Commentary: a work so requisite, that I cannot think the author himself would have omitted it, had he approved of the first appearance of this poem.

Such notes as have occurred to me I herewith send you: you will oblige me by inserting them amongst those which are, or will be transmitted to you by others; since not only the author's friends, but even strangers, appear engaged by humanity, to take some care of an orphan of so much genius and spirit, which its parent seems to have abandoned from the very beginning, and suffered to step into the world naked, unguarded, and unattended.

It was on reading some of the abusive papers lately published, that my great regard to a person, whose friendship I esteem as one of the chief honors of my life, and a much greater respect to truth than to him or any man living, engaged me in inquiries, of which the enclosed notes are the fruit.

I perceived that most of these authors had been (doubtless very wisely) the first aggressors: they had tried, till they were weary, what was to be got by railing at each

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other. Nobody was either concerned or surprised if this or that scribbler was proved a dunce; but every one was curious to read what could be said to prove Mr. Pope one, and was ready to pay something for such a discovery: a stratagem, which, would they fairly own it, might not only reconcile them to me, but screen them from the resentment of their lawful superiors, whom they daily abuse, only, as I charitably hope, to get that by them, which they cannot get from them.

I found this was not all: ill success in that had transported them to personal abuse, either of himself, or, what I think he could less forgive, of his friends. They had called men of virtue and honor bad men, long before he had either leisure or inclination to call them bad writers; and some had been such old offenders, that he had quite forgotten their persons as well as their slanders, till they were pleased to revive them.

Now what had Mr. Pope done before to incense them? He had published those works which are in the hands of every body, in which not the least mention is made of any of them. And what has he done since? He has laughed, and written the Dunciad. What has that said of them? A very serious truth, which the public had said before, that they were dull; and what it had no sooner said, but they themselves were at great pains to procure, or even purchase room in the prints, to testify under their hands to the truth of it.

I should still have been silent, if either I had seen any inclination in my friend to be serious with such accusers, or if they had only meddled with his writings; since whoever publishes, puts himself on his trial by his country: but when his moral character was attacked, and in a manner from which neither truth nor virtue can secure the most innocent; in a manner, which, though it annihilates the credit of the accusation with the just and impartial, yet aggravates very much the guilt of the accusers; I mean by authors without names;—then I thought, since the danger

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was common to all, the concern ought to be so; and that it was an act of justice to detect the authors, not only on this account; but as many of them are the same who for several years past have made free with the greatest names in church and state, exposed to the world the private misfortunes of families, abused all, even to women, and whose prostituted papers (for one or other party, in the unhappy divisions of their country) have insulted the fallen, the friendless, the exiled, and the dead.

Besides this, which I take to be a public concern, I have already confessed I had a private one: I am one of that number, who have long loved and esteemed Mr. Pope; and had often declared it was not his capacity or writings, which we ever thought the least valuable part of his character; but the honest, open, and beneficent man, that we most esteemed and loved in him. Now, if what these people say were believed, I must appear to all my friends either a fool or a knave; either imposed on myself, or imposing on them; so that I am as much interested in the confutation of these calumnies as he is himself.

I am no author, and consequently not to be suspected either of jealousy or resentment against any of the men, of whom scarce one is known to me by sight; and as for their writings, I have sought them, on this one occasion, in vain, in the closets and libraries of all my acquaintance. I had still been in the dark, if a gentleman had not procured me (I suppose from some of themselves, for they are generally much more dangerous friends than enemies) the passages I send you. I solemnly protest I have added nothing to the malice or absurdity of them; which it behoves me to declare, since the vouchers themselves will be so soon and so irrecoverably lost. You may in some measure prevent it, by preserving at least their titles,[1] and discovering, as far as you can depend on the truth of your information, the names of the concealed authors.

[1] See a List of them here appended.

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The first objection I have heard made to the poem is, that the persons are too obscure for satire. The persons themselves, rather than allow the objection, would forgive the satire; and if one could be tempted to afford it a serious answer, were not all assassinates, popular insurrections, the insolence of the rabble without doors, and of domestics within, most wrongfully chastised, if the meanness of offenders indemnified them from punishment? On the contrary, obscurity renders them more dangerous, as less thought of: law can pronounce judgment only on open facts; morality alone can pass censure on intentions of mischief; so that for secret calumny, or the arrow flying in the dark, there is no public punishment left, but what a good writer inflicts.

The next objection is, that these sort of authors are poor. That might be pleaded as an excuse at the Old Bailey for lesser crimes than defamation, for it is the case of almost all who are tried there; but sure it can be none here: for who will pretend that the robbing another of his reputation supplies the want of it in himself? I question not but such authors are poor, and heartily wish the objection were removed by any honest livelihood: but poverty is here the accident, not the subject. He who describes malice and villany to be pale and meagre, expresses not the least anger against paleness or meanness, but against malice and villany: the Apothecary in 'Romeo and Juliet' is poor;—but is he therefore justified in vending poison? Not but poverty itself becomes a just subject of satire, when it is the consequence of vice, prodigality, or neglect of one's lawful calling; for then it increases the public burden, fills the streets and highways with robbers, and the garrets with clippers, coiners, and weekly journalists.

But admitting that two or three of these offend less in their morals than in their writings—must poverty make nonsense sacred? If so, the fame of bad authors would be much better consulted than that of all the good ones in the world; and not one of a hundred had ever been called by his right name.

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They mistake the whole matter. It is not charity to encourage them in the way they follow, but to get them out of it; for men are not bunglers because they are poor, but they are poor because they are bunglers.

Is it not pleasant enough, to hear our authors crying out on the one hand, as if their persons and characters were too sacred for satire; and the public objecting on the other, that they are too mean even for ridicule? But whether bread or fame be their end, it must be allowed, our author, by and in this poem, has mercifully given them a little of both.

There are two or three, who by their rank and fortune have no benefit from the former objections, supposing them good; and these I was sorry to see in such company: but if, without any provocation, two or three gentlemen will fall on one, in an affair wherein his interest and reputation are equally embarked; they cannot certainly, after they have been content to print themselves his enemies, complain of being put into the number of them.

Others, I am told, pretend to have been once his friends: surely they are their enemies who say so; since nothing can be more odious than to treat a friend as they have done: but of this I cannot persuade myself, when I consider the constant and eternal aversion of all bad writers to a good one.

Such as claim a merit from being his admirers, I would gladly ask, if it lays him under a personal obligation? At that rate he would be the most obliged humble servant in the world. I dare swear for these in particular, he never desired them to be his admirers, nor promised in return to be theirs. That had truly been a sign he was of their acquaintance; but would not the malicious world have suspected such an approbation of some motive worse than ignorance, in the author of the 'Essay on Criticism?' Be it as it will, the reasons of their admiration and of his contempt are equally subsisting; for his works and theirs are the very same that they were.

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One, therefore, of their assertions, I believe may be true,—'that he has a contempt for their writings:' and there is another, which would probably be sooner allowed by himself than by any good judge beside,—'that his own have found too much success with the public:' but as it cannot consist with his modesty to claim this as a justice; it lies not on him, but intirely on the public, to defend its own judgment.

There remains what, in my opinion, might seem a better plea for these people, than any they have made use of. If obscurity or poverty were to exempt a man from satire, much more should folly or dulness, which are still more involuntary; nay, as much so as personal deformity: but even this will not help them. Deformity becomes an object of ridicule when a man sets up for being handsome; and so must dulness when he sets up for a wit. They are not ridiculed, because ridicule in itself is, or ought to be, a pleasure; but because it is just to undeceive and vindicate the honest and unpretending part of mankind from imposition, because particular interest ought to yield to general, and a great number who are not naturally fools ought never to be made so in complaisance to a few who are. Accordingly, we find that in all ages, all vain pretenders, were they ever so poor or ever so dull, have been constantly the topics of the most candid satirists, from the Codrus of Juvenal to the Damon of Boileau.

Having mentioned Boileau, the greatest poet and most judicious critic of his age and country, admirable for his talents, and yet perhaps more admirable for his judgment in the proper application of them; I cannot help remarking the resemblance betwixt him and our author, in qualities, fame, and fortune; in the distinctions shown them by their superiors, in the general esteem of their equals, and in their extended reputation amongst foreigners; in the latter of which ours has met with the better fate, as he has had for his translators persons of the most eminent rank and abilities n their respective nations. But the resem-

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blance holds in nothing more, than in their being equally abused by the ignorant pretenders to poetry of their times; of which not the least memory will remain but in their own writings, and in the notes made on them. What Boileau has done in almost all his poems, our author has only in this: I dare answer for him he will do it in no more; and on this principle, of attacking few but who had slandered him, he could not have done it at all, had he been confined from censuring obscure and worthless persons; for scarce any others were his enemies. However, as the parity is so remarkable, I hope it will continue to the last; and if ever he should give us an edition of this poem himself, I may see some of them treated as gently, on their repentance or better merit, as Perrault or Quinault were at last by Boileau.

In one point I must be allowed to think the character of our English poet the more amiable. He has not been a follower of fortune or success; he has lived with the great without flattery; been a friend to men in power, without pensions, from whom, as he asked, so he received, no favor, but what was done him in his friends. As his satires were the more just for being delayed, so were his panegyrics; bestowed only on such persons as he had familiarly known, only for such virtues as he had long observed in them, and only in such times as others cease to praise, if not begin to calumniate them;—I mean, when out of power or out of fashion. A satire, therefore, on writers so notorious for the contrary practice, became no man so well as himself; as none, it is plain, was so little in their friendships, or so much in that of those whom they had most abused, namely, the greatest and best of all parties. Let me add a farther reason; that, though engaged in their friendships, he never espoused their animosities; and can almost singly challenge this honor, not to have written a line of any man, which, through guilt, through shame, or through fear, through variety of fortune, or change of interests, he was ever unwilling to own.

I shall conclude with remarking what a pleasure it must

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be to every reader of humanity, to see all along, that our author, in his very laughter, is not indulging his own ill-nature, but only punishing that of others: as to his poem, those alone are capable of doing it justice, who, to use the words of a great writer, know how hard it is, with regard both to his subject and his manner, 'vetustis dare novitatem, obsoletis nitorem, obscuris lucem, fastiditis gratiam.'

I am
Your most humble servant,
WILLIAM CLELAND.[2]

St. James's, Dec. 22, 1728.

[2] This gentleman was of Scotland, and bred at the university of Utrecht, with the earl of Mar: he served in Spain under earl Rivers. After the peace, he was made one of the commissioners of the customs in Scotland, and then of taxes in England; in which, having shown himself for twenty years diligent, punctual, and incorruptible, though without any other assistance of fortune, he was suddenly displaced by the minister, in the sixty-eighth year of his age, and died two months after, in 1741.—P. †

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MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS

HIS PROLEGOMENA AND ILLUSTRATIONS

TO THE

DUNCIAD:

WITH THE

HYPERCRITICS OF ARISTARCHUS.

Dennis, Remarks on Prince Arthur.

I CANNOT but think it the most reasonable thing in the world, to distinguish good writers, by discouraging the bad: nor is it an ill-natured thing, in relation even to the very persons on whom the reflections are made. It is true, it may deprive them, a little the sooner, of a short profit and a transitory reputation; but then it may have a good effect, and oblige them, before it be too late, to decline that for which they are so very unfit, and to have recourse to something in which they may be more successful.

Character of Mr. Pope, 1716.

The persons whom Boileau has attacked in his writings, have been for the most part authors, and most of those authors, poets; and the censures he hath passed on them have been confirmed by all Europe.

Gildon, Preface to his New Rehearsal.

It is the common cry of the poetasters of the town, and their fautors, that it is an ill-natured thing to expose the pre-

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tenders to wit and poetry: the judges and magistrates may with full as good reason be reproached with ill-nature for putting the laws in execution against a thief or impostor. The same will hold in the republic of letters, if the critics and judges will let every ignorant pretender to scribbling pass on the world.

Theobald, Letter to Mist, June 22, 1728.

Attacks may be levelled, either against failures in genius, or against the pretensions of writing without one.

Concanen, Dedication to the Author of the Dunciad.

A satire on dulness is a thing that has been used and allowed in all ages.

'Out of thine own mouth will I judge thee, wicked scribbler!'—P.

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TESTIMONIES OF AUTHORS

CONCERNING

OUR POET AND HIS WORKS.

M. SCRIBLERUS LECTORI S.

BEFORE we present thee with our exercitations on this most delectable poem, drawn from the many volumes of our Adversaria on modern authors, we shall here, according to the laudable usage of editors, collect the various judgments of the learned concerning our poet; various indeed, not only of different authors, but of the same author at different seasons: nor shall we gather only the testimonies of such eminent wits, as would of course descend to posterity, and consequently be read without our collection; but we shall likewise with incredible labor seek out for divers others, which, but for this our diligence, could never at the distance of a few months appear to the eye of the most curious. Hereby thou mayest not only receive the delectation of variety, but also arrive at a more certain judgment, by a grave and circumspect comparison of the witnesses with each other, or of each with himself: hence also thou wilt be enabled to draw reflections, not only of a critical, but a moral nature, by being let into many particulars of the person as well as genius, and of the fortune as well as merit, of our author; in which if I relate some things of little concern peradventure to thee, and some of as little even to him, I entreat

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thee to consider how minutely all true critics and commentators are wont to insist on such, and how material they seem to themselves, if to none other. Forgive me, gentle reader, if, following learned example, I ever and anon become tedious: allow me to take the same pains to find whether my author were good or bad, well or ill-natured, modest or arrogant; as another, whether his author was fair or brown, short or tall, or whether he wore a coat or a cassock.

We purposed to begin with his life, parentage, and education; but as to these, even his contemporaries do exceedingly differ. One saith,[3] he was educated at home; another,[4] that he was bred at St. Omer's by Jesuits; a third,[5] not at St. Omer's, but at Oxford; a fourth,[6] that he had no university education at all. Those who allow him to be bred at home, differ as much concerning his tutor: one saith,[7] he was kept by his father on purpose; a second,[8] that he was an itinerant priest; a third,[9] that he was a parson; one[10] calleth him a secular clergyman of the church of Rome; another,[11] a monk. As little do they agree about his father, whom one[12] supposeth, like the father of Hesiod, a tradesman, or merchant; another,[13] a husbandman; another,[14] a hatter, &c.: nor has an author been wanting to give our poet such a father as Apuleius hath to Plato, Iamblichus to Pythagoras, and divers to Homer, namely a demon; for thus Mr. Gildon:[15] 'Certain it is, that his ori-

[3] Giles Jacob's Lives of the Poets, vol. ii. in his life.
[4] Dennis's Reflections on the Essay on Criticism, p. 4.
[5] Dunciad dissected, p. 4. [6] Guardian, No. 40.
[7] Jacob's Lives, &c. vol. ii. [8] Dunciad dissected, p. 4.
[9] Farmer P. and his son. [10] Dunciad dissected.
[11] Characters of the Times, p. 45.
[12] Female Dunciad, p. ult. [13] Dunciad dissected.
[14] Roome, paraphrase on Genesis iv., printed 1729.
[15] Character of Mr. P. and his Writings, in a letter to a friend, printed for S. Popping, 1716, p. 10. Curll, in his Key to the Dunciad (first edit. said to be printed for A. Dodd), in the tenth page declared Gildon to be author of that libel;

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ginal is not from Adam, but the devil; and that he wanted nothing but horns and tail to be the exact resemblance of his infernal father.' Finding therefore such contrariety of opinions, and (whatever be ours of this sort of generation) not being fond to enter into controversy, we shall defer writing the life of our poet, till authors can determine among themselves what parents or education he had, or whether he had any education or parents at all.

Proceed we to what is more certain, his works, though not less uncertain the judgments concerning them; beginning with his 'Essay on Criticism,' of which hear first the most ancient of critics,

MR. JOHN DENNIS.

'His precepts are false or trivial, or both; his thoughts are crude and abortive, his expressions absurd, his numbers harsh and unmusical, his rhymes trivial and common: instead of majesty, we have something that is very mean; instead of gravity, something that is very boyish; and instead of perspicuity and lucid order, we have but too often obscurity and confusion.' And in another place:—'What rare numbers are here! Would not one swear that this youngster had espoused some antiquated Muse, who had sued out a divorce from some superannuated sinner on account of impotence; and who, being p···d by her former spouse, has got the gout in her decrepit age, which makes her hobble so damnably?'[16]

No less peremptory is the censure of our hypercritical historian,

MR. OLDMIXON.

'I dare not say any thing of the 'Essay on Criticism' in

though in the subsequent editions of his Key he left out this assertion, and affirmed in the Curliad, p. 4 and 8. that it was written by Dennis only.—P.

[16] Reflections Critical and Satirical, on a Rhapsody, called an Essay on Criticism. Printed for Bernard Lintot, 8vo.—P.

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verse; but if any more curious reader has discovered in it something new, which is not in Dryden's prefaces, dedications, and his 'Essay on Dramatic Poetry,' not to mention the French critics, I should be very glad to have the benefit of the discovery.' [17]

He is followed, as in fame, so in judgment, by the modest and simple-minded

MR. LEONARD WELSTED;

who, out of great respect to our poet not naming him, both yet glance at his Essay, together with the duke of Buckingham's, and the criticisms of Dryden, and of Horace, which he more openly taxeth:[18]—'As to the numerous treatises, essays, arts, &c. both in verse and prose, that have been written by the moderns on this ground-work, they do but hackney the same thoughts over again, making them still more trite: most of their pieces are nothing but a pert, insipid heap of common-place. Horace has even, in his 'Art of Poetry,' thrown out several things which plainly show he thought an art of poetry was of no use, even while he was writing one.'

To all which great authorities, we can only oppose that of

MR. ADDISON.

'The Art of Criticism,' saith he,[19] 'which was published some months since, is a master-piece in its kind: the observations follow one another, like those in Horace's 'Art of Poetry,' without that methodical regularity which would have been requisite in a prose writer: they are some of them uncommon, but such as the reader must assent to, when he sees them explained with that ease and perspicuity

[17] Essay on Criticism in prose, 8vo. 1728, by the author of 'The Critical History of England.'—P.

[18] Preface to his Poems, p. 18. 53.—P.

[19] Spectator, No. 253. P.

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in which they are delivered. As for those which are the most known and the most received, they are placed in so beautiful a light, and illustrated with such apt allusions, that they have in them all the graces of novelty; and make the reader, who was before acquainted with them, still more convinced of their truth and solidity. And here give me leave to mention what Monsieur Boileau has so well enlarged on in the preface to his works:—that wit and fine writing doth not consist so much in advancing things that are new, as in giving things that are known an agreeable turn. It is impossible for us, who live in the latter ages of the world, to make observations in criticism, morality, or in any art or science, which have not been touched on by others; we have little else left us, but to represent the common sense of mankind, in more strong, more beautiful, or more uncommon lights. If a reader examines Horace's 'Art of Poetry,' he will find but few precepts in it which he may not meet with in Aristotle, and which were not commonly known by all the poets of the Augustan age: his way of expressing and applying them, not his invention of them, is what we are chiefly to admire.

'Longinus, in his 'Reflections,' has given us the same kind of sublime, which he observes in the several passages that occasioned them: I cannot but take notice that our English author has after the same manner exemplified several of the precepts in the very precepts themselves.' He then produces some instances of particular beauty in the numbers, and concludes with saying, that there are three poems in our tongue of the same nature, and each a master-piece in its kind: the 'Essay on Translated Verse;' the 'Essay on the Art of Poetry;' and the 'Essay on Criticism.'

Of 'Windsor Forest,' positive is the judgment of the affirmative

MR. JOHN DENNIS;[20]

'that it is a wretched rhapsody, impudently written in

[20] Letter to B. B. at the end of the Remarks on Pope's Homer, 1717. —P.

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emulation of the 'Cooper's Hill' of sir John Denham: the author of it is obscure, is ambiguous, is affected, is temerarious, is barbarous.'

But the author of the 'Dispensary,'

DR. GARTH,

in the preface to his poem of 'Claremont,'[1] differs from this opinion:—'Those who have seen these two excellent poems of 'Cooper's Hill,' and 'Windsor Forest,' the one written by sir John Denham, the other by Mr. Pope, will show a great deal of candor if they approve of this.'

Of the Epistle of Eloisa, we are told by the obscure writer of a poem called 'Sawney,'—'that because Prior's 'Henry and Emma' charmed the finest tastes, our author writ his Eloise in opposition to it; but forgot innocence and virtue: if you take away her tender thoughts and her fierce desires, all the rest is of no value.' In which, methinks, his judgment resembles that of a French tailor on a villa and gardens by the Thames:—'All this is very fine; but take away the river, and it is good for nothing.'

But very contrary hereunto was the opinion of

MR. PRIOR

himself, saying in his Alma,[2]

> O Abelard! ill-fated youth,
> Thy tale will justify this truth:
> But well I weet, thy cruel wrong
> Adorns a nobler poet's song:
> Dan Pope, for thy misfortune grieved,
> With kind concern and skill has weaved
> A silken web; and ne'er shall fade
> Its colors: gently has he laid
> The mantle o'er thy sad distress;
> And Venus shall the texture bless, &c.

[1] Printed in 1728, p. 12.—P.
[2] Alma, canto ii.—P.

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Come we now to his translation of the Iliad, celebrated by numerous pens; yet shall it suffice to mention the indefatigable

SIR RICHARD BLACKMORE, KT.

who, though otherwise a severe censurer of our author, yet styleth this a 'laudable translation.'[3]

That ready writer

MR. OLDMIXON,

in his forementioned essay, frequently commends the same: and the painful

MR. LEWIS THEOBALD

thus extols it:[4]—'The spirit of Homer breathes all through this translation. I am in doubt, whether I should most admire the justness to the original, or the force and beauty of the language, or the sounding variety of the numbers; but when I find all these meet, it puts me in mind of what the poet says of one of his heroes;—that he alone raised and flung with ease a weighty stone, that two common men could not lift from the ground: just so, one single person has performed in this translation, what I once despaired to have seen done by the force of several masterly hands.' Indeed the same gentleman appears to have changed his sentiment in his 'Essay on the Art of Sinking in Reputation,' printed in Mist's Journal, March 30, 1728, where he says thus:—'In order to sink in reputation, let him take it into his head to descend into Homer; let the world wonder as it will, how the devil he got there; and pretend to do him into English, so his version denote his neglect of the manner how.' Strange variation! We are told in

[3] In his Essays, vol. i. printed for E. Curll.—P.
[4] Censor, vol. ii. No. 33.—P. †

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MIST'S JOURNAL, JUNE 8.

'that this translation of the Iliad was not in all respects conformable to the fine taste of his friend Mr. Addison; insomuch that he employed a younger Muse in an undertaking of this kind, which he supervised himself.' Whether Mr. Addison did find it conformable to his taste or not, best appears from his own testimony, in the year following its publication, in these words:—

MR. ADDISON, FREEHOLDER, NO. 40.

'When I consider myself as a British freeholder, I am in a particular manner pleased with the labors of those who have improved our language with the translations of old Greek and Latin authors: we have already most of their historians in our own tongue; and, what is more for the honor of our language, it has been taught to express with elegance the greatest of their poets in each nation. The illiterate among our own countrymen may learn to judge from Dryden's Virgil of the most perfect epic performance; and those parts of Homer which have been published already by Mr. Pope, give us reason to think that the Iliad will appear in English with as little disadvantage to that immortal poem.'

As to the rest, there is a slight mistake, for this younger Muse was an elder: nor was the gentleman, who is a friend of our author, employed by Mr. Addison to translate it after him, since he saith himself that he did it before.[5] Contrariwise, that Mr. Addison engaged our author in this work appeareth by declaration thereof in the preface to the Iliad, printed some time before his death; and by his own letters of October 26, and November 2, 1713, where he declares it as his opinion, that no other person was equal to it.

[5] Vide Preface to Mr. Tickell's Translation of the first book of the Iliad, 4to.—P.

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Next comes his Shakspeare on the stage: 'Let him,' quoth one, whom I take to be Mr. Theobald, Mist's Journal, June 8, 1728, 'publish such an author as he has least studied, and forget to discharge even the dull duty of an editor: in this project let him lend the bookseller his name, for a competent sum of money, to promote the credit of an exorbitant subscription.' Gentle reader, be pleased to cast thine eye on the proposal below-quoted, and on what-follows, some months after the former assertion, in the same journalist of June 8:—'The bookseller proposed the book by subscription, and raised some thousands of pounds for the same: I believe the gentleman did not share in the profits of this extravagant subscription.'

'After the Iliad, he undertook,' saith

MIST'S JOURNAL, JUNE 8, 1728,

'the sequel of that work, the Odyssey; and having secured the success by a numerous subscription, he employed some underlings to perform what, according to his proposals, should come from his own hands.' To which heavy charge we can in truth oppose nothing but the words of

MR. POPE'S PROPOSAL FOR THE ODYSSEY, PRINTED FOR J. WATTS, JANUARY 10, 1724.

'I take this occasion to declare that the subscription for Shakspeare belongs wholly to Mr. Tonson; and that the benefit of this proposal is not solely for my own use, but for that of two of my friends, who have assisted me in this work.' But these very gentlemen are extolled above our poet himself in another of Mist's Journals, March 30, 1728, saying,—'that he would not advise Mr. Pope to try the experiment again of getting a great part of a book done by assistants, lest those extraneous parts should unhappily ascend to the sublime, and retard the declension of the whole.' Behold, these underlings are become good writers!

If any say, that before the said proposals were printed, the subscription was begun without declaration of such as-

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sistance; verily those who set it on foot, or, as the term is, secured it, to wit, the right honorable the lord viscount Harcourt, were he living, would testify, and the right honorable the lord Bathurst, now living, doth testify, the same is a falsehood.

Sorry I am, that persons professing to be learned, or of whatever rank of authors, should either falsely tax, or be falsely taxed: yet let us, who are only reporters, be impartial in our citations, and proceed.

MIST'S JOURNAL, JUNE 8, 1728.

'Mr. Addison raised this author from obscurity, obtained him the acquaintance and friendship of the whole body of our nobility, and transferred his powerful interests with those great men to this rising bard, who frequently levied by that means unusual contributions on the public.' Which surely cannot be, if, as the author of the Dunciad Dissected reporteth;—'Mr. Wycherley had before introduced him into a familiar acquaintance with the greatest peers and brightest wits then living.'

'No sooner,' saith the same journalist, 'was his body lifeless, but this author, reviving his resentment, libelled the memory of his departed friend; and what was still more heinous, made the scandal public.' Grievous the accusation! unknown the accuser! the person accused no witness in his own cause! the person, in whose regard accused, dead! But if there be living any one nobleman, whose friendship, yea, any one gentleman, whose subscription Mr. Addison procured to our author, let him stand forth, that the truth may appear! 'Amicus Plato, amicus Socrates, sed magis amica veritas.' In verity, the whole story of the libel is a lie; witness those persons of integrity, who, several years before Mr. Addison's decease, did see and approve of the said verses, in no wise a libel, but a friendly rebuke, sent privately in our author's own hand to Mr. Addison himself, and never made public, till after their own journals, and Curll had printed the same. One

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name alone, which I am here authorised to declare, will sufficiently evince this truth; that of the right honorable the earl of Burlington.

Next is he taxed with a crime, in the opinion of some authors, I doubt, more heinous than any in morality; to wit, plagiarism, from the inventive and quaint-conceited

JAMES MOORE SMITH, GENT.[6]

'On reading the third volume of Pope's Miscellanies, I found five lines which I thought excellent; and happening to praise them, a gentleman procured a modern comedy, 'the Rival Modes,' published last year, where were the same verses to a tittle. These gentlemen are undoubtedly the first plagiaries, that pretend to make a reputation by stealing from a man's works in his own lifetime, and out of a public print.' Let us join to this, what is written by the author of 'the Rival Modes,' the said Mr. James Moore Smith, in a letter to our author himself, who had informed him, a month before that play was acted, Jan. 27, 1726-7, that these verses, which he had before given him leave to insert in it, would be known for his, some copies being got abroad :—'he desires nevertheless, that since the lines had been read in his comedy to several, Mr. P. would not deprive it of them,' &c. Surely, if we add the testimonies of the lord Bolingbroke, of the lady to whom the said verses were originally addressed, of Hugh Bethel, esq. and others who knew them as our author's, long before the said gentleman composed his play;—it is hoped, the ingenuous that affect not error, will rectify their opinion by the suffrage of so honorable personages.

And yet followeth another charge, insinuating no less than his enmity both to church and state, which could come from no other informer than the said

MR. JAMES MOORE SMITH.[7]

'The Memoirs of a Parish Clerk was a very dull and

[6] Daily Journal, March 18, 1728.—P.
[7] Daily Journal, April 3, 1728.—P

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unjust abuse of a person who wrote in defence of our religion and constitution, and who has been dead many years.' This seemeth also most untrue; it being known to divers that these Memoirs were written at the seat of the lord Harcourt in Oxfordshire, before that excellent person, bishop Burnet's, death, and many years before the appearance of that history, of which they are pretended to be an abuse. Most true it is that Mr. Moore had such a design, and was himself the man who pressed Dr. Arbuthnot and Mr. Pope to assist him therein; and that he borrowed those Memoirs of our author, when that history came forth, with intent to turn them to such abuse: but being able to obtain from our author but one single hint; and either changing his mind, or having more mind than ability;—he contented himself to keep the said Memoirs, and read them as his own to all his acquaintance. A noble person there is, into whose company Mr. Pope once chanced to introduce him, who well remembereth the conversation of Mr. Moore to have turned on the contempt he had for the work of that reverend prelate, and how full he was of a design he declared himself to have of exposing it. This noble person is the earl of Peterborough.

Here in truth should we crave pardon of all the foresaid right honorable and worthy personages, for having mentioned them in the same page with such weekly riff-raff railers and rhymers; but that we had their ever-honored commands for the same; and that they are introduced, not as witnesses in the controversy, but as witnesses that cannot be controverted; not to dispute, but to decide.

Certain it is, that dividing our writers into two classes, of such who were acquaintance, and of such who were strangers to our author; the former are those who speak well, and the other those who speak evil of him: of the first class, the most noble

JOHN DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM

sums up his character in these lines,[8]

[8] Verses to Mr. P. on his translation of Homer.—P.

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And yet so wondrous, so sublime a thing,
As the great Iliad, scarce could make me sing;
Unless I justly could at once commend
A good companion, and as firm a friend.
One moral, or a mere well-natured deed,
Can all desert in sciences exceed.

So also is he deciphered by the honorable

SIMON HARCOURT.[9]

Say, wondrous youth, what column wilt thou choose,
What laurel'd arch, for thy triumphant Muse?
Though each great ancient court thee to his shrine,
Though every laurel through the dome be thine;
Go to the good and just, an awful train!
Thy soul's delight.——

Recorded in like manner for his virtuous disposition and gentle bearing by the ingenious

MR. WALTER HART,

in this apostrophe:[10]

O! ever worthy, ever crown'd with praise!
Bless'd in thy life, and bless'd in all thy lays!
Add, that the sisters every thought refine,
And ev'n thy life be faultless as thy line:
Yet envy still with fiercer rage pursues;
Obscures the virtue, and defames the Muse.
A soul like thine, in pain, in grief, resign'd,
Views with just scorn the malice of mankind.

The witty and moral satirist,

DR. EDWARD YOUNG,

wishing some check to the corruption and evil manners of the times, calleth out on our poet to undertake a task so worthy of his virtue:—[11]

Why slumbers Pope, who leads the Muses' train,
Nor hears that virtue, which he loves, complain?

[9] Poem prefixed to his works.—P.
[10] Poems, printed for B. Lintot.—P.
[11] Universal Passion, sat. i.—P.

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MR. MALLET,

in his epistle on Verbal Criticism :—

Whose life, severely scann'd, transcends his lays;
For wit supreme is but his second praise.

MR. HAMMOND,

that delicate and correct imitator of Tibullus, in his love elegies, Elegy xiv.—

Now, fired by Pope and Virtue, leave the age,
In low pursuit of self-undoing wrong;
And trace the author through his moral page,
Whose blameless life still answers to his song.

MR. THOMSON,

in his elegant and philosophical poem of the Seasons:—

Although not sweeter his own Homer sings,
Yet is his life the more endearing song.

To the same tune also singeth that learned clerk of Suffolk,

MR. WILLIAM BROOME:—[12]

Thus, nobly rising in fair virtue's cause,
From thy own life transcribe the unerring laws.

And, to close all, hear the reverend dean of St. Patrick :—

A soul with every virtue fraught,
By patriots, priests, and poets taught;
Whose filial piety excels
Whatever Grecian story tells;
A genius for each business fit;
Whose meanest talent is his wit, &c.

Let us now recreate thee by turning to the other side, and showing his character drawn by those with whom he never conversed, and whose countenances he could not

[12] Poems, and at the end of the Odyssey.—P.

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know, though turned against him: first again commencing with the high-voiced and never-enough-quoted

MR. JOHN DENNIS;

who, in his 'Reflections on the Essay on Criticism,' thus describeth him:—'A little affected hypocrite, who has nothing in his mouth but candor, truth, friendship, good-nature, humanity, and magnanimity. He is so great a lover of falsehood, that whenever he has a mind to calumniate his contemporaries, he brands them with some defect which is just contrary to some good quality, for which all their friends and their acquaintance commend them. He seems to have a particular pique to people of quality, and authors of that rank. He must derive his religion from St. Omer's.' But in the Character of Mr. P. and his writings, printed by S. Popping, 1716, he saith,—'though he is a professor of the worst religion, yet he laughs at it;' but that, 'nevertheless, he is a virulent papist; and yet a pillar for the church of England.'

Of both which opinions

MR. LEWIS THEOBALD

seems also to be; declaring, in Mist's Journal of June 22, 1718,—'that if he is not shrewdly abused, he made it his business to cackle to both parties in their own sentiments.' But, as to his pique against people of quality, the same journalist doth not agree, but saith, May 8, 1728,—'he had, by some means or other, the acquaintance and friendship of the whole body of our nobility.'

However contradictory this may appear, Mr. Dennis and Gildon, in the character last-cited, make it all plain, by assuring us, 'that he is a creature that reconciles all contradictions; he is a beast and a man; a whig and a tory; a writer, at one and the same time, of Guardians and Examiners;[13] an assertor of liberty, and of the dispensing

[13] The names of two weekly Papers.—P.

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power of kings; a jesuitical professor of truth; a base and a foul pretender to candor.' So that, on the whole account, we must conclude him either to have been a great hypocrite, or a very honest man; a terrible imposer on both parties, or very moderate to either.

Be it as to the judicious reader shall seem good: sure it is, he is little favored of certain authors, whose wrath is perilous; for one declares he ought to have a price set on his head, and to be hunted down as a wild beast:[14] another protests that he does not know what may happen; advises him to insure his person; says he has bitter enemies, and expressly declares it will be well if he escapes with his life:[15] one desires he would cut his own throat, or hang himself:[16] but Pasquin seemed rather inclined it should be done by the government, representing him engaged in grievous designs with a lord of parliament, then under prosecution.[17] Mr. Dennis himself hath written to a minister, that he is one of the most dangerous persons in this kingdom,[18] and assureth the public, that he is an open and mortal enemy to his country; a monster, that will, one day, show as daring a soul as a mad Indian, who runs a muck to kill the first christian he meets:[19] another gives information of treason discovered in his poem.[20] Mr. Curll boldly supplies an imperfect verse with kings and princesses:[1] and one Matthew Concanen, yet more impudent,

[14] Theobald, Letter in Mist's Journal, June 22, 1728.—P.

[15] Smedley, Preface to Gulliveriana, pp. 14. 16.—P.

[16] Gulliveriana, p. 332.—P.

[17] Anno 1723.—P.

[18] Anno 1729.—P.

[19] Preface to Remarks on the Rape of the Lock, p. 12. and in the last page of that treatise.—P.

[20] Page 6, 7. of the Preface, by Concanen, to a book intitled, A Collection of all the Letters, Essays, Verses, and Advertisements, occasioned by Pope and Swift's Miscellanies. Printed for A. Moore, 8vo. 1712.—P.

[1] Key to the Dunciad, third edition, p. 18.—P.

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publishes at length the two most sacred names in this nation as members of the Dunciad![2]

This is prodigious! yet it is almost as strange, that in the midst of these invectives, his greatest enemies have, I know not how, borne testimony to some merit in him.

MR. THEOBALD,

in censuring his Shakspeare, declares,—'he has so great an esteem for Mr. Pope, and so high an opinion of his genius and excellences; that notwithstanding he professes a veneration almost rising to idolatry for the writings of this inimitable poet, he would be very loath even to do him justice, at the expense of that other gentleman's character.'[3]

MR. CHARLES GILDON,

after having violently attacked him in many pieces, at last came to wish from his heart, 'that Mr. Pope would be prevailed on to give us Ovid's Epistles by his hand; for it is certain we see the original of Sappho to Phaon with much more life and likeness in his version than in that of sir Car. Scrope: and this,' he adds, 'is the more to be wished, because in the English tongue we have scarce any thing truly and naturally written on love.'[4] He also, in taxing sir Richard Blackmore for his heterodox opinions of Homer, challengeth him to answer what Mr. Pope hath said in his preface to that poet.

MR. OLDMIXON

calls him a great master of our tongue; declares 'the purity and perfection of the English language to be found in his Homer;' and saying 'there are more good verses in Dryden's Virgil than in any other work, except this of our author only.'[5]

[2] A List of Persons, &c. at the end of the fore-mentioned Collection of all the Letters, Essays, &c.—P.

[3] Introduction to his Shakspeare Restored, 4to. p. 3.—P.

[4] Commentary on the Duke of Buckingham's Essay, 8vo. 1721, pp. 97, 98.—P.

[5] In his prose Essay on Criticism.—P.

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The author of a Letter to Mr. Cibber[6] says;—'Pope was so good a versifier once, that his predecessor Mr. Dryden, and his contemporary Mr. Prior excepted, the harmony of his numbers is equal to any body's: and that he had all the merit that a man can have that way.' And

MR. THOMAS COOKE,

after much blemishing our author's Homer, crieth out,

But in his other works what beauties shine,
While sweetest music dwells in every line!
These he admired, on these he stamp'd his praise,
And bade them live to brighten future days.[7]

So also one, who takes the name of

H. STANHOPE,

the maker of certain verses to Duncan Campbell,[8] in that poem, which is wholly a satire on Mr. Pope, confesseth,—

'Tis true, if finest notes alone could show
(Tuned justly high, or regularly low)
That we should fame to these mere vocals give,
Pope more than we can offer should receive;
For when some gliding river is his theme,
His lines run smoother than the smoothest stream, &c.

MIST'S JOURNAL, JUNE 8, 1728.

Although he says, 'the smooth numbers of the Dunciad are all that recommend it, nor has it any other merit;' yet that same paper hath these words:—'The author is allowed to be a perfect master of an easy and elegant versification. In all his works we find the most happy turns and natural similes, wonderfully short and thick sown.'

The 'Essay on the Dunciad' also owns, p. 25, it is very

[6] Printed by J. Roberts, 1742, p. 11.—P.†

[7] Battle of Poets, folio, p. 15.—P.

[8] Printed under the title of the 'Progress of Dulness,' 12mo. 1728.—P.†

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full of beautiful images. But the panegyric, which crowns all that can be said on this poem, is bestowed by our laureat,

MR. COLLEY CIBBER,

who 'grants it to be a better poem of its kind than ever was written:' but adds, 'it was a victory over a parcel of poor wretches, whom it was almost cowardice to conquer: a man might as well triumph for having killed so many silly flies that offended him. Could he have let them alone, by this time, poor souls! they had been buried in oblivion.'[9] Here we see our excellent laureat allows the justice of the satire on every man in it but himself, as the great Mr. Dennis did before him.

The said

MR. DENNIS AND GILDON,

in the most furious of all their works, the fore-cited Character, p. 5, do in concert[10] confess, 'That some men of good understanding value him for his rhymes:' and, p. 17, 'that he has got, like Mr. Bays in 'The Rehearsal,'

[9] Cibber's Letter to Mr. Pope, pp. 9. 12.—P.†

[10] *In concert.* Hear how Mr. Dennis hath proved our mistake in this place:—'As to my writing in concert with Mr. Gildon, I declare, on the honor and word of a gentleman, that I never wrote so much as one line in concert with any one man whatsoever: and these two letters from Gildon will plainly show that we are not writers in concert with each other:—

''Sir,—The height of my ambition is to please men of the best judgment; and finding that I have entertained my master agreeably, I have the extent of the reward of my labor.'

''Sir,—I had not the opportunity of hearing of your excellent pamphlet till this day: I am infinitely satisfied and pleased with it, and hope you will meet with that encouragement your admirable performance deserves, &c. CH. GILDON.'

'Now is it not plain, that any one who sends such compliments to another, has not been used to write in partnership with him to whom he sends them?' Dennis, Remarks on the Dunciad, p. 50. Mr. Dennis is therefore welcome to take this piece to himself.—P.†

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(that is, like Mr. Dryden) a notable knack at rhyming, and writing smooth verse.'

Of his 'Essay on Man,' numerous were the praises bestowed by his avowed enemies, in the imagination that the same was not written by him, as it was printed anonymously.

Thus sang of it even

BEZALEEL MORRIS.

Auspicious bard! while all admire thy strain,
All but the selfish, ignorant, and vain;
I, whom no bribe to servile flattery drew,
Must pay the tribute to thy merit due:
Thy Muse, sublime, significant, and clear,
Alike informs the soul and charms the ear.

And

MR. LEONARD WELSTED

thus wrote[11] to the unknown author on the first publication of the said Essay:—'I must own, after the reception which the vilest and most immoral ribaldry hath lately met with, I was surprised to see what I had long despaired, a performance deserving the name of a poet. Such, sir, is your work: it is indeed above all commendation; and ought to have been published in an age and country more worthy of it. If my testimony be of weight any where, you are sure to have it in the amplest manner,' &c. &c. &c.

Thus we see every one of his works hath been extolled by one or other of his most inveterate enemies; and to the success of them all they do unanimously give testimony. But it is sufficient, *instar omnium*, to behold the great critic, Mr. Dennis, sorely lamenting it, even from the 'Essay on Criticism' to this day of the Dunciad!—'A most notorious instance,' quoth he, 'of the depravity of genius and taste, the approbation this Essay meets with.[12]—I can safely affirm, that I never attacked any of these writings, unless

[11] In a letter under his hand, dated March 12, 1733.—P.

[12] Dennis, Preface to his Reflections on the Essay on Criticism.—P.

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they had success infinitely beyond their merit. This, though an empty, has been a popular scribbler: the epidemic madness of the times has given him reputation.[13] If, after the cruel treatment, so many extraordinary men, Spenser, lord Bacon, Ben Jonson, Milton, Butler, Otway, and others, have received from this country for these last hundred years, I should shift the scene, and show all that penury changed at once to riot and profuseness; and more squandered away on one object, than would have satisfied the greater part of those extraordinary men; the reader, to whom this one creature should be unknown, would fancy him a prodigy of art and nature, would believe that all the great qualities of these persons were centred in him alone. But if I should venture to assure him that the people of England had made such a choice, the reader would either believe me a malicious enemy and slanderer; or that the reign of the last (queen Anne's) ministry was designed by fate to encourage fools.'[14]

But it happens, that this our poet never had any place, pension, or gratuity, in any shape, from the said glorious queen, or any of her ministers: all he owed, in the whole course of his life, to any court, was a subscription for his Homer of £200 from king George I., and £100 from the prince and princess.

However, lest we imagine our author's success was constant and universal, they acquaint us of certain works in a less degree of repute, whereof, although owned by others, yet do they assure us he is the writer: of this sort Mr. Dennis[15] ascribes to him two farces,[16] whose names he does not tell, but assures us that there is not one jest in them; and an imitation of Horace, whose title he does not mention, but assures us it is much more execrable than all his works.

[13] Preface to his Remarks on Homer.—P.

[14] Remarks on Homer, pp. 8, 9.—P.

[15] Remarks on Homer, p. 8.—P.

[16] The two farces were the 'Two Hours after Marriage,' and the 'What d'ye call it?'

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The 'Daily Journal,' May 11, 1728, assures us, he is below Tom Durfey in the drama,[17] because, as that writer thinks, 'the Marriage-Hater Matched,' and 'the Boarding-School,' are better than the 'What d'ye-call-it?' which is not Mr. P.'s, but Mr. Gay's. Mr. Gildon assures us, in his 'New Rehearsal,' p. 48, 'That he was writing a play of the lady Jane Grey:' but it afterwards proved to be Mr. Rowe's. We are assured by another,—'He wrote a pamphlet called Dr. Andrew Tripe:'[18] which proved to be one Dr. Wagstaff's. Mr. Theobald assures us, in Mist of the 27th of April, 'that the 'Treatise of the Profound' is very dull, and that Mr. Pope is the author of it.' The writer of Gulliveriana is of another opinion; and says, 'the whole, or greatest part, of the merit of this treatise must and can only be ascribed to Gulliver.'[19] [Here, gentle reader! cannot I but smile at the strange blindness and positiveness of men; knowing the said treatise to appertain to none other but to me, Martinus Scriblerus?]

We are assured in Mist of June 8, 'that his own plays and farces would better have adorned the Dunciad than those of Mr. Theobald; for he had neither genius for tragedy nor comedy:' which, whether true or not, it is not easy to judge, inasmuch as he had attempted neither: unless we will take it for granted, with Mr. Cibber, that his being once very angry at hearing a friend's play abused, was an infallible proof that the play was his own; the said Mr. Cibber thinking it impossible for a man to be much concerned for any but himself.—'Now let any man judge,' saith he, 'by this concern, who was the true mother of the child.'[20]

But from all that hath been said, the discerning reader will collect that it little availed our author to have any candor, since, when he declared he did not write for others, it was not credited; as little to have any modesty, since,

[17] Character of Mr. Pope, p. 7.—P. [18] Ibid. p. 6.—P.
[19] Gulliveriana, p. 336.—P.
[20] Cibber's Letter to Mr. P. p. 19.—P.†

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when he declined writing in any way himself, the presumption of others was imputed to him. If he singly enterprised one great work, he was taxed of boldness and madness to a prodigy:[1] if he took assistants in another, it was complained of, and represented as a great injury to the public.[2] The loftiest heroics, the lowest ballads, treatises against the state or church, satires on lords and ladies, raillery on wits and authors, squabbles with booksellers, and even full and true accounts of monsters, poisons, and murders; of any hereof was there nothing so good, nothing so bad, which had not at one or other season been to him ascribed: if it bore no author's name, then lay he concealed; if it did, he fathered it on that author to be yet better concealed: if it resembled any of his styles, then it was evident; if it did not, then disguised he it on set purpose: yea, even direct oppositions in religion, principles, and politics have equally been supposed in him inherent. Surely a most rare and singular character! Of which let the reader make what he can.

Doubtless, most commentators would hence take occasion to turn all to their author's advantage, and from the testimony of his very enemies would affirm, that his capacity was boundless, as well as his imagination; that he was a perfect master of all styles and all arguments; and that there was in those times, no other writer, in any kind, of any degree of excellence, save he himself: but as this is not our own sentiment, we shall determine on nothing; but leave thee, gentle reader, to steer thy judgment equally between various opinions; and to choose whether thou wilt incline to the testimonies of authors avowed, or of authors concealed; of those who knew him, or of those who knew him not.—P.

[1] Burnet's Homerides, p. 1. of his translation of the Iliad.—P.
[2] The London and Mist's Journal, on his undertaking the Odyssey.—P.

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MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS

OF THE POEM.

THIS poem, as it celebrateth the most grave and ancient of things, Chaos, Night, and Dulness; so is it of the most grave and ancient kind. Homer, saith Aristotle, was the first who gave the form, and, saith Horace, who adapted the measure, to heroic poesy: but even before this, may be rationally presumed, from what the ancients have left written, was a piece by Homer composed, of like nature and matter with this of our poet; for of epic sort it appeareth to have been, yet of matter surely not unpleasant; witness what is reported of it by the learned archbishop Eustathius, in Odyss. x. and accordingly Aristotle, in his Poetic, chap. iv. doth farther set forth, that as the Iliad and Odyssey gave example to tragedy, so did this poem to comedy, its first idea.

From these authors also it should seem, that the hero, or chief personage of it, was no less obscure, and his understanding and sentiments no less quaint and strange, if indeed not more so, than any of the actors of our poem. Margites was the name of this personage, whom antiquity recordeth to have been Dunce the first; and surely from what we hear of him, not unworthy to be the root of so spreading a tree, and so numerous a posterity. The poem therefore celebrating him was properly and absolutely a Dunciad; which, though now unhappily lost, yet is its nature sufficiently known by the infallible tokens aforesaid: and thus it doth appear, that the first Dunciad was the first epic poem, written by Homer himself, and anterior even to the Iliad or Odyssey.

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Now, forasmuch as our poet hath translated those two famous works of Homer which are yet left, he did conceive it in some sort his duty to imitate that also which was lost; and was therefore induced to bestow on it the same form which Homer's is reported to have had, namely, that of epic poem; with a title also framed after the ancient Greek manner, to wit, that of Dunciad.

Wonderful it is that so few of the moderns have been stimulated to attempt some Dunciad; since, in the opinion of the multitude, it might cost less pain and toil than an imitation of the greater epic: but possible it is also, that on due reflection, the maker might find it easier to paint a Charlemagne, a Brute, or a Godfrey, with just pomp and dignity heroic, than a Margites, a Codrus, or a Fleckno.

We shall next declare the occasion and the cause which moved our poet to this particular work. He lived in those days, when after Providence had permitted the invention of printing as a scourge for the sins of the learned, paper also became so cheap, and printers so numerous, that a deluge of authors covered the land; whereby not only the peace of the honest unwriting subject was daily molested, but unmerciful demands were made of his applause, yea, of his money, by such as would neither earn the one nor deserve the other: at the same time, the license of the press was such, that it grew dangerous to refuse them either: for they would forthwith publish slanders unpunished, the authors being anonymous, and skulking under the wings of publishers; a set of men, who never scrupled to vend either calumny or blasphemy, as long as the town would call for it.

Now our author, living in those times, did conceive it an endeavor well worthy an honest satirist to dissuade the dull and punish the wicked, the only way that was left.[3] In that public-spirited view he laid the plan of this poem, as the greatest service he was capable, without much hurt or being slain, to render his dear country. First, taking things from their original, he considereth the causes creative

[3] Vide Bossu, du Poëme Epique, chap. viii.

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of such authors, namely dulness and poverty; the one born with them; the other contracted by neglect of their proper talents, through self-conceit of greater abilities. This truth he wrappeth in an allegory,[4] as the construction of epic poesy requireth; and feigns that one of these goddesses had taken up her abode with the other, and that they jointly inspired all such writers and such works.[5] He proceedeth to show the qualities they bestow on these authors, and the effects they produce;[6] then the materials, or stock, with which they furnish them;[7] and, above all, that self-opinion,[8] which causeth it to seem to themselves vastly greater than it is, and is the prime motive of their setting up in this sad and sorry merchandise. The great power of these goddesses acting in alliance (whereof as the one is the mother of industry, so is the other of plodding) was to be exemplified in some one great and remarkable action:[9] and none could be more so than that which our poet hath chosen, viz. the restoration[10] of the reign of Chaos and of Night, by the ministry of Dulness their daughter, in the removal of her imperial seat from the city to the polite world; as the action of the Æneid is the restoration of the empire of Troy, by the removal of the race from thence to Latium. But as Homer, singing only the wrath of Achilles, yet includes in his poem the whole history of the Trojan war; in like manner our author hath drawn into this single action the whole history of Dulness and her children.

A person must next be fixed on to support this action: this phantom in the poet's mind must have a name: he finds it to be ——; and he becomes of course the hero of the poem.

The fable being thus, according to the best example, one and intire, as contained in the proposition; the machinery is a continued chain of allegories, setting forth the whole power, ministry, and empire of Dulness, extended through her subordinate instruments, in all her various operations.

[4] Bossu, chap. vii. [5] Book i. ver. 32, &c.
[6] Book i. 45—54. [7] Ver. 57—77. [8] Ver. 80.
[9] Ibid. chap. vii. viii. [10] Altered from the edition 1729.

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This is branched into episodes, each of which hath its moral apart, though all conducive to the main end. The crowd assembled in the second book demonstrates the design to be more extensive than to bad poets only, and that we may expect other episodes of the patrons, encouragers, or paymasters of such authors, as occasion shall bring them forth: and the third book, if well considered, seemeth to embrace the whole world. Each of the games relateth to some or other vile class of writers: the first concerneth the plagiary, to whom he giveth the name of More; the second, the libellous novelist, whom he styleth Eliza; the third, the flattering dedicator; the fourth, the bawling critic, or noisy poet; the fifth, the dark and dirty party-writer; and so of the rest; assigning to each some proper name or other, such as he could find.

As for the characters, the public hath already acknowleged how justly they are drawn. The manners are so depicted, and the sentiments so peculiar to those to whom applied, that surely to transfer them to any other or wiser personages would be exceeding difficult; and certain it is, that every person concerned, being consulted apart, hath readily owned the resemblance of every portrait, his own excepted: so Mr. Cibber calls them 'a parcel of poor wretches,' 'so many silly flies:'[11] but adds, our author's wit 'is remarkably more bare and barren, whenever it would fall foul on Cibber, than on any other person whatever.'

The descriptions are singular, the comparisons very quaint, the narration various, yet of one color: the purity and chastity of diction is so preserved, that in the places most suspicious, not the words, but only the images have been censured; and yet are those images no other than have been sanctified by ancient and classical authority; though, as was the manner of those good times, not so curiously wrapped up; yea, and commented on by the most grave doctors and approved critics.

As it beareth the name of epic, it is thereby subjected to

[11] Cibber's Letters to Mr. Pope, pp. 9. 12. 41.—P.†

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such severe indispensable rules as are laid on all neoterics, a strict imitation of the ancients; insomuch that any deviation, accompanied with whatever poetic beauties, hath always been censured by the sound critic. How exact that imitation hath been in this piece, appeareth not only by its general structure, but by particular allusions infinite, many whereof have escaped both the commentator and poet himself; yea, divers by his exceeding diligence are so altered and interwoven with the rest, that several have already been, and more will be, by the ignorant abused, as altogether and originally his own.

In a word, the whole poem proveth itself to be the work of our author, when his faculties were in full vigor and perfection; at that exact time when years have ripened the judgment without diminishing the imagination; which by good critics is held to be punctually at forty: for at that season it was that Virgil finished his Georgics; and sir Richard Blackmore, at the like age composing his 'Arthurs,' declared the same to be the very acme and pitch of life for epic poesy; though since he hath altered it to sixty, the year in which he published his 'Alfred.'[12] True it is, that the talents for criticism, namely, smartness, quick censure, vivacity of remark, certainty of asseveration, indeed all but acerbity, seem rather the gifts of youth than of riper age: but it is far otherwise in poetry; witness the works of Mr. Rymer and Mr. Dennis, who beginning with criticism, became afterwards such poets as no age hath paralleled. With good reason therefore did our author choose to write his Essay on that subject at twenty, and reserve for his maturer years this great and wonderful work of the Dunciad. P.

[12] See his Essays.

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RICHARDUS ARISTARCHUS

OF THE

HERO OF THE POEM.

Of the nature of the Dunciad in general, whence derived, and on what authority founded, as well as of the art and conduct of this our poem in particular, the learned and laborious Scriblerus hath, according to his manner, and with tolerable share of judgment, dissertated: but when he cometh to speak of the person of the hero fitted for such poem, in truth he miserably halts and hallucinates; for, misled by one Monsieur Bossu, a Gallic critic, he prateth of I cannot tell what phantom of a hero, only raised up to support the fable. A putid conceit! As if Homer and Virgil, like modern undertakers, who first build their house, and then seek out for a tenant, had contrived the story of a war and a wandering, before they once thought either of Achilles or Æneas. We shall therefore set our good brother and the world also right in this particular, by assuring them, that, in the greater epic, the prime intention of the Muse is to exalt heroic virtue, in order to propagate the love of it among the children of men; and consequently that the poet's first thought must needs be turned on a real subject meet for laud and celebration; not one whom he is to make, but one whom he may find, truly illustrious. This is the *primum mobile* of his poetic world, whence every thing is to receive life and motion: for, this subject being found, he is immediately ordained, or rather acknowleged,

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a hero, and put on such action as befitteth the dignity of his character.

But the Muse ceaseth not here her eagle-flight: for sometimes, satiated with the contemplation of these suns of glory, she turneth downward on her wing, and darts, with Jove's lightning, on the goose and serpent kind: for we apply to the Muse in her various moods, what an ancient master of wisdom affirmeth of the gods in general:—'Si Dii non irascuntur impiis et injustis, nec pios utique justosque diligunt: in rebus enim diversis, aut in utramque partem moveri necesse est, aut in neutram: itaque qui bonos diligit, et malos odit; et qui malos non odit, nec bonos diligit: quia et diligere bonos ex odio malorum venit; et malos odisse ex bonorum caritate descendit.' Which in our vernacular idiom may be thus interpreted:—'If the gods be not provoked at evil men, neither are they delighted with the good and just; for contrary objects must either excite contrary affections, or no affections at all; so that he who loveth good men, must at the same time hate the bad; and he who hateth not bad men, cannot love the good; because to love good men, proceedeth from an aversion to evil; and to hate evil men, from a tenderness to the good.' From this delicacy of the Muse arose the little epic, more lively and choleric than her elder sister, whose bulk and complexion incline her to the phlegmatic: and for this, some notorious vehicle of vice and folly was sought out, to make thereof an example: an early instance of which (nor could it escape the accurate Scriblerus) the father himself of epic poem affordeth us. From him the practice descended to the Greek dramatic poets, his offspring; who in the composition of their tetralogy, or set of four pieces, were wont to make the last a satiric tragedy. Happily, one of these ancient Dunciads, as we may well term it, is come down unto us, amongst the tragedies of the poet Euripides: and what doth the reader suppose may be the subject thereof? Why, in truth, and it is worthy observation, the unequal contest of an old, dull,

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debauched, buffoon, Cyclops, with the heaven-directed favorite of Minerva; who, after having quietly borne all the monster's obscene and impious ribaldry, endeth the farce in punishing him with the mark of an indelible brand in his forehead. May we not then be excused, if for the future we consider the epics of Homer, Virgil, and Milton, together with this our poem, as a complete tetralogy; in which, the last worthily holdeth the place or station of the satiric piece?

Proceed we therefore in our subject. It hath been long, and, alas for pity! still remaineth a question, whether the hero of the greater epic should be an honest man; or, as the French critics express it, *un honnête homme:*[13] but it never admitted of any doubt, but that the hero of the little epic should be his very opposite. Hence, to the advantage of our Dunciad, we may observe, how much juster the moral of that poem must needs be, where so important a question is previously decided.

But then it is not every knave, nor, let me add, every fool, that is a fit subject for a Dunciad: there must still exist some analogy, if not resemblance of qualities, between the heroes of the two poems; and this, in order to admit what neoteric critics call the parody, one of the liveliest graces of the little epic. Thus, it being agreed that the constituent qualities of the greater epic hero are wisdom, bravery, and love, from whence springeth heroic virtue; it followeth, that those of the lesser epic hero should be vanity, assurance, and debauchery, from which happy assemblage resulteth heroic dulness, the never-dying subject of this our poem.

This being settled, come we now to particulars. It is the character of true wisdom, to seek its chief support and confidence within itself; and to place that support in the resources which proceed from a conscious rectitude of will:

[13] Si un héros poëtique doit être un honnête homme. Bossu du Poëme Epique, liv. v. ch. 5.—W.

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and are the advantages of vanity, when arising to the heroic standard, at all short of this self-complacence? Nay, are they not, in the opinion of the enamoured owner, far beyond it? 'Let the world,' will such a one say, 'impute to me what folly or weakness they please; but till wisdom can give me something that will make me more heartily happy, I am content to be gazed at.'[14] This, we see, is vanity according to the heroic gage or measure; not that low and ignoble species which pretendeth to virtues we have not; but the laudable ambition of being gazed at for glorying in those vices, which every body knows we have. 'The world may ask,' says he, 'why I make my follies public? Why not? I have passed my time very pleasantly with them.'[15] In short, there is no sort of vanity such a hero would scruple to exult in, but that which might go near to degrade him from his high station in this our Dunciad; namely, 'whether it would not be vanity in him, to take shame to himself for not being a wise man?'[16]

Bravery, the second attribute of the true hero, is courage, manifesting itself in every limb; while its correspondent virtue in the mock hero, is that same courage all collected into the face: and as power, when drawn together, must needs have more force and spirit than when dispersed, we generally find this kind of courage in so high and heroic a degree, that it insults not only men, but gods. Mezentius is, without doubt, the bravest character in all the Æneis: but how? His bravery, we know, was a high courage of blasphemy: and can we say less of this brave man's, who having told us that he placed 'his *summum bonum* in those follies, which he was not content barely to possess, but would likewise glory in,' adds, 'If I am misguided, it is Nature's fault, and I follow her.'[17] Nor can we be mis-

[14] Dedication to the Life of Colley Cibber.
[15] Life, p. 2, 8vo. edit. [16] Ibid.
[17] Life, p. 23, 8vo. edit.

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taken in making this happy quality a species of courage, when we consider those illustrious marks of it, which made his face, 'more known,' as he justly boasteth, 'than most in the kingdom;' and his language to consist of what we must allow to be the most daring figure of speech, that which is taken from the name of God.

Gentle love, the next ingredient in the true hero's composition, is a mere bird of passage, or, as Shakspeare calls it, 'summer-teeming lust,' and evaporates in the heat of youth; doubtless, by that refinement it suffers in passing through those 'certain strainers,' which our poet somewhere speaketh of: but when it is let alone to work on the lees, it acquireth strength by old age, and becometh a lasting ornament to the little epic. It is true, indeed, there is one objection to its fitness for such a use: for not only the ignorant may think it common; but it is admitted to be so, even by him who best knoweth its value. 'Don't you think,' argueth he, 'to say only a man has his whore, ought to go for little or nothing? Because *defendit numerus;* take the first ten thousand men you meet, and I believe you would be no loser if you betted ten to one, that every single sinner of them, one with another, had been guilty of the same frailty.'[18] But here he seemeth not to have done justice to himself: the man is sure enough a hero, who hath his lady at fourscore. How doth his modesty herein lessen the merit of a whole well-spent life; not taking to himself the commendation, which Horace accounted the greatest in a theatrical character, of continuing to the very dregs the same he was from the beginning,—

> ——servetur ad imum,
> Qualis ab incepto processerat!

But here, in justice both to the poet and the hero, let us farther remark, that the calling her his whore, implieth she was his own, and not his neighbor's. Truly a com-

[18] Colley Cibber's Letter to Mr. Pope, p. 46.

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mendable continence! and such as Scipio himself must have applauded: for how much self-denial was exerted not to covet his neighbor's whore! and what disorders must the coveting her have occasioned in that society, where, according to this political calculator, nine in ten of all ages have their concubines!

We have now, as briefly as we could devise, gone through the three constituent qualities of either hero; but it is not in any, nor in all of these, that heroism properly or essentially resideth: it is a lucky result rather from the collision of these lively qualities against one another. Thus, as from wisdom, bravery, and love, ariseth magnaminity, the object of admiration, which is the aim of the greater epic; so from vanity, impudence, and debauchery, springeth buffoonery, the source of ridicule, that 'laughing ornament,' as the owner well termeth it, of the little epic.[19]

He is not ashamed (God forbid he ever should be ashamed!) of this character; who deemeth, that not reason, but risibility, distinguisheth the human species from the brutal. 'As Nature,' saith this profound philosopher, 'distinguished our species from the mute creation by our risibility, her design must have been by that faculty as evidently to raise our happiness, as by our *os sublime*, our 'erected faces,' to lift the dignity of our form above them.'[20] All this considered, how complete a hero must he be, as well as how happy a man, whose risibility lieth not barely in his muscles, as in the common sort; but, as himself informeth us, in his very spirits! and whose *os sublime* is not simply an 'erect face,' but a brazen head; as should seem by his preferring it to one of iron, said to belong to the late king of Sweden.[1]

But whatever personal qualities a hero may have, the examples of Achilles and Æneas show us, that all these are

[19] Colley Cibber's Letter to Mr. Pope, p. 31.—W.
[20] Cibber's Life, p. 23, 24.—W.
[1] Letter, p. 8.—W.

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of small avail without the constant assistance of the gods: for the subversion and erection of empires have never been adjudged the work of man. How greatly soever then we may esteem of his high talents, we can hardly conceive his personal prowess alone sufficient to restore the decayed empire of Dulness. So weighty an achievement must require the particular favor and protection of the great; who, being the natural patrons and supporters of letters, as the ancient gods were of Troy, must first be drawn off, and engaged in another interest, before the total subversion of them can be accomplished. To surmount, therefore, this last and greatest difficulty, we have, in this excellent man, a professed favorite and intimado of the great; and, look, of what force ancient piety was to draw the gods into the party of Æneas, that, and much stronger, is modern incense, to engage the great in the party of Dulness.

Thus have we essayed to portray or shadow out this noble imp of fame: but now the impatient reader will be apt to say, if so many and various graces go to the making up a hero, what mortal shall suffice to bear his character? Ill hath he read, who seeth not, in every trace of this picture, that individual, all-accomplished person, in whom these rare virtues and lucky circumstances have agreed to meet and concentre, with the strongest lustre and fullest harmony.

The good Scriblerus, indeed, nay, the world itself, might be imposed on, in the late spurious editions, by I can't tell what sham hero, or phantom; but it was not so easy to impose on him whom this egregious error most of all concerned: for no sooner had the fourth book laid open the high and swelling scene, but he recognised his own heroic acts; and when he came to the words,

Soft on her lap her laureat son reclines,

(though laureat imply no more than one crowned with laurel, as befitteth any associate or consort in empire) he loudly resented this indignity to violated majesty: indeed,

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not without cause, he being there represented as fast asleep; so misbeseeming the eye of empire, which, like that of Jove, should never dose nor slumber. 'Ah!' saith he, 'fast asleep, it seems! that's a little too strong: pert and dull at least you might have allowed me; but as seldom asleep as any fool.'[2] However the injured laureat may comfort himself with this reflection, that though it be a sleep, yet it is not the sleep of death, but of immortality: here he will live at least,[3] though not awake; and in no worse condition than many an enchanted hero before him. The famous Durandarte, for instance, was, like him, cast into a long slumber by Merlin, the British bard and necromancer; and his example, for submitting to it with a good grace, might be of service to our hero: for that disastrous knight being sorely pressed or driven to make his answer by several persons of quality,[4] only replied, with a sigh, 'Patience, and shuffle the cards.'[5]

But now, as nothing in this world, no, not the most sacred or perfect things either of religion or government, can escape the stings of envy, methinks I already hear these carpers objecting to the clearness of our hero's title.

It would never, say they, have been esteemed sufficient to make a hero for the Iliad or Æneis, that Achilles was brave enough to overturn one empire, or Æneas pious enough to raise another, had they not been goddess-born, and princes-bred. What then did this author mean, by erecting a player, instead of one of his patrons, (a person, 'never a hero even on the stage'[6]) to this dignity of colleague in the empire of Dulness; and achiever of a work, that neither old Omar, Attila, nor John of Leyden could intirely bring to pass?

To all this, we have, as we conceive, a sufficient answer

[2] Colley Cibber's Letter to Mr. Pope, p. 53.
[3] Ibid. p. 1.
[4] See Cibber's Letter to Mr. Pope.
[5] Don Quixote, part ii. book ii. chap. 22.
[6] See Cibber's Life, p. 148.

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from the Roman historian, *Fabrum esse suæ quemque fortunæ*: 'that every man is the carver of his own fortune.' The politic Florentine, Nicholas Machiavel, goeth still farther, and affirmeth, that a man needeth but to believe himself a hero, to be one of the worthiest that ever breathed. 'Let him,' saith he, 'but fancy himself capable of high things, and he will of course be able to achieve the highest.' From this principle it followeth, that nothing can exceed our hero's prowess, as nothing ever equalled the greatness of his conceptions. Hear how he constantly paragons himself; at one time, to Alexander the Great and Charles XII. of Sweden, for the excess and delicacy of his ambition;[7] to Henry IV. of France, for honest policy;[8] to the first Brutus, for love of liberty;[9] to sir Robert Walpole, for good government while in power:[10] at another time, to the godlike Socrates, for his diversions and amusements;[11] to Horace, Montaigne, and sir William Temple, for an elegant vanity, that maketh them for ever read and admired;[12] to two lord chancellors, for law, from whom, when confederate against him at the bar, he carried away the prize of eloquence;[13] and, to say all in a word, to the right reverend the lord bishop of London himself, in the art of writing pastoral letters.[14]

Nor did his actions fall short of the sublimity of his conceit. In his early youth, he met the revolution[15] face to face in Nottingham, at a time when other patriots contented themselves to follow her: it was here he got acquainted with Old Battle-array, of whom he hath made so honorable mention in one of his immortal odes.[16] But

[7] See Cibber's Life, p. 149.
[8] Ibid. p. 424.
[9] Ibid. p. 366.
[10] Ibid. p. 457.
[11] Ibid. p. 18.
[12] Ibid. p. 425.
[13] Ibid. pp. 436, 437.
[14] Ibid. p. 52.
[15] Ibid. p. 47.
[16] Old Battle-array in confusion is fled,
And olive-robed Peace is come in his stead, &c.
Colley Cibber's Birth-day Ode, or New-year's Ode,
(I don't know which) on the Peace.

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he shone in courts as well as camps: he was called up when the nation fell in labor of this revolution;[17] and was a gossip at her christening, with the bishop and the ladies.[18]

As to his birth, it is true he pretendeth no relation either to heathen god or goddess; but what is as good, he was descended from a maker of both:[19] and that he did not pass himself on the world for a hero, as well by birth as education, was his own fault; for his lineage he bringeth into his life as an anecdote, and is sensible he had it in his power to be thought nobody's son at all:[20] and what is that, I pray you, but coming into the world a hero?

But be it (the punctilious laws of epic poesy so requiring) that a hero of more than mortal birth must needs be procured for this achievement; even for this we have a resource: we can easily derive our hero's pedigree from a goddess of no small power and authority amongst men; and legitimate and install him after the right classical and authentic fashion: for, like as the ancient sages found a son of Mars in a mighty warrior; a son of Neptune in a skilful seaman; a son of Phœbus in a harmonious poet; so have we here, if need be, a son of Fortune in an artful gamester: and who, I pray you, fitter than the offspring of Chance, to assist in restoring the empire of Night and Chaos?

There is in truth another objection of greater weight, namely,—'That this hero still existeth, and hath not yet finished his earthly course: for if Solon said well, that no man could be called happy till his death; surely, much less can any one, till then, be pronounced a hero; this species of men being far more subject than others to the caprices of fortune and humor.' But to this also we have an answer, which will, we hope, be deemed decisive: it cometh from himself; who, to cut this matter short,

[17] Colley Cibber's Life, p. 57.
[18] Ibid. p. 58, 59.
[19] A statuary.
[20] Cibber's Life, p. 6.

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hath solemnly protested that he will never change or amend.

With regard to his vanity, he declareth that nothing shall ever part them. 'Nature,' saith he, 'hath amply supplied me in vanity; a pleasure, which neither the pertness of wit nor the gravity of wisdom will ever persuade me to part with.'[1] Our poet had charitably endeavored to administer a cure to it; but he telleth us plainly,—'My superiors perhaps may be mended by him; but for my part, I own myself incorrigible: I look on my follies as the best part of my fortune.'[2] And with good reason: we see to what they have brought him!

Secondly, as to buffoonery;—'Is it,' saith he, 'a time of day for me to leave off these fooleries, and set up a new character? I can no more put off my follies than my skin: I have often tried, but they stick too close to me; nor am I sure my friends are displeased with them; for in this light I afford them frequent matter of mirth,' &c. &c.[3] Having then so publicly declared himself incorrigible, he is become dead in law, (I mean the law epopœian) and devolveth on the poet; is now his property; and may be taken and dealt with like an old Egyptian hero; that is to say, embowelled and embalmed for posterity.

Nothing, therefore, we conceive, remaineth to hinder his own prophecy of himself from taking immediate effect: a rare felicity, and what few prophets have had the satisfaction to see, alive! Nor can we conclude better than with that extraordinary one of his, which is conceived in these oraculous words,—'My dulness will find somebody to do it right.'

> Tandem Phœbus adest, morsusque inferre parantem
> Congelat, et patulos, ut erant, indurat hiatus.

W.

[1] Cibber's Life, p. 424. [2] Ibid. p. 19.
[3] Ibid. p. 17.

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THE DUNCIAD:

TO

DR. JONATHAN SWIFT.

BOOK THE FIRST.

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BY AUTHORITY.

By virtue of the Authority in Us vested, by the Act for subjecting Poets to the Power of a Licenser, we have revised this Piece; where finding the style and appellation of KING to have been given to a certain Pretender, Pseudo-Poet, or Phantom, of the name of TIBBALD; and apprehending the same may be deemed in some sort a Reflection on Majesty, or at least an insult on that Legal Authority which has bestowed on another Person the Crown of Poesy: We have ordered the said Pretender, Pseudo-Poet, or Phantom, utterly to vanish and evaporate out of this Work; And do declare the said Throne of Poesy from henceforth to be abdicated and vacant, unless duly and lawfully supplied by the LAUREAT himself. And it is hereby enacted, that no other Person do presume to fill the same.

C Ch.

P.†

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ARGUMENT OF BOOK I.

The proposition, the invocation, and the inscription: then the original of the great empire of Dulness, and cause of the continuance thereof. The college of the goddess in the city, with her private academy for poets in particular: the governors of it, and the four cardinal virtues. Then the poem hastes into the midst of things, presenting her on the evening of a lord mayor's day, revolving the long succession of her sons, and the glories past and to come: she fixes her eye on Bays to be the instrument of that great event which is the subject of the poem: he is described pensive among his books, giving up the cause, and apprehending the period of her empire. After debating whether to betake himself to the church, or to gaming, or to party-writing, he raises an altar of proper books, and, making first his solemn prayer and declaration, purposes thereon to sacrifice all his unsuccessful writings. As the pile is kindled, the goddess, beholding the flame from her seat, flies and puts it out by casting on it the poem of Thulé: she forthwith reveals herself to him, transports him to her temple, unfolds her arts, and initiates him into her mysteries: then, announcing the death of Eusden, the poet laureat, anoints him, carries him to court, and proclaims him successor.—P.

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THE DUNCIAD.*

BOOK I.

THE mighty mother, and her son, who brings
The Smithfield Muses to the ear of kings,
I sing. Say you, her instruments, the great!
Call'd to this work by Dulness, Jove, and Fate;

* This poem was written in the year 1726. In the next year an imperfect edition was published at Dublin, and reprinted at London in 12mo.; another at Dublin, and another at London in 8vo.; and three others in 12mo. the same year. But there was no perfect edition before that of London in quarto; which was attended with notes. We are willing to acquaint posterity, that this poem was presented to king George II. and his queen, by the hands of sir Robert Walpole, on the 12th of March, 1728-9.—Schol. Vet.—P.†

[1] *The mighty mother, and her son.* The reader ought here to be cautioned, that the mother, and not the son, is the principal agent in this poem: the latter of them is only chosen as her colleague, as was anciently the custom in Rome before some great expedition; the main action of the poem being by no means the coronation of the laureat, which is performed in the very first book; but the restoration of the empire of Dulness in Britain, which is not accomplished till the last.—W.

[2] *The Smithfield Muses.* Smithfield is the place where Bartholomew-fair was kept, whose shows, machines, and dramatical entertainments, formerly agreeable only to the taste of the rabble, were, by the hero of this poem, and others of equal genius, brought to the theatres of Covent-Garden, Lincoln's-inn-fields, and the Haymarket, to be the reigning pleasures of the court and town. This happened in the reigns of king George I. and II. See Book iii.—P.

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You, by whose care, in vain decried and cursed,
Still Dunce the second reigns like Dunce the first;
Say, how the goddess bade Britannia sleep,
And pour'd her spirit o'er the land and deep.
In eldest time, ere mortals writ or read;
Ere Pallas issued from the thunderer's head;
Dulness o'er all possess'd her ancient right,
Daughter of Chaos and eternal Night:
Fate in their dotage this fair idiot gave,
Gross as her sire, and as her mother grave;
Laborious, heavy, busy, bold, and blind,
She ruled, in native anarchy, the mind.
Still her old empire to restore she tries;
For, born a goddess, Dulness never dies.
O thou! whatever title please thine ear,
Dean, Drapier, Bickerstaff, or Gulliver!
Whether thou choose Cervantes' serious air,
Or laugh and shake in Rabelais' easy chair,

[6] Alluding to a verse of Mr. Dryden, not in Mac Fleckno (as is said ignorantly in the 'Key to the Dunciad,' p. i.) but in his verses to Mr. Congreve:—

And Tom the second reigns like Tom the first.—P.

[21] *Cervantes' serious air.* Warburton says, that the 'Travels of Gulliver' were written to decry the lying vanities of travellers, just as 'Don Quixote' was written to expose the absurdities of books of chivalry. This Warton denies, and says, more justly, that 'Gulliver' was written to expose the politics and measures of the English government, as well as the pride and folly of human nature in general. Voltaire called the author of the 'Tale of a Tub,' 'Rabelais in his senses:' Warton, with equal justice, wonders that Rabelais was never punished, in an age of despotic princes and arrogant priests. He holds to the theory, that Garagantua meant Francis I.; Grand Gousier, Louis XII.; Pantagruel, Henry II.; and Picrocole, Charles V.; that the monks of the time were pictured under the character of brother John des Entomures, and that the monkish theological books were

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Or praise the court, or magnify mankind,
Or thy grieved country's copper chains unbind;
From thy Bœotia though her power retires,
Mourn not, my Swift! at aught our realm acquires;
Here pleased behold her mighty wings outspread,
To hatch a new Saturnian age of lead.

Close to those walls where Folly holds her throne,
And laughs to think Monroe would take her down;
Where o'er the gates, by his famed father's hand,
Great Cibber's brazen, brainless brothers stand;
One cell there is, conceal'd from vulgar eye,
The cave of Poverty and Poetry:
Keen, hollow winds howl through the bleak recess,
Emblem of music caused by emptiness.

laughed at under the titles of the library of St. Victor, as the Biga Juris, the Pantoufle Decentorum, &c. Rabelais, in his character of Panurge, has been supposed to give hints for 'Falstaff.' Lord Peter's loaf, in the 'Tale of a Tub,' is directly copied from Rabelais. 'There is nothing new under the sun:' Moreau, Scarron's master, wrote a comic poem, named the 'Pygmeid:' Scarron, copying the style, but changing the burlesque, wrote the 'Gigantomachei:' they may have served as models for the Liliput and Brobdignag. The resemblance is sufficiently close, and Swift was unsparing in his appropriations.

[23] *Or praise the court, or magnify mankind.* *Ironice*, alluding to Gulliver's representations of both.—The next line relates to the papers of the Drapier, against the currency of Wood's copper coin in Ireland, which, on the great discontent of the people, his majesty was graciously pleased to recall.—W.

[28] *Saturnian age.* The ancient golden age is by poets styled Saturnian: but in the chemical language Saturn is lead.—P.

[31] *By his famed father's hand.* Mr. Caius Gabriel Cibber, father of the poet-laureat. The two statues of the lunatics over the gates of Bedlam-hospital were done by him, and, as the son justly says of them, are no ill monuments of his fame as an artist.—P.†

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Hence bards, like Proteus, long in vain tied down,
Escape in monsters, and amaze the town;
Hence Miscellanies spring, the weekly boast
Of Curll's chaste press, and Lintot's rubric post;
Hence hymning Tyburn's elegiac lines; 41
Hence, Journals, Medleys, Mercuries, Magazines;
Sepulchral lies, our holy walls to grace;
And new-year odes, and all the Grub-street race.
In clouded majesty here Dulness shone; 45
Four guardian Virtues, round, support her throne:

[40] *Curll's chaste press, and Lintot's rubric post.* Two booksellers, of whom see Book ii. The former was fined by the court of King's Bench for publishing indecent books; the latter usually adorned his shop with titles in red letters.—P.

[41] In the former edition:—

Hence hymning Tyburn's elegiac lay,
Hence the soft sing-song on Cecilia's day:

in allusion to the annual songs composed to music on St. Cecilia's feast.—W.†

[41] *Hence hymning Tyburn's elegiac lines.* It is an ancient English custom, for the malefactors to sing a psalm at their execution at Tyburn; and no less customary to print elegies on their deaths, at the same time, or before.—P.

[42] *Magazines.* The common names of those monstrous collections in prose and verse; where dulness assumes all the various shapes of folly to draw in and cajole the rabble: the eruption of every miserable scribbler; the dirty scum of every stagnant newspaper; the rags of worn-out nonsense and scandal, picked up from every dunghill, under the title of Essays, Reflections, Queries, Songs, Epigrams, Riddles, &c. equally the disgrace of wit, morality, and common sense.—P. W.

[42] Warton makes a personal protest against this sweeping sentence, on behalf of the 'Gentleman's Magazine.' The character of this species of publication is advantageously altered since Pope's day; but his anathema was chiefly caused by the torrent of bitterness which the periodical press was continually pouring on him.

[43] *Sepulchral lies.* Is a just satire on the flatteries and false-

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Fierce champion, Fortitude, that knows no fears
Of hisses, blows, or want, or loss of ears:
Calm Temperance, whose blessings those partake
Who hunger and who thirst for scribbling sake: 50
Prudence, whose glass presents the approaching jail:
Poetic Justice, with her lifted scale,
Where, in nice balance, truth with gold she weighs,
And solid pudding against empty praise.
Here she beholds the chaos dark and deep, 55
Where nameless somethings in their causes sleep,
Till genial Jacob, or a warm third day,
Call forth each mass, a poem or a play:

hoods admitted to be inscribed on the walls of churches, in epitaphs; which occasioned the following epigram:—

Friend! in your epitaphs, I'm grieved
So very much is said:
One half will never be believed,
The other never read.—W. †

A lash for the long Latin epitaphs written by Dr. Friend. —Warton.

44 *New-year odes.* Made by the poet-laureat for the time being, to be sung at court on every new-year's day, the words of which are happily drowned in the voices and instruments. —P.

55 *Here she beholds the chaos dark and deep,*
Where nameless somethings, &c.

That is to say, unformed things, which are either made into poems or plays, as the booksellers or the players bid most. These lines allude to the following in Garth's 'Dispensary,' canto vi.

Within the chambers of the globe they spy
The beds where sleeping vegetables lie,
Till the glad summons of a genial ray
Unbinds the glebe, and calls them out to day.—P.

57 *Genial Jacob.* Tonson: he retired with a large fortune, and built Down-place in Berkshire, on the banks of the Thames, afterwards purchased by the duke of Argyll.—Bowles.

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How hints, like spawn, scarce quick in embryo lie,
How new-born nonsense first is taught to cry,
Maggots half-form'd in rhyme exactly meet,
And learn to crawl upon poetic feet.
Here one poor word a hundred clenches makes,
And ductile Dulness new meanders takes;
There motley images her fancy strike,
Figures ill-pair'd, and similes unlike.
She sees a mob of metaphors advance,
Pleased with the madness of the mazy dance;
How tragedy and comedy embrace;
How farce and epic get a jumbled race;
How Time himself stands still at her command,
Realms shift their place, and ocean turns to land.

[63] *Here one poor word a hundred clenches makes.* It may not be amiss to give an instance or two of these operations of Dulness out of the works of her sons, celebrated in the poem. A great critic formerly held these clenches in such abhorrence, that he declared, 'he that would pun would pick a pocket.' Yet Mr. Dennis's works afford us notable examples in this kind:—'Alexander Pope hath sent abroad into the world as many *bulls* as his namesake Pope Alexander. Let us take the initial and final letters of his name. A. P—E, and they give you the idea of an ape. Pope comes from the Latin word *popa*, which signifies a little wart; or from *poppysma*; because he was continually *popping* out squibs of wit, or rather *popysmata* or *popysmus*.' Dennis on Homer, and Daily Journal, June 11, 1728.—P.

Thus the identity of the pickpocket and the punster is older than Johnson: even *he* condescended to borrow.

[64] *And ductile Dulness.* A parody on a verse in Garth, canto i.

How ductile matter new meanders takes.—P.

[70] *How farce and epic—How Time himself, &c.* Allude to the transgressions of the unities in the plays of such poets. For the miracles wrought on time and place, and the mixture of tragedy and comedy, farce and epic, see Pluto and Proserpine, Penelope, &c. *if* yet extant.—P.

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Here, gay description Egypt glads with showers,
Or gives to Zembla fruits, to Barca flowers;
Glittering with ice, here hoary hills are seen;
There painted valleys of eternal green;
In cold December fragrant chaplets blow,
And heavy harvests nod beneath the snow.
All these, and more, the cloud-compelling queen
Beholds through fogs, that magnify the scene.
She, tinsel'd o'er in robes of varying hues,
With self-applause her wild creation views;
Sees momentary monsters rise and fall,
And with her own fools-colors gilds them all.
'Twas on the day, when Thorold, rich and grave,
Like Cimon, triumph'd both on land and wave;

[73] *Egypt glads with showers.* In the Lower Egypt rain is of no use, the overflowing of the Nile being sufficient to impregnate the soil.—These six verses represent the inconsistencies in the descriptions of poets, who heap together all glittering and gaudy images, though incompatible in one season, or in one scene.

See the 'Guardian,' No. 40, par. 6. See also 'Eusden's whole works,' if to be found. It would not have been unpleasant to have given examples of all these species of bad writing from these authors, but that it is already done in our 'Treatise of the Bathos.' Scriblerus.—P.

[79] *The cloud-compelling queen.* From Homer's epithet of Jupiter, *νεφεληγερέτα Ζεύς*.—P.

[85] *'Twas on the day, when Thorold, rich and grave, Like Cimon, triumph'd.* Viz. a lord mayor's day: his name the author had left in blanks, but most certainly could never be that which the editor foisted in formerly, and which no way agrees with the chronology of the poem. Sir George Thorold was lord mayor of London in the year 1720.—P.†

The procession of a lord mayor is made partly by land, and partly by water. Cimon, the famous Athenian general, obtained a victory by sea, and another by land, on the same day, over the Persians and barbarians.—P.

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Pomps without guilt, of bloodless swords and maces,
Glad chains, warm furs, broad banners, and broad faces.
Now night descending, the proud scene was o'er,
But lived in Settle's numbers one day more.
Now mayors and shrieves all hush'd and satiate lay,
Yet eat in dreams the custard of the day;
While pensive poets painful vigils keep,
Sleepless themselves to give their readers sleep.
Much to the mindful queen the feast recalls,
What city swans once sung within the walls;
Much she revolves their arts, their ancient praise,
And sure succession down from Heywood's days.

[88] *Glad chains.* The ignorance of these moderns! This was altered in one edition to 'gold chains,' showing more regard to the metal of which the chains of aldermen are made, than to the beauty of the Latinism and Grecism, nay, of figurative speech itself: *Lætas segetes*, glad, for making glad, &c.—P.

[90] *But lived in Settle's numbers one day more.* A beautiful manner of speaking, usual with poets in praise of poetry, in which kind nothing is finer than those lines of Mr. Addison:—

Sometimes, misguided by the tuneful throng,
I look for streams immortalised in song,
That lost in silence and oblivion lie;
Dumb are their fountains, and their channels dry:
Yet run for ever by the Muses' skill,
And in the smooth description murmur still.—P.

Ibid. *But lived in Settle's numbers one day more.* Settle was poet to the city of London: his office was to compose yearly panegyrics on the lord mayors, and verses to be spoken in the pageants: but that part of the shows being at length frugally abolished, the employment of city-poet ceased; so that on Settle's demise there was no successor to that place.—P.

[98] John Heywood, whose interludes were printed in the time of Henry VIII.—P.

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She saw, with joy, the line immortal run,
Each sire impress'd and glaring in his son:
So watchful Bruin forms, with plastic care,
Each growing lump, and brings it to a bear.
She saw old Pryn in restless Daniel shine,
And Eusden eke out Blackmore's endless line;

[103] *Restless Daniel.* De Foe, who deserved more honor than Pope seems inclined to pay him. This writer was remarkable for a talent exceedingly rare, but of the most exciting order, where it exists in any degree like his own; the talent of mingling invention with truth so dexterously, that while the fiction gives interest to the fact, the fact gives life to the fiction. He has produced three works in this style, altogether unrivalled in European literature:—'Robinson Crusoe,' 'The Plague of London,' and 'The Memoirs of a Cavalier;' the two former in every one's hands; both taken for true history of the time of their appearance, and by thousands and tens of thousands so taken still: the third so skilfully wrought, as to have imposed on lord Chatham, who pronounced it the best account of the civil war extant; and who, on being reluctantly convinced at last that it was fictitious, exclaimed, with classic elegance,—

———Sic extorta voluptas,
Et demtus per vim mentis gratissimus error.

De Foe's 'Scandal Club,' written in jail, has been supposed to have furnished the model of the 'Tatler' and the 'Spectator.'

[104] *And Eusden eke out, &c.* Laurence Eusden, poet laureat. Mr. Jacob gives a catalogue of some few only of his works, which were very numerous. Mr. Cook, in his 'Battle of Poets,' saith of him,

Eusden, a laurel'd bard, by fortune raised,
By very few was read, by fewer praised.

Mr. Oldmixon, in his 'Arts of Logic and Rhetoric,' p. 413 414, affirms, 'That of all the gallimatias he ever met with, none comes up to some verses of this poet, which have as much of the *ridiculum* and the fustian in them as can well be jumbled together; and are of that sort of nonsense, which so perfectly confounds all ideas, that there is no distinct one left in the mind.' Nor ought Mr. Oldmixon to complain, so long

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She saw slow Philips creep like Tate's poor page,
And all the mighty mad in Dennis rage. 106
In each she marks her image full express'd,
But chief in Bays's monster-breeding breast;

after, that the laurel would have better become his own brows, or any others: it were more decent to acquiesce in the opinion of the duke of Buckingham on this matter:—

——In rush'd Eusden, and cried, 'Who shall have it,
But I, the true laureat, to whom the king gave it?'
Apollo begg'd pardon, and granted his claim;
But vow'd that till then he ne'er heard of his name.
Session of Poets.

The same plea might also serve for his successor, Mr. Cibber; and is farther strengthened in the following epigram, made on that occasion:—

In merry Old England it once was a rule,
The king had his poet, and also his fool:
But now we 're so frugal, I 'd have you to know it,
That Cibber can serve both for fool and for poet.

Of Blackmore, see book ii. of Philips, book i. ver. 262, and book iii. *prope fin.*

Nahum Tate was poet laureat, a cold writer, of no invention; but sometimes translated tolerably, when befriended by Mr. Dryden. In his second part of 'Absalom and Achitophel' are above two hundred admirable lines together of that great hand, which strongly shine through the insipidity of the rest. Something parallel may be observed of another author here mentioned.—P.

106 *And all the mighty mad in Dennis rage.* Epigram:—
Should Dennis publish you had stabb'd your brother,
Lampoon'd your monarch, or debauch'd your mother;
Say, what revenge on Dennis can be had?
Too dull for laughter, for reply too mad:
On one so poor you cannot take the law;
On one so old your sword you scorn to draw.
Uncaged then let the harmless monster rage,
Secure in dulness, madness, want, and age.—P.

108 *But chief in Bays's, &c.* In the former editions thus:—
But chief in Tibbald's monster-breeding breast;
See gods with demons in strange league engage;
And earth, and heaven, and hell, her battles wage.

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Bays, form'd by nature stage and town to bless,
And act, and be, a coxcomb with success.
Dulness with transport eyes the lively dunce,
Remembering she herself was pertness once.
Now (shame to Fortune!) an ill run at play
Blank'd his bold visage, and a thin third-day.
Swearing and supperless the hero sate;
Blasphemed his gods, the dice, and damn'd his fate;
Then gnaw'd his pen, then dash'd it on the ground,
Sinking from thought to thought, a vast profound!
Plunged for his sense, but found no bottom there;
Yet wrote and flounder'd on, in mere despair.
Round him much embryo, much abortion lay,
Much future ode, and abdicated play;

She eyed the bard, where supperless he sate,
And pined, unconscious of his rising fate:
Studious he sate, with all his books around,
Sinking from thought to thought, &c.—P.

[109] *Bays, form'd by nature, &c.* Cibber.

Epigram:—
Quoth Cibber to Pope, 'Though in verse you foreclose,
I 'll have the last word; for, by Jove, I 'll write prose.'
'Poor Colley, thy reasoning is none of the strongest;
For, know, the last word is the word that lasts longest.'—W.

[121] *Round him much embryo, &c.* In the former editions thus:—

He roll'd his eyes that witness'd huge dismay,
Where yet unpawn'd much learned lumber lay;
Volumes, whose size the space exactly fill'd,
Or which fond authors were so good to gild;
Or where, by sculpture made for ever known,
The page admires new beauties not its own.
Here swells the shelf, &c.———— W. †

Var. *He roll'd his eyes that witness'd huge dismay.*
————round he throws his eyes,
That witness'd huge affliction and dismay.

The progress of a bad poet in his thoughts being, like the

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Nonsense precipitate, like running lead,
That slipp'd through cracks and zig-zags of the head;
All that on folly frenzy could beget,
Fruits of dull heat, and sooterkins of wit.
Next, o'er his books his eyes began to roll,
In pleasing memory of all he stole;
How here he sipp'd, how there he plunder'd snug,
And suck'd all o'er, like an industrious bug.
Here lay poor Fletcher's half-eat scenes, and here
The frippery of crucified Molière;
There hapless Shakspeare, yet of Tibbald sore,
Wish'd he had blotted for himself before:
The rest on outside merit but presume,
Or serve, like other fools, to fill a room;

progress of the devil in Milton, through a chaos, might probably suggest this imitation.—P.

131 *Poor Fletcher's half-eat scenes.* A great number of them taken out to patch up his plays.—P.†

132 *The frippery.* 'When I fitted up an old play, it was as a good housewife will mend old linen, when she has not better employment.' Life, p. 217, 8vo.—P.†

133 *Hapless Shakspeare, &c.* This Tibbald, or Theobald, published an edition of Shakspeare, of which he was so proud himself as to say, in one of Mist's Journals, June 8, 'that to expose any errors in it was impracticable:' and in another, April 27, 'that whatever care might for the future be taken by any other editor, he would still give above five hundred emendations that shall escape them all.'—P.†

134 *Wish'd he had blotted.* It was a ridiculous praise which the players gave to Shakspeare, 'that he never blotted a line.' Ben Jonson honestly wished he had blotted a thousand; and Shakspeare would certainly have wished the same, if he had lived to see those alterations in his works, which, not the actors only, and especially the daring hero of this poem, have made on the stage; but the presumptuous critics of our days in their editions.—P.†

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Such with their shelves as due proportion hold,
Or their fond parents dress'd in red and gold;
Or where the pictures for the page atone,
And Quarles is saved by beauties not his own.
Here swells the shelf with Ogilby the great;
There, stamp'd with arms, Newcastle shines complete;
Here all his suffering brotherhood retire,
And 'scape the martyrdom of jakes and fire;
A Gothic library! of Greece and Rome
Well purged, and worthy Settle, Banks, and Broome.
But high above more solid learning shone,
The classics of an age that heard of none:

141 *Ogilby the great.* 'John Ogilby was one who, from a late initiation into literature, made such a progress as might well style him the prodigy of his time, sending into the world so many large volumes! His translations of Homer and Virgil done to the life, and with such excellent sculptures! And, what added great grace to his works, he printed them all on special good paper, and in a very good letter.' Winstanly, Lives of Poets.—P.

146 *Worthy Settle, Banks, and Broome.* The poet has mentioned these three authors in particular, as they are parallel to our hero in his three capacities: 1. Settle was his brother laureat; only indeed on half-pay, for the city instead of the court; but equally famous for unintelligible flights in his poems on public occasions, such as shows, birth-days, &c. 2. Banks was his rival in tragedy, though more successful in one of his tragedies, the 'Earl of Essex,' which is yet alive: 'Anna Boleyn,' the 'Queen of Scots,' and 'Cyrus the Great,' are dead and gone. These he dressed in a sort of beggar's velvet, or a happy mixture of the thick fustian and thin prosaic, exactly imitated in 'Perolla and Isidora,' 'Cæsar in Egypt,' and the 'Heroic Daughter.' 3. Broome was a serving man of Ben Jonson, who once picked up a comedy from his betters, or from some cast scenes of his master, not intirely contemptible.—P.†

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There Caxton slept, with Wynkyn at his side;
One clasp'd in wood, and one in strong cow-hide:
There, saved by spice, like mummies, many a year,
Dry bodies of divinity appear;
De Lyra there a dreadful front extends,
And here the groaning shelves Philemon bends.
Of these, twelve volumes, twelve of amplest size,
Redeem'd from tapers and defrauded pies,
Inspired, he seizes: these an altar raise:
A hecatomb of pure, unsullied lays,
That altar crowns: a folio common-place
Founds the whole pile, of all his works the base:
Quartos, octavos shape the lessening pyre;
A twisted birth-day ode completes the spire.
Then he:—'Great tamer of all human art!
First in my care, and ever at my heart;
Dulness! whose good old cause I yet defend;
With whom my Muse began, with whom shall end,
E'er since sir Fopling's periwig was praise,
To the last honors of the Butt and Bays;

[149] *Caxton.* A printer in the time of Edward IV. Richard III. and Henry VII. Wynkyn de Worde, his successor, in that of Henry VII. and VIII. The former, whom Bayle intitles, 'vir non omnino stupidus,' translated into prose Virgil's Æneid, as a history.—P.†

[154] Philemon Holland, doctor in physic. 'He translated so many books, that a man would think he had done nothing else; insomuch that he might be called translator general of his age. The books alone of his turning into English are sufficient to make a country gentleman a complete library.' Winstanly.—P.

[167] *E'er since sir Fopling's periwig.* The first visible cause of the passion of the town for our hero, was a fair flaxen full-bottomed periwig, which, he tells us, he wore in his first play

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O, thou! of business the directing soul!
To this our head like bias to the bowl,
Which, as more ponderous, made its aim more true,
Obliquely waddling to the mark in view:
O, ever gracious to perplex'd mankind,
Still spread a healing mist before the mind;
And, lest we err by wit's wild dancing light,
Secure us kindly in our native night:
Or, if to wit a coxcomb make pretence,
Guard the sure barrier between that and sense;
Or quite unravel all the reasoning thread,
And hang some curious cobweb in its stead!
As, forced from wind-guns, lead itself can fly,
And ponderous slugs cut swiftly through the sky;
As clocks to weight their nimble motion owe,
The wheels above urged by the load below;
Me emptiness and dulness could inspire,
And were my elasticity and fire.
Some demon stole my pen, (forgive the offence)
And once betray'd me into common sense:
Else all my prose and verse were much the same;
This, prose on stilts; that, poetry fallen lame.

of the 'Fool in Fashion.' It attracted, in a particular manner, the friendship of colonel Brett, who wanted to purchase it. 'Whatever contempt,' says he, 'philosophers may have for a fine periwig, my friend, who was not to despise the world, but to live in it, knew very well that so material an article of dress on the head of a man of sense, if it became him, could never fail of drawing to him a more partial regard and benevolence than could possibly be hoped for in an ill-made one. This, perhaps, may soften the grave censure, which so youthful a purchase might otherwise have laid on him.' See Life, 8vo. p. 303. This remarkable periwig usually made its entrance on the stage in a sedan, brought in by two chairmen, with infinite approbation of the audience.—P.†

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Did on the stage my fops appear confined?
My life gave ampler lessons to mankind.
Did the dead letter unsuccessful prove?
The brisk example never fail'd to move.
Yet, sure, had Heaven decreed to save the state,
Heaven had decreed these works a longer date.
Could Troy be saved by any single hand,
This gray-goose weapon must have made her stand.
What can I now? my Fletcher cast aside,
Take up the Bible, once my better guide?
Or tread the path by venturous heroes trod,
This box my thunder, this right-hand my god?
Or, chair'd at White's, amidst the doctors sit,
Teach oaths to gamesters, and to nobles wit?

[199] *My Fletcher.* A familiar manner of speaking, used by modern critics, of a favorite author. Bays might as justly speak thus of Fletcher, as a French wit did of Tully, seeing his works in a library:—'Ah! mon cher Ciceron! je le connois bien; c'est le même que Marc Tulle.' But he had a better title to call Fletcher his own, having made so free with him.—P.

[200] *Take up the Bible, once my better guide.* When, according to his father's intention, he had been a clergyman, or, as he thinks himself, a bishop of the church of England. Hear his own words: 'At the time that the fate of king James, the prince of Orange, and myself, were on the anvil, Providence thought fit to postpone mine till theirs were determined: but had my father carried me a month sooner to the university, who knows but that purer fountain might have washed my imperfections, into a capacity of writing, instead of plays and annual odes, sermons and pastoral letters?'—Apology for his Life, c. iii.—P.†

[200] Cibber was sent to Winchester, with a view to a fellowship in New College.

[203] *At White's, amidst the doctors.* These doctors had a modest

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Or bid'st thou rather party to embrace? 205
(A friend to party thou, and all her race;
'Tis the same rope at different ends they twist;
To Dulness Ridpath is as dear as Mist.)
Shall I, like Curtius, desperate in my zeal,
O'er head and ears plunge for the common-
weal; 210
Or rob Rome's ancient geese of all their glories,
And cackling save the monarchy of tories?

and upright appearance, no air of overbearing; but, like true masters of arts, were only habited in black and white: they were justly styled *subtiles* and *graves*, but not always *irrefragabiles;* being sometimes examined, and by a nice distinction, divided and laid open. Scriblerus.—W.

This learned critic is to be understood allegorically: the doctors in this place mean no more than false dice, a cant phrase used amongst gamesters. So the meaning of these four sonorous lines is only this, 'Shall I play fair or foul?'—P.†

[208] *Ridpath—Mist.* George Ridpath, author of a whig paper, called the 'Flying Post;' Nathanael Mist, of a famous tory journal—P.†

[211] *Or rob Rome's ancient geese of all their glories.* Relates to the well-known story of the geese that saved the capitol; of which Virgil, Æneid. viii.

Atque hic auratis volitans argenteus anser
Porticibus, Gallos in limine adesse canebat:

a passage I have always suspected. Who sees not the antithesis of *auratis* and *argenteus* to be unworthy of the Virgilian majesty? And what absurdity to say a goose sings, *canebat!* Virgil gives a contrary character of the voice of this silly bird, in Ecl. ix.

——argutos inter strepere anser olores.

Read it, therefore, *adesse strepebat.* And why *auratis porticibus*? does not the very verse preceding this inform us,

Romuleoque recens horrebat regia culmo?

Is this thatch in one line, and gold in another, consistent? I scruple not (repugnantibus omnibus manuscriptis) to correct it *auritis.* Horace uses the same epithet in the same sense,

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Hold: to the minister I more incline;
To serve his cause, O queen! is serving thine.
And, see! thy very gazetteers give o'er;
Ev'n Ralph repents, and Henley writes no more.
What then remains? Ourself. Still, still, remain
Cibberian forehead and Cibberian brain.
This brazen brightness, to the squire so dear;
This polish'd hardness, that reflects the peer;
This arch absurd, that wit and fool delights;
This mess toss'd up of Hockley-hole and White's;
Where dukes and butchers join to wreathe my crown,
At once the bear and fiddle of the town.
'O, born in sin, and forth in folly brought!
Works damn'd, or to be damn'd! (your father's fault)
Go, purified by flames, ascend the sky,
My better and more christian progeny!
Unstain'd, untouch'd, and yet in maiden sheets;
Whilst all your smutty sisters walk the streets.
Ye shall not beg, like gratis-given Bland;
Sent with a pass, and vagrant through the land;

——Auritas fidibus canoris
Ducere quercus:

and to say that 'walls have ears,' is common even to a proverb. Scriblerus.—P.

217 *Ourself.* A parody on Corneille's famous 'Moi' in the Medea, but which, as Warton observes, was plagiarised from Seneca's 'Medea superest.'

231 *Gratis-given Bland—Sent with a pass.* It was a practice so to give the 'Daily Gazetteer' and ministerial pamphlets, in which this Bland was a writer; and to send them post-free to all the towns in the kingdom.—P.†

231 Bland was provost of Eton.

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Nor sail with Ward, to ape-and-monkey climes,
Where vile Mundungus trucks for viler rhymes:
Not, sulphur-tipp'd, emblaze an alehouse fire; 235
Not wrap up oranges to pelt your sire.
O! pass more innocent, in infant state,
To the mild limbo of our father Tate;
Or peaceably forgot, at once be bless'd,
In Shadwell's bosom, with eternal rest; 240
Soon to that mass of nonsense to return,
Where things destroy'd are swept to things unborn.'
With that, a tear (portentous sign of grace!)
Stole from the master of the sevenfold face;
And thrice he lifted high the birth-day brand, 245
And thrice he dropp'd it from his quivering hand;
Then lights the structure with averted eyes:
The rolling smoke involves the sacrifice.
The opening clouds disclose each work by turns;
Now flames the Cid, and now Perolla burns; 250

[233] *With Ward, to ape-and-monkey climes.* 'Edward Ward, a very voluminous poet in Hudibrastic verse, but best known by the 'London Spy,' in prose. He has of late years kept a public house in the city, but in a genteel way; and with his wit, humor, and good liquor, (ale) affords his guests a pleasurable entertainment, especially those of the high-church party.' Jacob, Lives of Poets, vol. ii. p. 225. Great numbers of his work were yearly sold into the plantations. Ward, in a book called 'Apollo's Maggot,' declared this account to be a great falsity, protesting that his public house was not in the city, but in Moorfields.—P.

[238] *Tate—Shadwell.* Two of his predecessors in the laurel.—P.†

[250] *Now flames the Cid.* In the former edition:—

Now flames old Memnon, now Rodrigo burns;
In one quick flash see Proserpine expire;
And last, his own cold Eschylus took fire.
Then gush'd the tears, as from the Trojan's eyes,
When the last blaze, &c.—W.†

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Great Cæsar roars, and hisses in the fires.
King John in silence modestly expires;
No merit now the dear Nonjuror claims;
Molière's old stubble in a moment flames.
Tears gush'd again, as from pale Priam's eyes,
When the last blaze sent Ilion to the skies. 256

Var. *Now flames old Memnon, now Rodrigo burns;*
In one quick flash see Proserpine expire.

Memnon, a hero in the 'Persian Princess,' very apt to take fire, as appears by these lines, with which he began the play:—

By Heaven, it fires my frozen blood with rage,
And makes it scald my aged trunk.

Rodrigo, the chief personage of the 'Perfidious Brother,' a play written between Tibbald and a watch-maker. The 'Rape of Proserpine,' one of the farces of this author, in which Ceres, setting fire to a corn-field, endangered the burning of the playhouse.—P.

Var. *And last, his own cold Eschylus took fire.* He had been, to use an expression of our poet, about Eschylus for ten years, and had received subscriptions for the same, but then went about other books. The character of this tragic poet is fire and boldness in a high degree, but our author supposes it very much cooled by the translation; on sight of a specimen of which was made this epigram:—

Alas, poor Eschylus! unlucky dog!
Whom once a lobster kill'd, and now a log!

But this is a grievous error; for Eschylus was not slain by the fall of a lobster on his head, but of a tortoise, teste Val. Max. lib. ix. cap. 12. Scriblerus.—P.

253 *The dear Nonjuror——Molière's old stubble.* A comedy threshed out of Molière's 'Tartuffe,' and so much the translator's favorite, that he assures us all our author's dislike to it could only arise from disaffection to the government:—

Qui méprise Cotin, n'estime point son roi,
Et n'a, selon Cotin, ni Dieu, ni foi, ni loi.—Boileau.

He assures us, that 'when he had the honor to kiss his majesty's hand on presenting his dedication of it, he was graciously pleased, out of his royal bounty, to order him two hundred pounds for it. And this he doubts not grieved Mr. P.'—P.†

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Roused by the light, old Dulness heaved the head,
Then snatch'd a sheet of Thulé from her bed:
Sudden she flies, and whelms it o'er the pyre:
Down sink the flames, and with a hiss expire.
Her ample presence fills up all the place;
A veil of fogs dilates her awful face:
Great in her charms, as when on shrieves and mayors
She looks, and breathes herself into their airs.
She bids him wait her to her sacred dome:
Well-pleased he enter'd, and confess'd his home:
So spirits, ending their terrestrial race,
Ascend, and recognise their native place.
This the great mother dearer held than all
The clubs of quidnuncs, or her own Guildhall:
Here stood her opium, here she nursed her owls,
And here she plann'd the imperial seat of fools.
Here to her chosen all her works she shows;
Prose swell'd to verse, verse loitering into prose;
How random thoughts now meaning chance to find,
Now leave all memory of sense behind:
How prologues into prefaces decay,
And these to notes are fritter'd quite away:
How index-learning turns no student pale,
Yet holds the eel of science by the tail:

258 *Thulé.* An unfinished poem of that name, of which one sheet was printed many years ago, by Ambrose Philips, a northern author. It is a usual method of putting out a fire, to cast wet sheets on it. Some critics have been of opinion that this sheet was of the nature of the asbestos, which cannot be consumed by fire; but I rather think it an allegorical allusion to the coldness and heaviness of the writing.—P.

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How, with less reading than makes felons 'scape,
Less human genius than God gives an ape,
Small thanks to France, and none to Rome or Greece,
A past, vamp'd, future, old, revived new piece,
'Twixt Plautus, Fletcher, Shakspeare, and Corneille,
Can make a Cibber, Tibbald, or Ozell.

[286] *Tibbald.* Lewis Tibbald, as pronounced, or Theobald, as written, was bred an attorney, and son to an attorney, says Mr. Jacob, of Sittingbourn in Kent. He was author of some forgotten plays, translations, and other pieces. He was concerned in a paper called the 'Censor,' and a translation of Ovid. 'There is a notorious idiot, one hight Whachum, who from an under spur-leather to the law, is become an under-strapper to the playhouse, who hath lately burlesqued the Metamorphoses of Ovid by a vile translation, &c. This fellow is concerned in an impertinent paper called the Censor.'—Dennis, Remarks on Pope's Homer, p. 9, 10.—P.†

Ibid. *Ozell.* 'Mr. John Ozell, if we credit Mr. Jacob, did go to school in Leicestershire, where somebody left him something to live on, when he shall retire from business. He was designed to be sent to Cambridge, in order for the priesthood; but he chose rather to be placed in an office of accounts in the city, being qualified for the same by his skill in arithmetic, and writing the necessary hands. He has obliged the world with many translations of French plays.'—Jacob, Lives of Dramatic Poets, p. 198.—P.

Mr. Jacob's character of Mr. Ozell seems vastly short of his merits; and he ought to have farther justice done him, having since fully confuted all sarcasms on his learning and genius, by an advertisement of Sept. 20, 1729, in a paper called 'The Weekly Medley,' &c. 'As to my learning, this envious wretch knew, and every body knows, that the whole bench of bishops, not long ago, were pleased to give me a purse of guineas, for discovering the erroneous translations of the Common-prayer in Portuguese, Spanish, French, Italian, &c. As for my genius, let Mr. Cleland show better verses in all Pope's works, than Ozell's version of Boileau's 'Lutrin,'

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The goddess then, o'er his anointed head,
With mystic words, the sacred opium shed;
And, lo! her bird (a monster of a fowl,
Something betwixt a heideggre and owl)
Perch'd on his crown. 'All hail! and hail again,
My son! the promised land expects thy reign.
Know, Eusden thirsts no more for sack or praise;
He sleeps among the dull of ancient days;
Safe, where no critics damn, no duns molest,
Where wretched Withers, Ward, and Gildon rest;

which the late lord Halifax was so pleased with, that he complimented him with leave to dedicate it to him, &c. Let him show better and truer poetry in the 'Rape of the Lock,' than in Ozell's 'Rape of the Bucket,' *la Secchia rapita*: and Mr. Toland and Mr. Gildon publicly declared Ozell's translation of Homer to be, as it was prior, so likewise superior to Pope's. Surely, surely, every man is free to deserve well of his country!'—John Ozell.

We cannot but subscribe to such reverend testimonies, as those of the bench of bishops, Mr. Toland, and Mr. Gildon.—P.

290 *A heideggre.* A strange bird from Switzerland, and not, as some have supposed, the name of an eminent person, who was a man of parts, and, as was said of Petronius, 'arbiter elegantiarum.'—P.†

293 *Know, Eusden, &c.* In the former edition:—

Know, Settle, cloy'd with custard and with praise,
Is gather'd to the dull of ancient days.—W.†

296 *Gildon.* Charles Gildon, a writer of criticisms and libels of the last age, bred at St. Omer's with the Jesuits; but renouncing popery, he published Blount's books against the divinity of Christ, the 'Oracles of Reason,' &c. He signalised himself as a critic, having written some very bad plays; abused Mr. P. very scandalously in an anonymous pamphlet of the life of Mr. Wycherley, printed by Curll; in another, called the 'New Rehearsal,' printed in 1714; in a third, intitled the 'Complete Art of English Poetry,' in two volumes; and others.—P.

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And high-born Howard, more majestic sire,
With Fool of Quality completes the quire.
Thou, Cibber! thou, his laurel shalt support:
Folly, my son, has still a friend at court.
Lift up your gates, ye princes, see him come!
Sound, sound, ye viols! be the cat-call dumb!
Bring, bring the madding bay, the drunken vine;
The creeping, dirty, courtly ivy join:
And thou, his aide-de-camp, lead on my sons,
Light-arm'd with points, antitheses, and puns:
Let bawdry, Billingsgate, my daughters dear,
Support his front, and oaths bring up the rear;
And under his, and under Archer's wing,
Gaming and Grub-street skulk behind the king.
'O! when shall rise a monarch all our own,
And I, a nursing-mother, rock the throne;
'Twixt prince and people close the curtain draw;
Shade him from light, and cover him from law;

297 *Howard.* Hon. Edward Howard, author of the 'British Princes,' and a great number of wonderful pieces, celebrated by the late earls of Dorset and Rochester, duke of Buckingham, Mr. Waller, &c.—P.

309, 310. *Under Archer's wing——, Gaming,* &c. When the statute against gaming was drawn up, it was represented, that the king, by ancient custom, plays at hazard one night in the year; and therefore a clause was inserted, with an exception as to that particular. Under this pretence, the groom-porter had a room appropriated to gaming all the summer the court was at Kensington, which his majesty accidentally being acquainted of, with a just indignation prohibited. It is reported the same practice is yet continued wherever the court resides, and the hazard table there open to all the professed gamesters in town.

Greatest and justest sovereign, know you this?
Alas! no more, than Thames' calm head can know
Whose meads his arms drown, or whose corn o'erflow.
Donne to Queen Eliz.—P.†

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Fatten the courtier, starve the learned band,
And suckle armies, and dry-nurse the land;
Till senates nod to lullabies divine,
And all be sleep, as at an ode of thine?'
She ceased. Then swells the chapel-royal throat:
'God save king Cibber!' mounts in every note:
Familiar White's, 'God save king Colley!' cries:
'God save king Colley!' Drury-lane replies:
To Needham's quick the voice triumphal rode,
But pious Needham dropp'd the name of God:
Back to the Devil the last echoes roll,
And 'Coll!' each butcher roars at Hockley-hole.
So when Jove's block descended from on high,
(As sings thy great forefather, Ogilby)

319 *Chapel-royal.* The voices and instruments used in the service of the chapel-royal being also employed in the performance of the birthday and new-year odes.—P.†

325 *Back to the Devil.* The Devil tavern in Fleet-street, where these odes are usually rehearsed before they are performed at court. On which a wit of those times made this epigram:—

When laureats make odes, do you ask of what sort?
Do you ask if they 're good or are evil?
You may judge—From the Devil they come to the court,
And go from the court to the Devil.—W.

328 *Ogilby—God save king Log!* See Ogilby's 'Esop's Fables,' where, in the story of the Frogs and their King, this excellent hemistic is to be found.

Our author manifests here, and elsewhere, a prodigious tenderness for the bad writers. We see he selects the only good passage, perhaps, in all that ever Ogilby writ; which shows how candid and patient a reader he must have been.

But how much all indulgence is lost on these people may appear from the just reflection made on their constant conduct and constant fate, in the following epigram:—

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Loud thunder to its bottom shook the bog;
And the hoarse nation croak'd, 'God save king Log!'

Ye little wits, that gleam'd awhile,
When Pope vouchsafed a ray;
Alas! deprived of his kind smile,
How soon ye fade away!

To compass Phœbus' car about,
Thus empty vapors rise;
Each lends his cloud, to put him out,
That rear'd him to the skies.

Alas! those skies are not your sphere;
There he shall ever burn:
Weep, weep, and fall! for earth ye were,
And must to earth return.—P.

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THE DUNCIAD.

BOOK THE SECOND.

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ARGUMENT OF BOOK II.

The king being proclaimed, the solemnity is graced with public games and sports of various kinds; not instituted by the hero, as by Æneas in Virgil; but, for greater honor, by the goddess in person, in like manner as the games Pythia, Isthmia, &c. were anciently said to be ordained by the gods; and as Thetis herself appearing, according to Homer, Odyss. xxiv. proposed the prizes in honor of her son Achilles. Hither flock the poets and critics, attended, as is but just, with their patrons and booksellers. The goddess is first pleased, for her disport, to propose games to the booksellers, and setteth up the phantom of a poet, which they contend to overtake. The races described, with their divers accidents. Next, the game for a poetess. Then follow the exercises for the poets, of tickling, vociferating, diving: the first holds forth the arts and practices of dedicators; the second of disputants and fustian poets; the third of profound, dark, and dirty party-writers. Lastly, for the critics, the goddess proposes, with great propriety, an exercise, not of their parts, but their patience, in hearing the works of two voluminous authors, the one in verse, and the other in prose, deliberately read, without sleeping; the various effects of which, with the several degrees and manners of their operation, are here set forth; till the whole number, not of critics only, but of spectators, actors, and all present, fall fast asleep; which naturally and necessarily ends the games.

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THE DUNCIAD.

BOOK II.

HIGH on a gorgeous seat, that far outshone
Henley's gilt tub, or Fleckno's Irish throne,
Or that where on her Curlls the public pours,
All bounteous, fragrant grains and golden showers,

[1] *High on a gorgeous seat.* Parody of Milton, book ii.

High on a throne of royal state, that far
Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,
Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,
Satan exalted sate.—P.

[2] *Henley's gilt tub.* The pulpit of a dissenter is usually called a tub; but that of Mr. orator Henley was covered with velvet, adorned with gold: he had also a fair altar, and over it this extraordinary inscription,—'The Primitive Eucharist.' —P.

[3] *Or Fleckno's Irish throne.* Richard Fleckno was an Irish priest, but had laid aside (as himself expressed it) the mechanic part of priesthood. He printed some plays, poems, letters, and travels.—P.

[4] *Or that where on her Curlls the public pours.* Edmund Curll stood in the pillory at Charing-Cross, in March, 1727-8. 'This,' saith Edmund Curll, 'is a false assertion: I had indeed the corporal punishment of what the gentlemen of the long robe are pleased jocosely to call 'mounting the rostrum' for one hour; but that scene of action was not in the month of March, but in February.' Curliad, 12mo. p. 19. And of the history of his being tossed in a blanket, he saith, 'Here, Scriblerus! thou leesest in what thou assertest concerning the blanket: it was not a blanket, but a rug,' p. 25. Much in the same

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Great Cibber sat. The proud Parnassian sneer,
The conscious simper, and the jealous leer,
Mix on his look: all eyes direct their rays
On him, and crowds turn coxcombs as they gaze:
His peers shine round him with reflected grace,
New edge their dulness, and new bronze their face:
So from the sun's broad beam, in shallow urns
Heaven's twinkling sparks draw light, and point their horns.
Not with more glee, with hands pontific crown'd,
With scarlet hats wide-waving circled round,
Rome in her Capitol saw Querno sit,
Throned on seven hills, the Antichrist of wit.
And now the queen, to glad her sons, proclaims,
By herald hawkers, high heroic games.
They summon all her race: an endless band
Pours forth, and leaves unpeopled half the land.

manner Mr. Cibber remonstrated, that his brothers, at Bedlam, mentioned book. i., were not brazen, but blocks; yet our author let it pass unaltered, as a trifle that no way altered the relationship.—P.†

[15] *Rome in her Capitol saw Querno sit.* Camillo Querno was of Apulia; who, hearing the great encouragement which Leo X. gave to poets, travelled to Rome with a harp in his hand, and sung to it twenty thousand verses of a poem called 'Alexias.' He was introduced as a buffoon to Leo, and promoted to the honor of the laurel; a jest which the court of Rome and the pope himself entered into so far, as to cause him to ride on an elephant to the Capitol, and to hold a solemn festival on his coronation; at which, it is recorded, the poet himself was so transported, as to weep for joy. He was ever after a constant frequenter of the pope's table, drank abundantly, and poured forth verses without number. Paulus Jovius, Elog. Vir. doct. cap. lxxxii. Some idea of his poetry is given by Fam. Strada, in his Prolusions.—P.

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A motley mixture! in long wigs, in bags,
In silks, in crapes, in garters, and in rags,
From drawing-rooms, from colleges, from garrets,
On horse, on foot, in hacks, and gilded chariots;
All who true dunces in her cause appear'd,
And all who knew those dunces to reward.
  Amid that area wide they took their stand,
Where the tall maypole once o'erlook'd the Strand;
But now, so Anne and piety ordain,
A church collects the saints of Drury-lane.
  With authors, stationers obey'd the call;
The field of glory is a field for all!
Glory and gain the industrious tribe provoke;
And gentle Dulness ever loves a joke.
A poet's form she placed before their eyes,
And bade the nimblest racer seize the prize;
No meagre, muse-rid mope, adust and thin,
In a dun night-gown of his own loose skin;
But such a bulk as no twelve bards could raise,
Twelve starveling bards of these degenerate days.

[40] *Of these degenerate days.* A parody on the Virgilian lines,

Vix illud lecti bis sex——
Qualia nunc hominum producit corpora tellus.

The 'Dunciad' abounds in brief parodies of the leading Roman poets; all dexterous, and some peculiarly happy. The history of parody might be a very large volume, and must be a very curious one. The ancients were remarkably fond of burlesque allusions to their more eminent writers. Aristophanes perpetually parodies the popular passages of the tragedians. Warton refers to Athenæus, fourth book, for the parody of Matron. The modern parodies are numerous; but no style requires more ingenuity; for none is more apt to degenerate into dry imitation on the one side, or extravagant license on the other.

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All as a partridge plump, full-fed and fair,
She form'd this image of well-bodied air;
With pert flat eyes she window'd well its head;
A brain of feathers, and a heart of lead;
And empty words she gave, and sounding strain,
But senseless, lifeless; idol void and vain
Never was dash'd out, at one lucky hit,
A fool, so just a copy of a wit;
So like, that critics said, and courtiers swore,
A wit it was, and call'd the phantom More.

[47] *Never was dash'd out, at one lucky hit.* The fiction is the more reconciled to probability, by the known story of Apelles, who being at a loss to express the foam of Alexander's horse, dashed his pencil in despair at the picture, and happened to do it by that fortunate stroke.—P.

[50] *And call'd the phantom More.* Curll, in his 'Key to the Dunciad,' affirmed this to be James Moore Smith, esq., and it is probable, considering what is said of him in the 'Testimonies,' that some might fancy our author obliged to represent this gentleman as a plagiary, or to pass for one himself. His case indeed was like that of a man I have heard of, who, as he was sitting in company, perceived his next neighbor had stolen his handkerchief. 'Sir,' said the thief, finding himself detected, 'do not expose me: I did it for mere want: be so good but to take it privately out of my pocket again, and say nothing.' The honest man did so; but the other cried out, 'See, gentlemen, what a thief we have among us! look, he is stealing my handkerchief!'

The plagiarisms of this person gave occasion to the following epigram:—

> More always smiles whenever he recites;
> He smiles, you think, approving what he writes:
> And yet in this no vanity is shown;
> A modest man may like what 's not his own.

This young gentleman's whole misfortune was too inordinate a passion to be thought a wit. Here is a very strong instance attested by Mr. Savage, son of the late earl Rivers; who, having shown some verses of his in manuscript to Mr. Moore, wherein Mr. Pope was called 'first of the tuneful train,'

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All gaze with ardor: some, a poet's name,
Others a sword-knot and laced suit inflame:
But lofty Lintot in the circle rose:—
'This prize is mine; who tempt it are my foes;
With me began this genius and shall end!' 55
He spoke; and who with Lintot shall contend?
Fear held them mute. Alone, untaught to fear,
Stood dauntless Curll:—'Behold that rival here!

Mr. Moore the next morning sent to Mr. Savage to desire him to give those verses another turn, to wit, 'That Pope might now be the first, because Moore had left him unrivalled, in turning his style to comedy.' This was during the rehearsal of the 'Rival Modes,' his first and only work: the town condemned it in the action; but he printed it in 1726-7, with this modest motto:—

Hic cæstus, artemque repono.—P.

50 *The phantom More.* It appears from hence, that this is not the name of a real person, but fictitious. More from *μῶρος stultus, μωρία, stultitia,* to represent the folly of a plagiary. Thus Erasmus, 'Admonuit me *Mori* cognomen tibi, quod tam ad *Moriæ* vocabulum accedit quam es ipse a re alienus.' Dedication of Moriæ Encomium to sir Thomas More; the farewell of which may be our author's to his plagiary. 'Vale, More! et moriam tuam gnaviter defende.' Adieu, More! and be sure strongly to defend thy own folly. Scriblerus.—P.

53 *But lofty Lintot.* We enter here on the episode of the booksellers; persons, whose names being more known and famous in the learned world than those of the authors in this poem, do therefore need less explanation. The action of Mr. Lintot here imitates that of Dares in Virgil, rising just in this manner to lay hold on a bull. This eminent bookseller printed the 'Rival Modes' before mentioned.—P.

58 *Stood dauntless Curll.* We come now to a character of much respect, that of Mr. Edmund Curll. As a plain repetition of great actions is the best praise of them, we shall only say of this eminent man, that he carried the trade many lengths beyond what it ever before had arrived at; and that he was the envy and admiration of all his profession. He possessed himself of a command over all authors whatever: he caused them to write what he pleased; they could not call their very

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The race by vigor, not by vaunts, is won;
So take the hindmost, Hell!' He said, and run.
Swift as a bard the bailiff leaves behind,
He left huge Lintot, and outstripp'd the wind.
As when a dab-chick waddles through the copse
On feet and wings, and flies, and wades, and hops;
So laboring on, with shoulders, hands, and head,
Wide as a windmill all his figure spread,

names their own. He was not only famous among these: he was taken notice of by the state, the church, and the law; and received particular marks of distinction from each.

It will be owned that he is here introduced with all possible dignity: he speaks like the intrepid Diomed; he runs like the swift-footed Achilles; if he falls, it is like the beloved Nisus; and (what Homer makes to be the chief of all praises) he is favored of the gods; he says but three words, and his prayer is heard; a goddess conveys it to the seat of Jupiter: though he loses the prize, he gains the victory; the great Mother herself comforts him, she inspires him with expedients, she honors him with an immortal present (such as Achilles receives from Thetis, and Æneas from Venus) at once instructive and prophetical: after this, he is unrivalled and triumphant.

The tribute our author here pays him is a grateful return for several unmerited obligations: many weighty animadversions on the public affairs, and many excellent and diverting pieces on private persons, has he given to his name. If ever he owed two verses to any other, he owed Mr. Curll some thousands. He was every day extending his fame, and enlarging his writings; witness innumerable instances: but it shall suffice only to mention the 'Court Poems,' which he meant to publish as the work of the true writer, a lady of quality; but being first threatened, and afterwards punished for it by Mr. Pope, he generously transferred it from her to him, and ever since printed it in his name. The single time that ever he spoke to Curll was on that affair, and to that happy incident he owed all the favors since received from him: so true is the saying of Dr. Sydenham, 'that any one shall be, at some time or other, the better or the worse for having but seen or spoken to a good or bad man.'—P.

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With arms expanded Bernard rows his state,
And left-legg'd Jacob seems to emulate.
Full in the middle way there stood a lake,
Which Curll's Corinna chanced that morn to make:
Such was her wont, at early dawn to drop
Her evening cates before his neighbor's shop:
Here fortuned Curll to slide; loud shout the band;
And 'Bernard! Bernard!' rings through all the Strand.
Obscene with filth the miscreant lies bewray'd,
Fallen in the plash his wickedness had laid:
Then first, if poets aught of truth declare,
The caitiff vaticide conceived a prayer:—
'Hear, Jove! whose name my bards and I adore,
As much at least as any god's, or more;
And him and his, if more devotion warms,
Down with the Bible, up with the pope's arms.'
A place there is, betwixt earth, air, and seas,
Where, from Ambrosia, Jove retires for ease:

[70] *Curll's Corinna.* This name, it seems, was taken by one Mrs. Thomas, who procured some private letters of Mr. Pope, while almost a boy, to Mr. Cromwell, and sold them, without the consent of either of those gentlemen, to Curll, who printed them in 12mo. 1727. He discovered her to be the publisher, in his 'Key,' p. 11. We only take this opportunity of mentioning the manner in which those letters got abroad, which the author was ashamed of as very trivial things, full not only of levities, but of wrong judgments of men and books, and only excusable from the youth and inexperience of the writer.—P.

[82] *Down with the Bible, up with the pope's arms.* The Bible, Curll's sign; the cross-keys, Lintot's.—P.

[83] See Lucian's 'Icaro-Menippus,' where this fiction is more extended.—P.

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There in his seat two spacious vents appear;
On this he sits, to that he leans his ear,
And hears the various vows of fond mankind;
Some beg an eastern, some a western wind:
All vain petitions, mounting to the sky,
With reams abundant this abode supply:
Amused he reads, and then returns the bills
Sign'd with that ichor which from gods distils.
In office here fair Cloacina stands,
And ministers to Jove with purest hands.
Forth from the heaps he pick'd her votary's prayer,
And placed it next him, a distinction rare!
Oft had the goddess heard her servant's call,
From her black grottos near the Temple-wall,
Listening delighted to the jest unclean
Of link-boys vile and watermen obscene;
Where, as he fish'd her nether realms for wit,
She oft had favor'd him, and favors yet.
Renew'd by ordure's sympathetic force,
As oil'd by magic juices for the course,
Vigorous he rises; from the effluvia strong
Imbibes new life, and scours and stinks along;
Repasses Lintot, vindicates the race,
Nor heeds the brown dishonors of his face.
And now the victor stretch'd his eager hand
Where the tall Nothing stood, or seem'd to stand;
A shapeless shade, it melted from his sight,
Like forms in clouds, or visions of the night.
To seize his papers, Curll, was next thy care;
His papers light, fly diverse, toss'd in air;

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Songs, sonnets, epigrams, the winds uplift,
And whisk them back to Evans, Young, and Swift.
The embroider'd suit at least he deem'd his prey;
That suit an unpaid tailor snatch'd away;
No rag, no scrap, of all the beau, or wit,
That once so flutter'd, and that once so writ.
Heaven rings with laughter: of the laughter vain,
Dulness, good queen, repeats the jest again.
Three wicked imps, of her own Grub-street choir,
She deck'd like Congreve, Addison, and Prior;
Mears, Warner, Wilkins run: delusive thought!
Breval, Bond, Bezaleel, the varlets caught.
Curll stretches after Gay, but Gay is gone;
He grasps an empty Joseph for a John:
So Proteus, hunted in a nobler shape,
Became, when seized, a puppy or an ape.
To him the goddess:—'Son! thy grief lay down,
And turn this whole illusion on the town:

116 *Evans, Young, and Swift.* Some of those persons whose writings, epigrams, or jests he had owned.—P.

124 *Like Congreve, Addison, and Prior.* These authors being such whose names will reach posterity, we shall not give any account of them, but proceed to those of whom it is necessary.—Bezaleel Morris was author of some satires on the translators of Homer, with many other things printed in newspapers.—'Bond wrote a satire against Mr. P—. Captain Breval was author of 'The Confederates,' an ingenious dramatic performance, to expose Mr. P—, Mr. Gay, Dr. Arb., and some ladies of quality,' says Curll, 'Key,' p. 11.—P.

125 *Mears, Warner, Wilkins.* Booksellers, and printers of much anonymous stuff.—P.

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As the sage dame, experienced in her trade,
By names of toasts retails each batter'd jade;
Whence hapless Monsieur much complains at Paris
Of wrongs from duchesses and lady Maries;
Be thine, my stationer! this magic gift;
Cook shall be Prior, and Concanen Swift:
So shall each hostile name become our own,
And we too boast our Garth and Addison.'

[138] *Cook shall be Prior.* The man here specified wrote a thing called 'The Battle of Poets,' in which Philips and Welsted were the heroes, and Swift and Pope utterly routed: he also published some malevolent things in the 'British,' 'London,' and 'Daily Journals;' at the same time wrote letters to Mr. Pope, protesting his innocence. His chief work was a translation of Hesiod, to which Theobald wrote notes and half notes, which he carefully owned.—P.†

[140] *And we too boast our Garth and Addison.* Nothing is more remarkable than our author's love of praising good writers: he has in this very poem celebrated Mr. Locke, sir Isaac Newton, Dr. Barrow, Dr. Atterbury, Mr. Dryden, Mr. Congreve, Dr. Garth, Mr. Addison; in a word, almost every man of his time that deserved it: even Cibber himself, presuming him to be author of the 'Careless Husband.' But certainly, next to commending good writers, the greatest service to learning is to expose the bad, who can only that way be made of any use to it. This truth is very well set forth in these lines addressed to our author:—

The craven rook, and pert jackdaw,
(Though neither birds of moral kind)
Yet serve, if hang'd, or stuff'd with straw,
To show us which way blows the wind.

Thus dirty knaves, or chattering fools,
Strung up by dozens in thy lay,
Teach more by half than Dennis' rules,
And point instruction every way.

With Egypt's art thy pen may strive;
One potent drop let this but shed:
And every rogue, that stunk alive,
Becomes a precious mummy dead.—P.

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With that she gave him, piteous of his case,
Yet smiling at his rueful length of face,

142 *Rueful length of face.* 'The decrepit person or figure of a man are no reflections on his genius: an honest mind will love and esteem a man of worth, though he be deformed or poor: yet the author of 'The Dunciad' has libelled a person for his rueful length of face!'—Mist's Journal, June 8. This genius and man of worth, whom an honest mind should love, is Mr. Curll: true it is, he stood in the pillory, an incident which will lengthen the face of any man, though it were ever so comely; therefore is no reflection on the natural beauty of Mr. Curll. But as to reflections on any man's face or figure, Mr. Dennis says excellently,—'Natural deformity comes not by our fault: it is often occasioned by calamities and diseases, which a man can no more help than a monster can his deformity: there is no one misfortune, and no one disease, but what all the rest of mankind are subject to: but the deformity of this author is visible, present, lasting, unalterable, and peculiar to himself: it is the mark of God and nature on him, to give us warning that we should hold no society with him, as a creature not of our original, nor of our species; and they who have refused to take this warning which God and nature has given them, and have, in spite of it, by a senseless presumption ventured to be familiar with him, have severely suffered, &c. It is certain his original is not from Adam, but from the devil,' &c. Dennis, 'Character of Mr. Pope,' 8vo. 1716.

Admirably it is observed by Mr. Dennis against Mr. Law, p. 33,—'that the language of Billingsgate can never be the language of charity, nor consequently of christianity.' Scriblerus.—P.

The good Scriblerus here, as on all occasions, eminently shows his humanity: but it was far otherwise with the gentlemen of the 'Dunciad,' whose scurrilities were always personal, and of that nature which provoked every honest man but Mr. Pope; yet never to be lamented, since they occasioned the following amiable verses:—

While malice, Pope, denies thy page
Its own celestial fire;
While critics, and while bards in rage,
Admiring, won't admire:

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A shaggy tapestry, worthy to be spread
On Codrus' old, or Dunton's modern bed;
Instructive work! whose wry-mouth'd portraiture
Display'd the fates her confessors endure.
Earless on high, stood unabash'd De Foe;
And Tutchin, flagrant from the scourge, below;
There Ridpath, Roper, cudgell'd might ye view;
The very worsted still look'd black and blue;

While wayward pens thy worth assail,
And envious tongues decry;
These times though many a friend bewail,
These times bewail not I.

But when the world's loud praise is thine,
And spleen no more shall blame;
When with thy Homer thou shalt shine
In one establish'd fame;

When none shall rail, and every lay
Devote a wreath to thee;
That day (for come it will) that day
Shall I lament to see.—P.

144 *On Codrus' old, or Dunton's modern bed.* Of Codrus the poet's bed, see Juvenal, describing his poverty very copiously, sat. iii. v. 103, &c.

John Dunton was a broken bookseller, and abusive scribbler: he wrote 'Neck or Nothing,' a violent satire on some ministers of state; a libel on the duke of Devonshire and the bishop of Peterborough, &c.—P.

148 *And Tutchin, flagrant from the scourge.* John Tutchin, author of some vile verses, and of a weekly paper called 'The Observator:' he was sentenced to be whipped through several towns in the west of England, on which he petitioned king James II. to be hanged. When that prince died in exile, he wrote an invective against his memory, occasioned by some humane elegies on his death: he lived to the time of queen Anne.—P.

149 *There Ridpath, Roper.* Authors of the 'Flying Post,' and 'Post-boy,' two scandalous papers on different sides, for which they equally and alternately deserved to be cudgelled, and were so.—P.

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Himself among the storied chiefs he spies,
As, from the blanket, high in air he flies;
And, 'O!' he cried, 'what street, what lane, but knows
Our purgings, pumpings, blanketings, and blows?
In every loom our labors shall be seen,
And the fresh vomit run for ever green!'
See in the circle, next, Eliza placed,
Two babes of love close clinging to her waist;
Fair as before her works she stands confess'd,
In flowers and pearls by bounteous Kirkall dress'd.
The goddess then:—'Who best can send on high
The salient spout, far-streaming to the sky,
His be yon Juno of majestic size,
With cow-like udders and with ox-like eyes:
This china jordan let the chief o'ercome
Replenish, not ingloriously, at home.'

149 The fame of Dryden did not save him from this natural result of a talent for satire. 'It is painful to reflect,' says Warton, 'that even Dryden underwent this discipline. Mr. Nelson writes thus to Dr. Mapletoft, January 2, 1679:—'Your friend and school-fellow Mr. Dryden has been severely beaten for being the supposed author of a late very abusive lampoon. There has been a good deal of money offered to find out who set them on work: it is said, they received their orders from the duchess of Portsmouth, who is concerned in the lampoon.''

151 *Himself among the storied chiefs he spies.* The history of Curll's being tossed in a blanket, and whipped by the scholars of Westminster, is well known.—P.

157 Eliza Haywood. This woman was authoress of those most scandalous books, called 'The Court of Carimania,' and the 'New Utopia.'—P.

160 *Kirkall.* The name of an engraver: some of this lady's works were printed in four volumes in 12mo., with her picture thus dressed up before them.—P.

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Osborne and Curll accept the glorious strife,
Though this his son dissuades, and that his wife;
One on his manly confidence relies,
One on his vigor and superior size.
First, Osborne lean'd against his letter'd post;
It rose, and labor'd to a curve at most:
So Jove's bright bow displays its watery round;
Sure sign that no spectator shall be drown'd.
A second effort brought but new disgrace;
The wild meander wash'd the artist's face:
Thus the small jet, which hasty hands unlock,
Spirts in the gardener's eyes who turns the cock.
Not so from shameless Curll; impetuous spread
The stream, and smoking florish'd o'er his head:
So, famed like thee for turbulence and horns,
Eridanus his humble fountain scorns;
Through half the heavens he pours the exalted urn;
His rapid waters in their passage burn.
Swift as it mounts, all follow with their eyes:
Still happy impudence obtains the prize.
Thou triumph'st, victor of the high-wrought day;
And the pleased dame, soft-smiling, lead'st away.
Osborne, through perfect modesty o'ercome,
Crown'd with the jordan, walks contented home.

[167] Thomas Osborne, a bookseller in Gray's-inn, very well qualified by his impudence to act this part; therefore placed here instead of a less deserving predecessor. This man published advertisements for a year together, pretending to sell Mr. Pope's subscription books of Homer's Iliad at half the price; of which books he had none; but cut to the size of them, which was quarto, the common books in folio, without copper-plates, on a worse paper, and never above half the value.—P.†

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But now for authors nobler palms remain;
Room for my lord! three jockeys in his train;
Six huntsmen with a shout precede his chair:
He grins, and looks broad nonsense with a stare.
His honor's meaning Dulness thus express'd:—
'He wins this patron who can tickle best.'

He chinks his purse, and takes his seat of state:
With ready quills the dedicators wait:
Now at his head the dexterous task commence,
And, instant, fancy feels the imputed sense:
Now gentle touches wanton o'er his face;
He struts Adonis, and affects grimace:
Rolli the feather to his ear conveys;
Then his nice taste directs our operas:
Bentley his mouth with classic flattery opes,
And the puff'd orator bursts out in tropes.

[203] *Rolli.* Paulo Antonio Rolli, an Italian poet, and writer of many operas in that language, which, partly by the help of his genius, prevailed in England near twenty years. He taught Italian to some fine gentlemen, who affected to direct the operas.—P.

[205] *Bentley his mouth,* &c. Not spoken of the famous Dr. Richard Bentley, but of one Thomas Bentley, a small critic, who aped his uncle in a little Horace. The great one was intended to be dedicated to the lord Halifax; but, on a change of the ministry, was given to the earl of Oxford: for which reason the little one was dedicated to his son, the lord Harley. A taste of his classic elocution may be seen in his following panegyric on the peace of Utrecht:—'Cupimus patrem tuum, fulgentissimum illud orbis Anglicani jubar, adorare! O ingens reipublicæ nostræ columen! O fortunatam tanto heroe Britanniam! Illi tali tantoque viro Deum per omnia adfuisse, manumque ejus et mentem direxisse, certissimum est; hujus enim unius ferme opera, æquissimis et perhonorificis conditionibus, diuturno, heu nimium! bello, finem impositum videmus. O diem æterna memoria dignissimam! qua ter-

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But Welsted most the poet's healing balm
Strives to extract from his soft, giving palm:
Unlucky Welsted! thy unfeeling master,
The more thou ticklest, gripes his fist the faster.
While thus each hand promotes the pleasing pain,
And quick sensations skip from vein to vein;
A youth, unknown to Phœbus, in despair,
Puts his last refuge all in Heaven and prayer.
What force have pious vows! The queen of Love
His sister sends, her votaress, from above.
As, taught by Venus, Paris learn'd the art
To touch Achilles' only tender part;—
Secure, through her, the noble prize to carry,
He marches off, his grace's secretary.

rores patriæ omnes excidit, pacemque diu exoptatam toti fere Europæ restituit ille populi Anglicani amor, Harleius.' —P.†

207 In the first edition,

But Oldmixon the poet's healing balm, &c.

W.†

207 *Welsted.* Leonard Welsted, author of the 'Triumvirate,' or a letter in verse from Palemon to Celia at Bath, which was meant for a satire on Mr. P. and some of his friends, about the year 1718:

Dear Welsted, mark, in dirty hole,
That painful animal, a mole:
Above ground never born to grow,
What mighty stir it keeps below!
To make a mole-hill all this strife!
It digs, pokes, undermines for life.
How proud a little dirt to spread;
Conscious of nothing o'er its head!
Till, laboring on for want of eyes,
It blunders into light, and dies.—P.

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'Now turn to different sports,' the goddess cries;
'And learn, my sons, the wondrous power of noise.
To move, to raise, to ravish every heart,
With Shakspeare's nature, or with Jonson's art,
Let others aim: 'tis yours to shake the soul
With thunder rumbling from the mustard-bowl;
With horns and trumpets now to madness swell,
Now sink in sorrows with a tolling bell:
Such happy arts attention can command,
When fancy flags, and sense is at a stand.
Improve we these. Three cat-calls be the bribe
Of him, whose chattering shames the monkey tribe:
And his this drum, whose hoarse heroic bass
Drowns the loud clarion of the braying ass.'
Now thousand tongues are heard in one loud din:
The monkey-mimics rush discordant in:
'Twas chattering, grinning, mouthing, jabbering all,
And noise and Norton, brangling and Breval,

226 *With thunder rumbling from the mustard-bowl.* The old way of making thunder and mustard were the same; but since, it is more advantageously performed by troughs of wood with stops in them. Whether Mr. Dennis was the inventor of that improvement, I know not; but it is certain, that being once at a tragedy of a new author, he fell into a great passion at hearing some, and cried, 'Sdeath! that is my thunder.'—P.

238 J. Durant Breval, author of a very extraordinary book of travels, and some poems.—P.

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Dennis and dissonance, and captious art,
And snip-snap short, and interruption smart,
And demonstration thin, and theses thick,
And major, minor, and conclusion quick.
'Hold!' cried the queen; 'a cat-call each shall win:
Equal your merits; equal is your din:
But that this well-disputed game may end.
Sound forth, my brayers, and the welkin rend.'
As when the long-ear'd milky mothers wait
At some sick miser's triple-bolted gate,
For their defrauded, absent foals they make
A moan so loud, that all the guild awake:
Sore sighs sir Gilbert, starting at the bray,
From dreams of millions, and three groats to pay.
So swells each windpipe; ass intones to ass,
Harmonic twang of leather, horn, and brass;
Such as from laboring lungs the enthusiast blows,
High sound, attemper'd to the vocal nose;
Or such as bellow from the deep divine;
There, Webster! peal'd thy voice, and, Whitfield! thine.
But far o'er all, sonorous Blackmore's strain;
Walls, steeples, skies bray back to him again.
In Tottenham fields, the brethren, with amaze,
Prick all their ears up, and forget to graze;
Long Chancery-lane retentive rolls the sound,
And courts to courts return it round and round;

[358] *Whitfield.* The preacher.

[360] *Bray back to him again.* The poet here celebrated, sir R. B., delighted much in the word 'bray,' which he endeavored to ennoble by applying it to the sound of armor, war, &c.—P.

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Thames wafts it thence to Rufus' roaring hall,
And Hungerford re-echoes bawl for bawl.
All hail him victor in both gifts of song,
Who sings so loudly, and who sings so long.
This labor pass'd, by Bridewell all descend,
As morning prayer and flagellation end,
To where Fleet-ditch, with disemboguing streams,
Rolls the large tribute of dead dogs to Thames;
The king of dykes! than whom no sluice of mud
With deeper sable blots the silver flood.

268 *Who sings so loudly, and who sings so long.* A just character of sir Richard Blackmore, knight, who, as Mr. Dryden expresseth it,

Writ to the rumbling of his coach's wheels;

and whose indefatigable Muse produced no less than six epic poems: 'Prince and King Arthur,' twenty books; 'Eliza,' ten; 'Alfred,' twelve; 'The Redeemer,' six; besides 'Job,' in folio; the whole 'Book of Psalms;' 'The Creation,' seven books; 'Nature of Man,' three books; and many more. It is in this sense he is styled afterwards 'the everlasting Blackmore.' Notwithstanding all which, Mr. Gildon seems assured, that 'this admirable author did not think himself on the same footing with Homer.'—Compare Art of Poetry, vol. i. p. 108.—P.

270 *As morning prayer and flagellation end.* It is between eleven and twelve in the morning, after church service, that the criminals are whipped in Bridewell.—This is to mark punctually the time of the day: Homer does it by the circumstance of the judges rising from court, or of the laborers' dinner; our author, by one very proper both to the persons and the scene of this poem, which we may remember commenced in the evening of the lord-mayor's day: the first book passed in the night; the next morning the games begin in the Strand, thence along Fleet-street, places inhabited by booksellers; then they proceed by Bridewell towards Fleet-ditch; and, lastly, through Ludgate to the city and the temple of the goddess.—P.

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'Here strip, my children! here at once leap in;
Here prove who best can dash through thick and thin;
And who the most in love of dirt excel,
Or dark dexterity of groping well;
Who flings most filth, and wide pollutes around
The stream, be his the weekly journals bound;
A pig of lead to him who dives the best;
A peck of coals a-piece shall glad the rest.'
In naked majesty Oldmixon stands,
And, Milo-like, surveys his arms and hands;

276—278 *Dash through thick and thin—love of dirt—dark dexterity.* The three chief qualifications of party-writers: to stick at nothing, to delight in flinging dirt, and to slander in the dark by guess.—P.

280 *The weekly journals.* Papers of news and scandal intermixed, on different sides and parties, and frequently shifting from one side to the other, called the 'London Journal,' 'British Journal,' 'Daily Journal,' &c., the concealed writers of which for some time were Oldmixon, Roome, Arnall, Concanen, and others; persons never seen by our author.—P.

282 *A peck of coals a-piece.* Our indulgent poet, whenever he has spoken of any dirty or low work, constantly puts us in mind of the poverty of the offenders, as the only extenuation of such practices. Let any one but remark, when a thief, a pickpocket, a highwayman, or a knight of the post are spoken of, how much our hate to those characters is lessened, if they add, a needy thief, a poor pickpocket, a hungry highwayman, a starving knight of the post, &c.—P.

283 In the first edition,—

In naked majesty great Dennis stands.

283 *In naked majesty Oldmixon stands.* Mr. John Oldmixon, next to Mr. Dennis, the most ancient critic of our nation. He was all his life a virulent party-writer for hire, and received his reward in a small place, which he enjoyed to his death.—P.†

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Then sighing, thus;—'And am I now threescore?
Ah, why, ye gods! should two and two make four?'
He said, and climb'd a stranded lighter's height;
Shot to the black abyss, and plunged downright:
The senior's judgment all the crowd admire,
Who, but to sink the deeper, rose the higher.
Next, Smedley dived; slow circles dimpled o'er
The quaking mud, that closed, and oped no more.
All look, all sigh, and call on Smedley lost:
Smedley, in vain, resounds through all the coast.
Then * essay'd: scarce vanish'd out of sight,
He buoys up instant, and returns to light:
He bears no tokens of the sabler streams,
And mounts far off among the swans of Thames
True to the bottom see Concanen creep,
A cold, long-winded native of the deep:
If perseverance gain the diver's prize,
Not everlasting Blackmore this denies:
No noise, no stir, no motion canst thou make;
The unconscious stream sleeps o'er thee like a lake.

[291] *Next, Smedley dived.* The person here mentioned, an Irishman, was author and publisher of many scurrilous pieces; a weekly Whitehall Journal in the year 1722, in the name of sir James Baker; and particularly whole volumes of Billingsgate against Dr. Swift and Mr. Pope, called 'Gulliveriana' and 'Alexandriana,' printed in octavo.—P.

[295] *Then * essay'd.* A gentleman [Aaron Hill] of genius and spirit, who was secretly dipped in some papers of this kind, on whom our poet bestows a panegyric instead of a satire; as deserving to be better employed than in party quarrels and personal invectives.—P.†

[299] *Concanen.* Matthew Concanen, an Irishman, bred to the law.—P.†

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Next plunged a feeble, but a desperate pack,
With each a sickly brother at his back:
Sons of a day! just buoyant on the flood,
Then number'd with the puppies in the mud.
Ask ye their names? I could as soon disclose
The names of these blind puppies as of those.
Fast by, like Niobe, her children gone,
Sits mother Osborne, stupified to stone;
And monumental brass this record bears;—
'These are,—ah, no! these were the gazetteers!'

306, 307 *With each a sickly brother at his back: Sons of a day!* &c. These were daily papers, a number of which, to lessen the expense, were printed one on the back of another.—P.†

312 *Osborne.* A name assumed by the eldest and gravest of these writers, who at last being ashamed of his pupils, gave his paper over, and in his age remained silent.—P.†

314 *Gazetteers!* The 'Daily Gazetteer' was a title given very properly to certain papers, each of which lasted but a day. Into this, as a common sink, was received all the trash, which had been before dispersed in several journals, and circulated at the public expense of the nation. The authors were the same obscure men; though sometimes relieved by occasional essays from statesmen, courtiers, bishops, deans, and doctors. The meaner sort were rewarded with money; others with places or benefices, from a hundred to a thousand a-year. It appears from the Report of the Secret Committee for inquiring into the conduct of Robert earl of Orford, 'that no less than £50,000. 18*s.* were paid to authors and printers of newspapers, such as 'Free Britons,' 'Daily Courants,' 'Corn-Cutters' Journals,' 'Gazetteers,' and other political papers, between February 10, 1731, and February 10, 1741.' Which shows the benevolence of one minister to have expended, for the current dulness of ten years in Britain, double the sum which gained Louis XIV. so much honor, in annual pensions to learned men all over Europe. In which, and in a much longer time, not a pension at court, nor preferment in the church or universities, of any

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Not so bold Arnall; with a weight of skull,
Furious he dives, precipitately dull;
Whirlpools and storms his circling arms invest,
With all the might of gravitation bless'd:
No crab more active in the dirty dance
Downward to climb, and backward to advance:
He brings up half the bottom on his head,
And loudly claims the journals and the lead.
The plunging prelate, and his ponderous grace,
With holy envy gave one layman place;

consideration, was bestowed on any man distinguished for his learning, separately from party merit or pamphlet writing.

It is worth a reflection, that of all the panegyrics bestowed by these writers on this great minister, not one is at this day extant or remembered; nor even so much credit done to his personal character by all they have written, as by one short occasional compliment of our author in the 'Dialogue of one thousand seven hundred and thirty-eight,' line 29.—P.†

315 *Arnall.* William Arnall, bred an attorney, was a perfect genius in this sort of work. He began under twenty with furious party-papers; then succeeded Concanen in the 'British Journal.' At the first publication of the 'Dunciad,' he prevailed on the author not to give him his due place in it, by a letter professing his detestation of such practices as his predecessor's: but since, by the most unexampled insolence and personal abuse of several great men, the poet's particular friends, he most amply deserved a niche in the temple of infamy: witness a paper, called the 'Free Briton;' a dedication intitled, 'To the Genuine Blunderer,' 1732, and many others. He wrote for hire, and valued himself on it; not indeed without cause, it appearing by the aforesaid report, that he received 'for Free Britons, and other writings, in the space of four years, no less than ten thousand nine hundred and ninety-seven pounds, six shillings, and eight-pence, out of the treasury.' But frequently, through his fury or folly, he exceeded all the bounds of his commission, and obliged his honorable patron to disavow his scurrilities.—P.†

323 *The plunging prelate.* Bishop Sherlock, who defended

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When, lo! a burst of thunder shook the flood:
Slow rose a form, in majesty of mud,
Shaking the horrors of his sable brows,
And each ferocious feature grim with ooze;
Greater he looks, and more than mortal stares;
Then thus the wonders of the deep declares.
First he relates, how sinking to the chin,
Smit with his mien, the mud-nymphs suck'd him in:
How young Lutetia, softer than the down,
Nigrina black, and Merdamante brown,
Vied for his love in jetty bowers below,
As Hylas fair was ravish'd long ago:
Then sung, how, shown him by the nut-brown maids,
A branch of Styx here rises from the shades,
That tinctured as it runs with Lethe's streams,
And wafting vapors from the land of dreams,
(As under seas Alpheus' secret sluice
Bears Pisa's offerings to his Arethuse)
Pours into Thames: and hence the mingled wave
Intoxicates the pert, and lulls the grave:
Here, brisker vapors o'er the Temple creep;
There, all from Paul's to Aldgate drink and sleep.
Thence to the banks where reverend bards repose,
They led him soft; each reverend bard arose;

Walpole. The minister had been Sherlock's schoolfellow at Eton; and used to relate of him, that while the other boys stood shivering at the water's edge, Sherlock *plunged* boldly in.

336 *As Hylas fair.* Valerius Flaccus, lib. iii. Argon. See Virgil, Ecl. vi.—P.

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And Milbourn chief, deputed by the rest,
Gave him the cassock, surcingle, and vest.
'Receive,' he said, 'these robes which once were mine;
Dulness is sacred in a sound divine.'
He ceased, and spread the robe; the crowd confess
The reverend flamen in his lengthen'd dress.
Around him wide a sable army stand,
A low-born, cell-bred, selfish, servile band,
Prompt or to guard or stab, or saint or damn;
Heaven's Swiss, who fight for any God or man.
Through Lud's famed gates, along the well-known Fleet,
Rolls the black troop, and overshades the street;
Till showers of sermons, characters, essays,
In circling fleeces whiten all the ways.
So clouds, replenish'd from some bog below,
Mount in dark volumes, and descend in snow.
Here stopp'd the goddess, and in pomp proclaims
A gentler exercise to close the games:—

[349] *And Milbourn.* Luke Milbourn, a clergyman, the fairest of critics; who, when he wrote against Mr. Dryden's Virgil, did him justice in printing at the same time his own translations, which were intolerable.—P.

[359] *Lud's famed gates.* 'King Lud, repairing the city, called it after his own name, Lud's Town; the strong gate which he built in the west part, he likewise, for his own honor, named Ludgate. In the year 1260, this gate was beautified with images of Lud and other kings. Those images, in the reign of Edward VI. had their heads smitten off, and were otherwise defaced by unadvised folks. Queen Mary did set new heads upon their old bodies again. The twenty-eighth of queen Elizabeth, the same gate was clean taken down, and newly and beautifully builded, with images of Lud and others as afore.' Stowe's Survey of London.—P.

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'Ye critics! in whose heads, as equal scales,
I weigh what author's heaviness prevails;
Which most conduce to soothe the soul in slumbers,
My H—ley's periods, or my Blackmore's numbers;
Attend the trial we propose to make.
If there be man, who o'er such works can wake,
Sleep's all-subduing charms who dares defy,
And boasts Ulysses' ear with Argus' eye;
To him we grant our amplest powers to sit
Judge of all present, past, and future wit;
To cavil, censure, dictate, right or wrong,
Full and eternal privilege of tongue.'
Three college sophs, and three pert Templars came;
The same their talents, and their tastes the same;
Each prompt to query, answer, and debate;
And smit with love of poesy and prate.
The ponderous books two gentle readers bring;
The heroes sit, the vulgar form a ring;
The clamorous crowd is hush'd with mugs of mum,
Till all, tuned equal, send a general hum.
Then mount the clerks, and in one lazy tone
Through the long, heavy, painful page drawl on.
Soft creeping, words on words the sense compose;
At every line they stretch, they yawn, they doze.
As to soft gales top-heavy pines bow low
Their heads, and lift them as they cease to blow;
Thus oft they rear, and oft the head decline,
As breathe, or pause, by fits, the airs divine;

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And now to this side, now to that they nod,
As verse or prose infuse the drowsy god.
Thrice Budgell aim'd to speak; but thrice suppress'd
By potent Arthur, knock'd his chin and breast:
Toland and Tindal, prompt at priests to jeer,
Yet silent bow'd to 'Christ's no kingdom here.'
Who sat the nearest, by the words o'ercome,
Slept first; the distant nodded to the hum.'
Then down are roll'd the books; stretch'd o'er them lies
Each gentle clerk, and muttering seals his eyes.
As what a Dutchman plumps into the lakes,
One circle first, and then a second makes;

397 *Thrice Budgell aim'd to speak.* Famous for his speeches on many occasions about the South-sea scheme, &c. 'He is a very ingenious gentleman, and hath written some excellent epilogues to plays, and one small piece on love, which is very pretty.'—Jacob, 'Lives of Poets,' vol. ii. p. 289. But this gentleman since made himself much more eminent, and personally well known to the greatest statesmen of all parties, as well as to all the courts of law in this nation.—P.

399 *Toland and Tindal.* Two persons, not so happy as to be obscure, who wrote against the religion of their country. Toland, the author of the Atheist's Liturgy, called 'Pantheisticon,' was a spy in pay to lord Oxford. Tindal was author of the 'Rights of the Christian Church,' and 'Christianity as old as the Creation.' He also wrote an abusive pamphlet against earl S———, which was suppressed, while yet in Ms., by an eminent person then out of the ministry, to whom he showed it, expecting his approbation. This doctor afterwards published the same piece, *mutatis mutandis*, against that very person.—P.

400 *Christ's no kingdom here, &c.* This is said by Curll, 'Key to Duncíad,' to allude to a sermon of a reverend bishop. P. The bishop was Hoadley.

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What Dulness dropp'd among her sons impress'd
Like motion from one circle to the rest:
So from the midmost the nutation spreads
Round and more round o'er all the sea of heads.
At last Centlivre felt her voice to fail;
Motteux himself unfinish'd left his tale;
Boyer the state, and Law the stage gave o'er;
Morgan and Mandevil could prate no more;
Norton, from Daniel and Ostrœa sprung,
Bless'd with his father's front and mother's tongue,
Hung silent down his never-blushing head;
And all was hush'd, as Folly's self lay dead.

411 *Centlivre.* Mrs. Susanna Centlivre, wife to Mr. Centlivre, yeoman of the mouth to his majesty. She wrote many plays, and a song, (says Mr. Jacob, vol. i. p. 32.) before she was seven years old: she also wrote a ballad against Mr. Pope's Homer, before he began it.—P.

413 *Boyer the state, and Law the stage gave o'er.* A. Boyer, a voluminous compiler of annals, political collections, &c.—William Law, A.M. wrote with great zeal against the stage; Mr. Dennis answered with as great: their books were printed in 1726. Mr. Law affirmed, 'The playhouse is the temple of the devil; the peculiar pleasure of the devil; where all they who go yield to the devil; where all the laughter is a laughter among devils; and all who are there are hearing music in the very porch of hell.'—P.

414 *Morgan.* A writer against religion, distinguished no otherwise from the rabble of his tribe, than by the pompousness of his title,—'a moral philosopher.'—W.

Ibid. *Mandevil.* Author of a famous book called 'The Fable of the Bees;' written to prove that moral virtue is the invention of knaves, and christian virtue the imposition of fools; and that vice is necessary, and alone sufficient to render society florishing and happy.—P.†

415 *Norton.* Norton De Foe, said to be the natural offspring of the famous Daniel De Foe, one of the authors of the 'Flying Post.'—P.

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Thus the soft gifts of sleep conclude the day;
And stretch'd on bulks, as usual, poets lay.
Why should I sing, what bards the nightly Muse
Did slumbering visit, and convey to stews?
Who prouder march'd, with magistrates in state,
To some famed round-house, ever open gate?
How Henley lay inspired beside a sink,
And to mere mortals seem'd a priest in drink;
While others, timely, to the neighboring Fleet,
Haunt of the Muses, make their safe retreat?

[426] *And to mere mortals seem'd a priest in drink.* This line presents us with an excellent moral, that we are never to pass judgment merely by appearance: an eminent casuist tells us, that 'if a priest be seen in any indecent action, we ought to account it a deception of sight, or illusion of the devil, who sometimes takes on him the shape of holy men on purpose to cause scandal.' Scriblerus.—P.

[427] *Fleet.* A prison for insolvent debtors on the bank of the ditch.—P.†

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THE DUNCIAD.

BOOK THE THIRD.

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ARGUMENT OF BOOK III.

After the other persons are disposed in their proper places of rest, the goddess transports the king to her temple, and there lays him to slumber with his head on her lap ; a position of marvellous virtue, which causes all the visions of wild enthusiasts, projectors, politicians, inamoratos, castle-builders, chemists, and poets. He is immediately carried on the wings of Fancy, and led by a mad poetical sibyl to the Elysian shade ; where, on the banks of Lethe, the souls of the dull are dipped by Bavius, before their entrance into this world : there he is met by the ghost of Settle, and by him made acquainted with the wonders of the place, and with those which he himself is destined to perform. He takes him to a mount of vision, from whence he shows him the past triumphs of the empire of Dulness, then the present, and lastly the future ; how small a part of the world was ever conquered by science ; how soon those conquests were stopped, and those very nations again reduced to her dominion. Then, distinguishing the island of Great Britain, he shows by what aids, by what persons, and by what degrees, it shall be brought to her empire. Some of the persons he causes to pass in review before his eyes, describing each by his proper figure, character, and qualifications. On a sudden the scene shifts, and a vast number of miracles and prodigies appear, utterly surprising and unknown to the king himself, till they are explained to be the wonders of his own reign now commencing. On this subject, Settle breaks into a congratulation, yet not unmixed with concern, that his own times were but the types of these. He prophesies how first the nation shall be over-run with farces, operas, and shows ; how the throne of Dulness shall be advanced over the theatres, and set up even at court ; then, how her sons shall preside in the seats of arts and sciences ; giving a glimpse, or Pisgah-sight, of the future fulness of her glory, the accomplishment whereof is the subject of the fourth and last book.

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THE DUNCIAD.

BOOK III.

But in her temple's last recess inclosed,
On Dulness' lap the anointed head reposed;
Him close she curtains round with vapors blue,
And soft besprinkles with Cimmerian dew;
Then raptures high the seat of sense o'erflow,
Which only heads refined from reason know.
Hence, from the straw, where Bedlam's prophet nods,
He hears loud oracles, and talks with gods;
Hence the fool's paradise, the statesman's scheme,
The air-built castle, and the golden dream,
The maid's romantic wish, the chemist's flame,
And poet's vision of eternal fame.

And now, on fancy's easy wing convey'd,
The king descending views the Elysian shade.

5 6 *&c.* Hereby is intimated, that the following vision is no more than the chimera of the dreamer's brain, and not a real or intended satire on the present age, doubtless more learned, more enlightened, and more abounding with great geniuses in divinity, politics, and whatever arts and sciences, than all the preceding. For fear of any such mistake of our poet's honest meaning, he hath again, at the end of the vision, repeated this monition, saying that it all passed through the ivory gate, which, according to the ancients, denoteth falsity. Scriblerus. —P.

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A slip-shod sibyl led his steps along,
In lofty madness meditating song;
Her tresses staring from poetic dreams;
And never wash'd, but in Castalia's streams.
Taylor, their better Charon, lends an oar,
Once swan of Thames, though now he sings no more;
Benlowes, propitious still to blockheads, bows;
And Shadwell nods the poppy on his brows.
Here, in a dusky vale, where Lethe rolls,
Old Bavius sits, to dip poetic souls,

[19] *Taylor.* John Taylor, the water-poet, an honest man, who owns he learned not so much as the accidence. A rare example of modesty in a poet!

I must confess, I do want eloquence,
And never scarce did learn my accidence;
For having got from *possum* to *posset*,
I there was gravel'd, could no farther get.

He wrote fourscore books in the reign of James I. and Charles I. and afterwards, like Edward Ward, kept an alehouse in Long-Acre. He died in 1654.—P.

[21] Warton makes a natural observation on the perpetual recurrence of such obscure names:—'How could Pope waste so much time, and throw away such charming poetry, on objects so very unknown and despicable? What a state of anger and irritation must his mind have been in during the many hours, nay, years, he spent in writing the 1670 lines of the Dunciad!' If there ever was a self-tormentor, Pope must have been the man.

[21] *Benlowes.* A country gentleman famous for his own bad poetry, and for patronising bad poets, as may be seen from many dedications of Quarles and others to him. Some of these anagramed his name, *Benlowes* into *Benevolus;* to verify which, he spent his whole estate on them.—P.†

[22] *And Shadwell nods the poppy, &c.* Shadwell took opium for many years, and died of too large a dose in the year 1692.—P.

[24] *Old Bavius sits.* Bavius was an ancient poet, celebrated by Virgil for the like cause as Bays by our author, though not in so christianlike a manner; for heathenishly it is declared by

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And blunt the sense, and fit it for a skull
Of solid proof, impenetrably dull.
Instant, when dipp'd, away they wing their flight,
Where Brown and Mears unbar the gates of light,
Demand new bodies, and in calf's array,
Rush to the world, impatient for the day.
Millions and millions on these banks he views,
Thick as the stars of night, or morning dews;
As thick as bees o'er vernal blossoms fly;
As thick as eggs at Ward in pillory.

Virgil of Bavius, that he ought to be hated and detested for his evil works; 'Qui Bavium non odit;' whereas we have often had occasion to observe our poet's great good nature and mercifulness through the whole course of this poem. Scriblerus.—P.

[33] *Brown and Mears.* Booksellers, printers for any body. The allegory of the souls of the dull coming forth in the form of books, dressed in calf's leather, and being let abroad in vast numbers by booksellers, is sufficiently intelligible.—P.

[34] *Ward in pillory.* John Ward, of Hackney, Esq. member of parliament, being convicted of forgery, was first expelled the house, and then sentenced to the pillory on the 17th of February, 1727. Mr. Curll, having likewise stood there, looks on the mention of such a gentleman in a satire as a great act of barbarity. Key to the Dunc. 3d edit. p. 16. And another author reasons thus on it: Durgen, 8vo. p. 11, 12. 'How unworthy is it of christian charity to animate the rabble to abuse a worthy man in such a situation! What could move the poet thus to mention a brave sufferer, a gallant prisoner, exposed to the view of all mankind? It was laying aside his senses, it was committing a crime, for which the law is deficient not to punish him; nay, a crime, which man can scarce forgive, or time efface! Nothing surely could have induced him to it but being bribed by a great lady,' &c. to whom this brave, honest, worthy gentleman was guilty of no offence but forgery, proved in open court. But it is evident this verse could not be meant of him; it being notorious, that no eggs were thrown at that gentleman: perhaps therefore it might be intended of Mr. Edward Ward, the poet, when he stood there.—P.

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Wondering he gazed; when, lo! a sage appears,
By his broad shoulders known and length of ears,
Known by the band and suit which Settle wore,
His only suit, for twice three years before.
All as the vest, appear'd the wearer's frame,
Old in new state, another yet the same;
Bland and familiar as in life, begun
Thus the great father to the greater son:—
'O, born to see what none can see awake!
Behold the wonders of the oblivious lake.
Thou, yet unborn, hast touch'd this sacred shore;
The hand of Bavius drench'd thee o'er and o'er.
But, blind to former as to future fate,
What mortal knows his pre-existent state?

[37] *Settle.* Elkanah Settle was once a writer in vogue, as well as Cibber, both for dramatic poetry and politics. Mr. Dennis tells us, that 'he was a formidable rival to Mr. Dryden, and that in the university of Cambridge there were those who gave him the preference.' Mr. Welsted goes yet farther to state in his behalf:—'Poor Settle was formerly the mighty rival of Dryden; nay, for many years, bore his reputation above him.' Pref. to his poems, 8vo. p. 31. And Mr. Milbourn cried out, 'How little was Dryden able, even when his blood ran high, to defend himself against Mr. Settle!' Notes on Dryd. Virg. p. 175. These are comfortable opinions; and no wonder some authors indulge them. He was author or publisher of many noted pamphlets in the time of king Charles II.: he answered all Dryden's political poems; and being cried up on one side, succeeded not a little in his tragedy of the 'Empress of Morocco,' the first that was ever printed with cuts. 'On this, he grew insolent; the wits wrote against his play; he replied, and the town judged he had the better. In short, Settle was then thought a very formidable rival to Mr. Dryden; and not only the town, but the university of Cambridge was divided which to prefer; and in both places the younger sort inclined to Elkanah.' Dennis, Pref. to Remarks on Homer.—W.

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Who knows how long thy transmigrating soul
Might from Bœotian to Bœotian roll?
How many Dutchmen she vouchsafed to thrid?
How many stages through old monks she rid?
And all who since, in mild benighted days,
Mix'd the owl's ivy with the poet's bays?
As man's meanders to the vital spring
Roll all their tides, then back their circles bring;
Or whirligigs, twirl'd round by skilful swain,
Suck the thread in, then yield it out again;
All nonsense thus, of old or modern date,
Shall in thee centre, from thee circulate.
For this, our queen unfolds to vision true
Thy mental eye, for thou hast much to view:
Old scenes of glory, times long cast behind,
Shall, first recall'd, rush forward to thy mind:
Then stretch thy sight o'er all her rising reign,
And let the past and future fire thy brain.

'Ascend this hill, whose cloudy point commands
Her boundless empire over seas and lands:
See, round the poles where keener spangles shine,
Where spices smoke beneath the burning line,
Earth's wide extremes, her sable flag display'd,
And all the nations cover'd in her shade!

'Far eastward cast thine eye, from whence the sun
And orient science their bright course begun:
One godlike monarch all that pride confounds;[75]
He, whose long wall the wandering Tartar bounds:

[75] Chi Ho-am-ti, emperor of China, the same who built the great wall between China and Tartary, destroyed all the books and learned men of that empire.—P.

[76] *He, whose long wall.* Voltaire applauds the Chinese wall,

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Heavens! what a pile! whole ages perish there,
And one bright blaze turns learning into air.
'Thence to the south extend thy gladden'd eyes:
There rival flames with equal glory rise:
From shelves to shelves see greedy Vulcan roll,
And lick up all their physic of the soul.
'How little, mark! that portion of the ball,
Where, faint at best, the beams of science fall:
Soon as they dawn, from hyperborean skies
Embodied dark, what clouds of Vandals rise!
Lo! where Mæotis sleeps, and hardly flows
The freezing Tanais through a waste of snows;

and says, 'other nations fortify their towns; the Chinese fortified their empire.' The restless bitterness of the French infidel and his followers against christianity, led them to magnify the wisdom of all heathenism past and present. Thus, during the period of French illumination and absurdity, even China became a fount of all excellence in policy, literature, and religion! Warton more innocently, yet as idly, pronounces the Chinese wall to be 'a monument superior to the pyramids of Egypt, in both its utility and its immensity.' The superior immensity was not worth debating, for it is obvious: but the pyramids seem to have been a combination of the temple and the tomb, and to have fulfilled their purposes in both points of view; while the great wall has never fulfilled the only purpose for which it could have been built, defence. Every tribe of the Tartar wilderness has passed it with ease, and China is at this hour enslaved to a Tartar dynasty. The wall, instead of a monument of national wisdom, remains perhaps the most conspicuous evidence of national folly in the world; a vast and constant public expense without a feature of public utility; a work of barbarian labor concocted by barbarian brains.

81, 82 The caliph, Omar I., having conquered Egypt, caused his general to burn the Ptolemean library, on the gates of which was this inscription, ΨΥΧΗΣ ΙΑΤΡΕΙΟΝ, 'the physic of the soul.'—P.

87 *Lo! where Mæotis sleeps.* Johnson says, that this couplet

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The north by myriads pours her mighty sons,
Great nurse of Goths, of Alans, and of Huns!
See Alaric's stern port, the martial frame
Of Genseric, and Attila's dread name!
See the bold Ostrogoths on Latium fall;
See the fierce Visigoths, on Spain and Gaul!
See, where the morning gilds the palmy shore,
The soil that arts and infant letters bore,
His conquering tribes the Arabian prophet draws,
And saving ignorance enthrones by laws:
See Christians, Jews, one heavy sabbath keep,
And all the western world believe and sleep.
'Lo! Rome herself, proud mistress now no more
Of arts, but thundering against heathen lore;

had been declared by its author to be 'the one in all his works with which his ear was most gratified.' Johnson honestly confesses himself unable to discover its peculiar excellences. It certainly neither wins the ear by superior grace of language, nor awakes the mind by superior lustre of invention. Yet who can wisely hope to account for the capricious fondness of parentage, and, above all caprices, a poet's favoritism for his own lines?

[96] *The soil that arts and infant letters bore.* Phœnicia, Syria, &c. where letters are said to have been invented: in those countries Mahomet began his conquests.—P.

[102] *Thundering against heathen lore.* Pope, in a note, which comes strangely from a writer of his prepossessions, details the 'pious rage' of pope Gregory, as ejecting science and the classics alike from the schools, and prejudicing the study and authority of the Scriptures. Desiderius, archbishop of Vienna, was sharply reproved by him for teaching grammar and literature, and explaining the poets. He is said to have burned Livy, for his frequent references to the heathen rites; and to have ordered many of the Roman monuments to be de-

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Her gray-hair'd synods damning books unread,
And Bacon trembling for his brazen head.
Padua, with sighs, beholds her Livy burn,
And ev'n the antipodes Virgilius mourn.
See, the cirque falls, the unpillar'd temple nods;
Streets paved with heroes, Tyber choked with gods;
Till Peter's keys some christen'd Jove adorn,
And Pan to Moses lends his pagan horn:
See graceless Venus to a Virgin turn'd,
Or Phidias broken, and Apelles burn'd.
'Behold yon isle, by palmers, pilgrims trod,
Men bearded, bald, cowl'd, uncowl'd, shod, unshod,

stroyed, that the attention of the people should not be too much fixed on secular things!

[109] *Till Peter's keys some christen'd Jove adorn.* After the government of Rome devolved to the popes, their zeal was for some time exerted in demolishing the heathen temples and statues; so that the Goths scarce destroyed more monuments of antiquity out of rage, than these out of devotion: at length, they spared some of the temples, by converting them to churches; and some of the statues, by modifying them into images of saints. In much later times, it was thought necessary to change the statues of the Apollo and Pallas, on the tomb of Sannazarius, into David and Judith; the lyre easily became a harp, and the Gorgon's head turned to that of Holofernes.—P.

[109] Middleton's well known 'Letter from Rome' abounds in memorable instances of the same kind:—'As it is in the Pantheon,' he says, 'it is just the same in all the other heathen temples that remain in Rome. Thus the temple of Vesta is now possessed by the Madonna of the Sun; that of Fortuna Virilis, by Mary the Egyptian,' &c. Warton observes, that Middleton was much indebted to an obscure treatise, 'Les Conformités des Cérémonies modernes avec les anciennes: à Leyde, 1667.'

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Peel'd, patch'd, and piebald, linsey-woolsey brothers,
Grave murmurs! sleeveless some, and shirtless others.
That once was Britain!—Happy, had she seen
No fiercer sons, had Easter never been.
In peace, great goddess, ever be adored:
How keen the war, if Dulness draw the sword!
Thus visit not thy own! on this bless'd age,
O, spread thy influence, but restrain thy rage.
'And see, my son! the hour is on its way,
That lifts our goddess to imperial sway:
This favorite isle, long sever'd from her reign,
Dove-like, she gathers to her wings again.
Now look through fate: behold the scene she draws;
What aids, what armies to assert her cause!
See all her progeny, illustrious sight!
Behold, and count them, as they rise to light.
As Berecynthia, while her offspring vie
In homage to the mother of the sky,
Surveys around her, in the bless'd abode,
A hundred sons, and every son a god;
Not with less glory mighty Dulness crown'd
Shall take through Grub-street her triumphant round;
And her Parnassus glancing o'er at once,
Behold a hundred sons, and each a dunce.
'Mark first that youth who takes the foremost place,
And thrusts his person full into your face:

[117] *Happy!—had Easter never been.* Wars in England anciently, about the right time of celebrating Easter.—P.

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With all thy father's virtues bless'd, be born;
And a new Cibber shall the stage adorn.
'A second see, by meeker manners known,
And modest as the maid that sips alone:
From the strong fate of drams if thou get free,
Another Durfey, Ward! shall sing in thee;
Thee shall each ale-house, thee each gill-house mourn,
And answering gin-shops sourer sighs return.
'Jacob, the scourge of grammar, mark with awe;
Nor less revere him, blunderbuss of law.
Lo! Popple's brow, tremendous to the town,
Horneck's fierce eye, and Roome's funereal frown:

149 In the first edition—

Woolston, the scourge of scripture, mark with awe!
And mighty Jacob, blunderbuss of law!—W. †

149 *Jacob, the scourge of grammar, mark with awe.* 'This gentleman is son of a considerable maltster of Romsey, near Southampton, and bred to the law under a very eminent attorney; who, between his more laborious studies, has diverted himself with poetry. He is a great admirer of poets and their works, which has occasioned him to try his genius that way. He has written in prose the 'Lives of the Poets,' 'Essays,' and a great many law-books, 'the Accomplished Conveyancer,' 'Modern Justice,' &c.'—Giles Jacob of himself, 'Lives of Poets,' vol. i. He very grossly and unprovoked, abused in that book the author's friend, Mr. Gay.—P.

151 *Lo! Popple's brow,* &c. In the former edition,

Haywood, Centlivre, glories of their race,
Lo, Horneck's fierce, and Roome's funereal face.—W. †

152 *Horneck and Roome.* These two were virulent party-writers, worthily coupled together, and one would think prophetically; since, after the publishing of this piece, the former dying, the latter succeeded him in honor and employment. The first was Philip Horneck, author of the Billingsgate paper, called 'the High German Doctor.' Edward Roome was son

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Lo! sneering Goode, half malice and half whim,
A fiend in glee, ridiculously grim.
Each cygnet sweet, of Bath and Tunbridge race,
Whose tuneful whistling makes the waters pass;
Each songster, riddler, every nameless name,
All crowd, who foremost shall be damn'd to fame.
Some strain in rhyme: the Muses, on their racks,
Scream like the winding of ten thousand jacks:
Some, free from rhyme or reason, rule or check,
Break Priscian's head and Pegasus's neck:
Down, down they larum, with impetuous whirl;
The Pindars and the Miltons of a Curll.
'Silence, ye wolves, while Ralph to Cynthia howls,
And makes night hideous! answer him, ye owls!

of an undertaker for funerals in Fleet-street, and wrote some of the papers called 'Pasquin,' where by malicious inuendos he endeavored to represent our author guilty of malevolent practices with a great man then under the prosecution of parliament. Of this man was made the following epigram:—

You ask why Roome diverts you with his jokes;
Yet if he writes, is dull as other folks;
You wonder at it. This, sir, is the case;—
The jest is lost unless he prints his face.—P.

Popple was the author of some vile plays and pamphlets. He published abuses on our author in a paper called 'the Prompter.'—P. †

163 *Goode.* An ill-natured critic, who wrote a satire on our author, called 'the Mock Esop,' and many anonymous libels in newspapers for hire.—P.

165 *Silence, ye wolves.* A parody on Philips's lines, in his 'Letters from Copenhagen:'—

The starving wolves along the main sea prowl,
And to the moon in icy valleys howl.

165 *Ralph.* James Ralph, a name inserted after the first editions, not known to our author till he wrote a swearing-piece called 'Sawney,' very abusive of Dr. Swift, Mr. Gay, and

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'Sense, speech, and measure, living tongues
and dead,
Let all give way—and Morris may be read.
Flow, Welsted, flow! like thine inspirer, beer,
Though stale, not ripe; though thin, yet never
clear;

himself. These lines allude to a thing of his, intitled 'Night,' a poem. This low writer attended his own works with panegyrics in the journals, and once in particular praised himself highly above Mr. Addison, in wretched remarks on that author's account of English poets, printed in a London journal, September, 1728: he was wholly illiterate, and knew no language, not even French. Being advised to read the rules of dramatic poetry before he began a play, he smiled, and replied, 'Shakspeare wrote without rules.' He ended at last in a political newspaper, to which he was recommended by his friend Arnall, and received a small pittance for pay; and being detected in writing on both sides on one and the same day, he publicly justified the morality of his conduct.—P.

169 *Flow, Welsted,* &c. Of this author see the remark on book ii, v. 209. But, to be impartial, add to it the following different character of him:—'Mr. Welsted had, in his youth, raised so great expectations of his future genius, that there was a kind of struggle between the most eminent in the two universities, which should have the honor of his education: to compound this, he civilly became a member of both; and after having passed some time at the one, he removed to the other: from thence he returned to town, where he became the darling expectation of all the polite writers, whose encouragement he acknowleged in his occasional poems, in a manner that will make no small part of the fame of his protectors. It also appears from his works, that he was happy in the patronage of the most illustrious characters of the present age. Encouraged by such a combination in his favor, he published a book of poems, some in the Ovidian, some in the Horatian manner, in both which the most exquisite judges pronounce he even rivalled his masters. His love verses have rescued that way of writing from contempt: in his Translations, he has given us the very soul and spirit of his author. His ode, his epistle, his verses, his love-tale,—all, are the most perfect

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So sweetly mawkish, and so smoothly dull;
Heady, not strong; o'erflowing, though not full.
'Ah, Dennis! Gildon, ah! what ill-starr'd rage
Divides a friendship long confirm'd by age?
Blockheads with reason wicked wits abhor;
But fool with fool is barbarous civil war.
Embrace, embrace, my sons! be foes no more;
Nor glad vile poets with true critics' gore.
'Behold yon pair, in strict embraces join'd;
How like in manners, and how like in mind!
Equal in wit, and equally polite,
Shall this a Pasquin, that a Grumbler write:
Like are their merits, like rewards they share;
That shines a consul, this, commissioner.
'But who is he, in closet close y-pent,
Of sober face, with learned dust besprent?
Right well mine eyes arede the myster wight,
On parchment scraps y-fed, and Wormius hight.

things in all poetry.'—Welsted of himself, 'Character of the Times,' 8vo. 1728, pp. 23, 24.—P. It should not be forgot, to his honor, that he received at one time the sum of £500 for secret service, among the other excellent authors hired to write anonymously for the ministry. See Report of the Secret Committee, &c. in 1742.—P.†

172 It was stronger in the first edition,

——— and foaming, though not full.

179 *Behold yon pair*, &c. One of these was author of a weekly paper called 'the Grumbler,' as the other was concerned in another called 'Pasquin,' in which Mr. Pope was abused with the duke of Buckingham and bishop of Rochester. They also joined in a piece against his first undertaking to translate the 'Iliad,' intitled 'Homerides, by sir Iliad Doggerel,' printed 1715.—P.†

The pair were Burnet, the bishop's son, and colonel Duckit.

184 *That shines a consul, this, commissioner*. Such places were given at this time to such sort of writers.—P.†

187 *Arede*. Read, or peruse; though sometimes used for

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To future ages may thy dulness last,
As thou preservest the dulness of the past!
'There, dim in clouds, the poring scholiasts mark;
Wits, who, like owls, see only in the dark;
A lumberhouse of books in every head;
For ever reading, never to be read!
'But, where each science lifts its modern type,
History her pot, divinity his pipe,
While proud philosophy repines to show,
Dishonest sight! his breeches rent below;
Imbrown'd with native bronze, lo! Henley stands,
Tuning his voice, and balancing his hands.

counsel. 'Reade thy read,' take thy counsaile. Thomas Sternhold, in his translation of the first Psalm into English metre, hath wisely made use of this word:—

The man is blest that hath not bent
To wicked read his ear.—P.

[198] *Wormius hight.* Let not this name, purely fictitious, be conceited to mean the learned Olaus Wormius; much less, as it was unwarrantably foisted into the surreptitious editions, our own antiquary, Mr. Thomas Hearne, who had no way aggrieved our poet, but on the contrary published many curious tracts, which he hath to his great contentment perused.—P.

Ibid. *hight.* 'In Cumberland they say to 'hight,' for to promise or vow; but hight usually signifies 'was called;' and so it does in the north even to this day, notwithstanding what is done in Cumberland.' Hearne, ibid.—P.

[197] In the first edition it was,—

And proud philosophy with breeches tore,
And English music with a dismal score.
Fast by in darkness palpable inshrined
W—s, B—r, M—n, all the poring kind.—W.†

[199] *Lo! Henley stands,* &c. J. Henley the orator: he declaimed some years against the greatest persons, and occasionally did our author that honor.—P.

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How fluent nonsense trickles from his tongue!
How sweet the periods, neither said nor sung!
Still break the benches, Henley! with thy strain,
While Sherlock, Hare, and Gibson preach in vain.
O, great restorer of the good old stage,
Preacher at once and zany of thy age!
O, worthy thou of Egypt's wise abodes,
A decent priest, where monkeys were the gods!
But fate with butchers placed thy priestly stall,
Meek modern faith to murder, hack, and maul;
And bade thee live, to crown Britannia's praise,
In Toland's, Tindal's, and in Woolston's days.
'Yet, O! my sons, a father's words attend:
So may the fates preserve the ears you lend!
'Tis yours, a Bacon or a Locke to blame,
A Newton's genius, or a Milton's flame:
But, O! with One, immortal One, dispense,
The source of Newton's light, of Bacon's sense:
Content, each emanation of his fires
That beams on earth, each virtue he inspires,
Each art he prompts, each charm he can create,
Whate'er he gives, are given for you to hate.
Persist, by all divine in man unawed;
But learn, ye dunces! not to scorn your God.'
Thus he; for then a ray of reason stole
Half through the solid darkness of his soul;

[213] Of Toland and Tindal, see book ii. Thomas Woolston was an impious madman, who wrote in a most insolent style against the miracles of the gospel, in the years 1726, &c.—P.

[214] *Not to scorn your God.* 'Discite justitiam moniti,' &c. Æneid vi.

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But soon the cloud return'd; and thus the sire:—
'See now, what Dulness and her sons admire!
See what the charms that smite the simple heart,
Not touch'd by nature, and not reach'd by art.'
His never-blushing head he turn'd aside,
Not half so pleased when Goodman prophesied;
And look'd, and saw a sable sorcerer rise,
Swift to whose hand a winged volume flies:
All sudden, gorgons hiss, and dragons glare,
And ten-horn'd fiends and giants rush to war.
Hell rises, heaven descends, and dance on earth;
Gods, imps, and monsters, music, rage, and mirth,
A fire, a jig, a battle, and a ball,
Till one wide conflagration swallows all.
Thence a new world, to nature's laws unknown,
Breaks out refulgent, with a heaven its own:
Another Cynthia her new journey runs,
And other planets circle other suns.
The forests dance, the rivers upward rise,
Whales sport in woods, and dolphins in the skies;

[232] *Goodman prophesied.* He had clapped Cibber on the back, and swore that he would make a good actor: a prediction, which Cibber says, (Life, p. 149.) 'made him as triumphant as Alexander himself, or Charles XII. of Sweden!'

[233] *A sable sorcerer.* Dr. Faustus, the subject of a set of farces, which lasted in vogue two or three seasons, in which both playhouses strove to outdo each other for some years. All the extravagances in the sixteen lines following were introduced on the stage, and frequented by persons of the first quality in England, to the twentieth and thirtieth time. —P.

[237] *Hell rises, heaven descends, and dance on earth.* This monstrous absurdity was actually represented in Tibbald's 'Rape of Proserpine.'—P.

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And last, to give the whole creation grace,
Lo! one vast egg produces human race.
Joy fills his soul, joy innocent of thought:
'What power,' he cries, 'what power these wonders wrought?'
'Son, what thou seek'st is in thee! Look, and find
Each monster meets his likeness in thy mind:
Yet wouldst thou more? In yonder cloud, behold,
Whose sarcenet skirts are edged with flamy gold,
A matchless youth! his nod these worlds controls,
Wings the red lightning, and the thunder rolls.
Angel of Dulness! sent to scatter round
Her magic charms o'er all unclassic ground:
Yon stars, yon suns, he rears at pleasure higher,
Illumes their light, and sets their flames on fire.
Immortal Rich! how calm he sits at ease
'Mid snows of paper, and fierce hail of peas;
And, proud his mistress' orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm!
'But, lo! to dark encounter in mid air
New wizards rise; I see my Cibber there!
Booth in his cloudy tabernacle shrined;
On grinning dragons thou shalt mount the wind.
Dire is the conflict, dismal is the din;
Here shouts all Drury, there all Lincoln's-inn;

[248] *Lo! one vast egg.* In another of these farces Harlequin is hatched on the stage, out of a large egg.—P.

[261] *Immortal Rich!* Mr. John Rich, master of the Theatre Royal in Covent-garden, was the first that excelled this way.—P.

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Contending theatres our empire raise,
Alike their labors, and alike their praise.
'And are those wonders, son, to thee unknown?
Unknown to thee? These wonders are thy own.
These fate reserved to grace thy reign divine,
Foreseen by me, but, ah! withheld from mine.
In Lud's old walls though long I ruled, renown'd
Far as loud Bow's stupendous bells resound;
Though my own aldermen conferr'd the bays,
To me committing their eternal praise,
Their full-fed heroes, their pacific mayors,
Their annual trophies, and their monthly wars;
Though long my party built on me their hopes,
For writing pamphlets, and for roasting popes;
Yet, lo! in me what authors have to brag on!
Reduced at last to hiss in my own dragon.
Avert it, Heaven! that thou, my Cibber, e'er
Shouldst wag a serpent-tail in Smithfield fair!

After ver. 274, in the former edit. followed,—

For works like these let deathless journals tell,
None but thyself can be thy parallel.—W.†

282 Annual trophies on the lord mayor's day; and monthly wars in the Artillery-ground.—P.

283 *Though long my party.* Settle, like most party-writers, was very uncertain in his political principles: he was employed to hold the pen in the character of a popish successor, but afterwards printed his narrative on the other side: he had managed the ceremony of a famous pope-burning on November 17, 1680; then became a trooper in king James's army, at Hounslow-heath. After the revolution he kept a booth at Bartholomew-fair, where, in the droll called 'St. George for England,' he acted in his old age in a dragon of green leather of his own invention: he was at last taken into the Charter-house, and there died, aged sixty years.—P.

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Like the vile straw, that's blown about the streets,
The needy poet sticks to all he meets,
Coach'd, carted, trod upon, now loose, now fast,
And carried off in some dog's tail at last.
Happier thy fortunes! like a rolling stone,
Thy giddy dulness still shall lumber on;
Safe in its heaviness, shall never stray,
But lick up every blockhead in the way.
Thee shall the patriot, thee the courtier taste,
And every year be duller than the last;
Till raised from booths, to theatre, to court,
Her seat imperial Dulness shall transport.
Already opera prepares the way,
The sure forerunner of her gentle sway:
Let her thy heart, next drabs and dice, engage,
The third mad passion of thy doting age:
Teach thou the warbling Polypheme to roar,
And scream thyself, as none e'er scream'd before!

297 *Thee shall the patriot, thee the courtier taste.* It stood in the first edition with blanks, * * and * *. Concanen was sure, 'they must needs mean nobody but king George and queen Caroline; and said he would insist it was so, till the poet cleared himself by filling up the blanks otherwise, agreeably to the context, and consistent with his allegiance.'—Preface to a 'Collection of Verses, Essays, Letters, &c. against Mr. Pope, printed for A. Moor,' p. 6.—P.

305 *Polypheme.* He translated the Italian opera of 'Polifemo,' but unfortunately lost the whole jest of the story. The Cyclops asks Ulysses his name, who tells him his name is Noman: after his eye is put out, he roars and calls the brother Cyclops to his aid; they inquire, who has hurt him? he answers, Noman: whereon they all go away again. Our ingenious translator made Ulysses answer, 'I take no name;' whereby all that followed became unintelligible. Hence it appears, that Mr. Cibber, who values himself on subscribing

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To aid our cause, if Heaven thou canst not bend,
Hell thou shalt move; for Faustus is our friend:
Pluto with Cato thou for this shalt join,
And link the Mourning Bride to Proserpine.
Grub-street! thy fall should men and gods conspire;
Thy stage shall stand, ensure it but from fire.
Another Eschylus appears! prepare
For new abortions, all ye pregnant fair!
In flames, like Semeles, be brought to bed,
While opening hell spouts wild-fire at your head.
'Now, Bavius! take the poppy from thy brow,
And place it here! here, all ye heroes, bow!
This, this is he, foretold by ancient rhymes;
The Augustus born to bring Saturnian times.
Signs, following signs, lead on the mighty year!
See, the dull stars roll round and re-appear!

to the English translation of Homer's Iliad, had not that merit with respect to the Odyssey, or he might have been better instructed in the Greek pun-ology.—P.

306 309 *Faustus, Pluto, &c.* Names of miserable farces, which it was the custom to act at the end of the best tragedies, to spoil the digestion of the audience.—P.

312 *Ensure it but from fire.* In Tibbald's farce of 'Proserpine,' a corn-field was set on fire; whereon the other playhouse had a barn burnt down for the recreation of the spectators: they also rivalled each other in showing the burnings of hell-fire, in 'Dr. Faustus.'—P.

313 *Another Eschylus appears!* It is reported of Eschylus, that when his tragedy of 'the Furies' was acted, the audience were so terrified, that the children fell into fits, and the women miscarried.—P.

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See, see, our own true Phœbus wears the bays!
Our Midas sits lord chancellor of plays!
On poets' tombs, see Benson's titles writ!
Lo! Ambrose Philips is preferr'd for wit!
See, under Ripley, rise a new Whitehall,
While Jones' and Boyle's united labors fall;

323 *See, see, our own, &c.* In the former edition,—
Beneath his reign shall Eusden wear the bays,
Cibber preside lord chancellor of plays,
Benson sole judge of architecture sit,
And Namby Pamby be preferr'd for wit!
I see the unfinish'd dormitory wall,
I see the Savoy totter to her fall;
Hibernian politics, O Swift! thy doom;
And Pope's, translating three whole years with Broome.
Proceed, great days, &c.—W.†

325 *On poets' tombs, see Benson's titles writ!* William Benson, surveyor of the buildings to his majesty king George I., gave in a report to the lords, that their house and the painted-chamber adjoining were in immediate danger of falling; whereon the lords met in committee to appoint some other place to sit in, while the house should be taken down: but it being proposed to cause some other builders first to inspect it, they found it in very good condition. The lords, on this, were going on an address to the king against Benson for such a misrepresentation; but the earl of Sunderland, then secretary, gave them an assurance that his majesty would remove him, which was done accordingly. In favor of this man, the famous sir Christopher Wren, who had been architect to the crown for above fifty years, who built most of the churches in London, laid the first stone of St. Pauls, and lived to finish it, had been displaced from his employment at the age of near ninety years.—P.

326 *Ambrose Philips.* 'He was,' saith Mr. Jacob, 'one of the wits at Button's, and a justice of the peace:' but he hath since met with higher preferment in Ireland; and a much greater character we have of him in Mr. Gildon's 'Complete Art of Poetry,' vol. i. p. 157.—'Indeed he confesses, he dares not set him quite on the same footing with Virgil, lest it should seem flattery.'—P.

328 *While Jones' and Boyle's united labors fall.* At the time

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While Wren with sorrow to the grave descends;
Gay dies unpension'd, with a hundred friends; 330

when this poem was written, the banqueting-house of Whitehall, the church and piazza of Covent-garden, and the palace and chapel of Somerset-house, the works of the famous Inigo Jones, had been for many years so neglected, as to be in danger of ruin. The portico of Covent-garden church had been just then restored and beautified at the expense of the earl of Burlington; who, at the same time, by his publication of the designs of that great master and Palladio, as well as by many noble buildings of his own, revived the true taste of architecture in this kingdom.—P.

330 *Gay dies unpension'd, &c.* See Mr. Gay's fable of the 'Hare and many Friends.' This gentleman was early in the friendship of our author, which continued to his death: he wrote several works of humor with great success; 'The Shepherd's Week,' 'Trivia,' the 'What-d'ye call it,' 'Fables;' and, lastly, the celebrated 'Beggar's Opera;' a piece of satire which hit all tastes and degrees of men, from those of the highest quality to the very rabble: that verse of Horace,—

Primores populi arripuit, populumque tributim,—

could never be so justly applied as to this. The vast success of it was unprecedented, and almost incredible: what is related of the wonderful effects of the ancient music or tragedy hardly came up to it: Sophocles and Euripides were less followed and famous: it was acted in London sixty-three days, uninterrupted; and renewed the next season with equal applauses: it spread into all the great towns of England; was played in many places to the thirtieth and fortieth time, at Bath and Bristol fifty, &c.: it made its progress into Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, where it was performed twenty-four days together: it was at last acted in Minorca. The fame of it was not confined to the author only; the ladies carried about with them the favorite songs of it in fans; and houses were furnished with it in screens. The person who acted Polly, till then obscure, became all at once the favorite of the town: her pictures were engraved, and sold in great numbers; her life written; books of letters and verses to her published; and pamphlets made even of her sayings and jests. Furthermore, it drove out of England, for that season, the Italian opera, which had carried all before it for ten

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Hibernian politics, O Swift! thy fate;
And Pope's, ten years to comment and translate!
'Proceed, great days! till learning fly the shore,
Till birch shall blush with noble blood no more,

years: that idol of the nobility and people, which the great critic Mr. Dennis, by the labors and outcries of a whole life, could not overthrow, was demolished by a single stroke of this gentleman's pen. This happened in the year 1728; yet so great was his modesty, that he constantly prefixed to all the editions of it this motto,—*Nos hæc novimus esse nihil.*—P.

331 In the former edition:—

——— O Swift! thy doom;
And Pope's, translating ten whole years with Broome:

on which was the following note:—'He concludes his irony with a stroke on himself; for whoever imagines this a sarcasm on the other ingenious person, is surely mistaken. The opinion our author had of him was sufficiently shown by his joining him in the undertaking of the 'Odyssey;' in which Mr. Broome having engaged without any previous agreement, discharged his part so much to Mr. Pope's satisfaction, that he gratified him with the full sum of five hundred pounds, and a present of all those books for which his own interest could procure him subscribers, to the value of one hundred more. The author only seems to lament that he was employed in translation at all.'—P.†

332 *And Pope's, ten years to comment and translate.* The author here plainly laments that he was so long employed in translating and commenting. He began the 'Iliad' in 1713, and finished it in 1719: the edition of Shakspeare, which he undertook merely because nobody else would, took up near two years more in the drudgery of comparing impressions, rectifying the scenery, &c. and the translation of half the 'Odyssey' employed him from that time to 1725.—P.†

333 *Proceed, great days! &c.—Till birch shall blush, &c.* Another great prophet of Dulness, on this side Styx, promiseth those days to be near at hand:—'The devil,' saith he, 'licensed bishops to license masters of schools to instruct youth in the knowlege of the heathen gods, their religion, &c. The schools and universities will soon be tired and ashamed of classics and such trumpery.'—Hutchinson's 'Use of Reason Recovered.' Scriblerus.—W.†

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Till Thames see Eton's sons for ever play,
Till Westminster's whole year be holiday,
Till Isis' elders reel, their pupils' sport,
And Alma Mater lie dissolved in port!'
'Enough! enough!' the raptured monarch cries;
And through the ivory gate the vision flies.

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THE DUNCIAD.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

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ARGUMENT OF BOOK IV.

The poet being, in this book, to declare the completion of the prophecies mentioned at the end of the former, makes a new invocation, as the greater poets are wont, when some high and worthy matter is to be sung. He shows the goddess coming in her majesty, to destroy order and science, and to substitute the kingdom of the dull on earth; how she leads captive the sciences, and silenceth the Muses; and what they be who succeed in their stead. All her children, by a wonderful attraction, are drawn about her, and bear along with them divers others, who promote her empire by connivance, weak resistance, or discouragement of arts; such as half-wits, tasteless admirers, vain pretenders, the flatterers of dunces, or the patrons of them: all these crowd around her; one of them, offering to approach her, is driven back by a rival; but she commends and encourages both. The first who speak in form are the geniuses of the schools, who assure her of their care to advance her cause by confining youth to words, and keeping them out of the way of real knowlege: their address, and her gracious answer; with her charge to them and the universities. The universities appear by their proper deputies, and assure her that the same method is observed in the progress of education: the speech of Aristarchus on this subject. They are driven off by a band of young gentlemen returned from travel with their tutors; one of whom delivers to the goddess, in a polite oration, an account of the whole conduct and fruits of their travels; presenting to her at the same time a young nobleman perfectly accomplished: she receives him graciously, and endues him with the happy quality of want of shame. She sees loitering about her a number of indolent persons abandoning all business and duty, and dying with laziness: to these approaches the antiquary Annius, entreating her to make them virtuosos, and assign them over to him; but Mummius, another antiquary, complaining of his fraudulent proceed-

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ing, she finds a method to reconcile their difference. Then enter a troop of people fantastically adorned, offering her strange and exotic presents: among them, one stands forth and demands justice on another, who had deprived him of one of the greatest curiosities in nature; but he justifies himself so well, that the goddess gives them both her approbation; she recommends to them to find proper employment for the indolents before-mentioned, in the study of butterflies, shells, birds-nests, moss, &c. but with particular caution, not to proceed beyond trifles, to any useful or extensive views of nature, or of the Author of nature. Against the last of these apprehensions, she is secured by a hearty address from the minute philosophers and free-thinkers, one of whom speaks in the name of the rest. The youth, thus instructed and principled, are delivered to her in a body by the hands of Silenus; and then admitted to taste the cup of the Magus her high priest, which causes a total oblivion of all obligations, divine, civil, moral, or rational: to these, her adepts, she sends priests, attendants, and comforters of various kinds; confers on them orders and degrees; and then dismissing them with a speech, confirming to each his privileges, and telling what she expects from each, concludes with a yawn of extraordinary virtue; the progress and effects whereof on all orders of men, and the consummation of all, in the restoration of Night and Chaos, conclude the poem.

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THE DUNCIAD.

BOOK IV.

YET, yet a moment, one dim ray of light
Indulge, dread Chaos, and eternal Night!
Of darkness visible so much be lent,
As half to show, half veil the deep intent.
Ye powers, whose mysteries restored I sing,
To whom Time bears me on his rapid wing,
Suspend awhile your force inertly strong,
Then take at once the poet and the song.

Now flamed the dog-star's unpropitious ray,
Smote every brain, and wither'd every bay:
Sick was the sun, the owl forsook his bower,
The moon-struck prophet felt the madding hour:
Then rose the seed of Chaos and of Night,
To blot out order, and extinguish light;
Of dull and venal a new world to mould,
And bring Saturnian days of lead and gold.

[2] *Dread Chaos, and eternal Night.* Invoked, as the restoration of their empire is the action of the poem.—P. W.

[4] *Half to show, half veil the deep intent.* This is a great propriety, for a dull poet can never express himself otherwise than by halves. Scriblerus.—P. W.

[7] *Force inertly strong.* Alluding to the *vis inertiæ* of matter, which, though it really be no power, is yet the foundation of all the qualities and attributes of that sluggish substance.—P. W.

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She mounts the throne; her head a cloud conceal'd;
In broad effulgence all below reveal'd:
('Tis thus aspiring Dulness ever shines)
Soft on her lap her laureat son reclines.
Beneath her footstool, Science groans in chains,
And Wit dreads exile, penalties, and pains:
There foam'd rebellious Logic, gagg'd and bound;
There, stripp'd, fair Rhetoric languish'd on the ground;
His blunted arms by Sophistry are borne,
And shameless Billingsgate her robes adorn;
Morality, by her false guardians drawn;
Chicane in furs, and Casuistry in lawn,
Gasps, as they straiten at each end the cord,
And dies, when Dulness gives her page the word.
Mad Mathesis alone was unconfined,
Too mad for mere material chains to bind;

[30] *Her laureat son reclines.* 'When I find my name in the satirical works of this poet, I never look on it as any malice meant to me, but profit to himself: for he considers that my face is more known than most in the nation; and therefore a lick at the laureat will be a sure bait *ad captandum vulgus*, to catch little readers.'—Life of Colley Cibber, c. ii.—P.†

[30] *Gives her page the word.* There was a judge of this name, always ready to hang any man that came in his way; of which he was suffered to give a hundred miserable examples during a long life, even to his dotage. Though the candid Scriblerus imagined 'page' here to mean no more than a page or mute, and to allude to the custom of strangling state criminals in Turkey by mutes or pages; a practice more decent than that of our Page, who, before he hanged any one, loaded him with reproachful language. Scriblerus.—P. W.

[31] *Mad Mathesis.* Alluding to the strange conclusions some mathematicians have deduced from their principles, concerning the real quantity of matter, the reality of space, &c.—P. W. The quantity of 'Mathesis' is wrong.

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Now to pure space lifts her ecstatic stare;
Now running round the circle, finds its square:
But held in tenfold bonds the Muses lie,
Watch'd both by Envy's and by Flattery's eye:
There to her heart sad Tragedy address'd
The dagger wont to pierce the tyrant's breast;
But sober History restrain'd her rage,
And promised vengeance on a barbarous age.
There sunk Thalia, nerveless, cold, and dead,
Had not her sister Satire held her head:
Nor couldst thou, Chesterfield! a tear refuse;
Thou weptst, and with thee wept each gentle Muse.
When, lo! a harlot form soft sliding by,
With mincing step, small voice, and languid eye:
Foreign her air, her robe's discordant pride
In patch-work fluttering, and her head aside:
By singing peers upheld on either hand,
She tripp'd and laugh'd, too pretty much to stand;

[34] *Running round the circle, finds its square.* Regards the wild and fruitless attempts of squaring the circle.—P. W.

[43] *Nor couldst thou, &c.* This noble person, in the year 1737, when the act aforesaid was brought into the house of lords, opposed it in an excellent speech; says Mr. Cibber, 'with a lively spirit, and uncommon eloquence.' This speech had the honor to be answered by the said Mr. Cibber, with a lively spirit also, and in a manner very uncommon, in the eighth chapter of his 'Life and Manners.'—P. W.

[45] *When, lo! a harlot form.* The attitude given to this phantom represents the nature and genius of the Italian opera; its affected airs, its effeminate sounds, and the practice of patching up these operas with favorite songs, incoherently put together. These things were supported by the subscriptions of the nobility. This circumstance, that opera should prepare for the opening of the grand sessions, was prophesied of in book iii. v. 304:—

> Already opera prepares the way,
> The sure forerunner of her gentle sway.—P. W.

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Cast on the prostrate Nine a scornful look,
Then thus in quaint recitativo spoke:—
'O Cara! Cara! silence all that train!
Joy to great Chaos! let Division reign!
Chromatic tortures soon shall drive them hence,
Break all their nerves, and fritter all their sense;
One trill shall harmonise joy, grief, and rage,
Wake the dull church, and lull the ranting stage;
To the same notes thy sons shall hum or snore,
And all thy yawning daughters cry, 'Encore!'
Another Phœbus, thy own Phœbus, reigns,
Joys in my jigs, and dances in my chains.
But soon, ah! soon, rebellion will commence,
If music meanly borrows aid from sense.
Strong in new arms, lo! giant Handel stands,
Like bold Briareus, with a hundred hands;

[54] *Let Division reign.* Alluding to the false taste of playing tricks with music with numberless divisions, to the neglect of that harmony which conforms to the sense, and applies to the passions. Mr. Handel had introduced a great number of hands and more variety of instruments into the orchestra, and employed even drums and cannon to make a fuller chorus. —P. W.

[61] *Thy own Phœbus reigns.* 'Tuus jam regnat Apollo,' in Virgil: not the ancient Phœbus, the god of harmony; but a modern Phœbus of French extraction, married to the princess Gallimatia, one of the handmaids of Dulness, and an assistant to Opera. Scriblerus.—P. W.

[65] *Giant Handel.* Notwithstanding this praise of the prince of musicians, Pope is said to have been singularly insensible to music. Arbuthnot said, that he had been asked by him, 'whether, at lord Burlington's concerts, the rapture expressed at Handel's works did not proceed wholly from affectation?'

But Burney tells us, that whatever might be his insensibility to the charms of song, he was anxious to see his 'Eurydice' share in the popularity of Handel. A Mr. Belchier undertook to negociate the setting of this work to music;

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To stir, to rouse, to shake the soul he comes,
And Jove's own thunders follow Mars's drums.
Arrest him, empress! or you sleep no more!'
She heard, and drove him to the Hibernian shore.
And now had Fame's posterior trumpet blown,
And all the nations summon'd to the throne.
The young, the old, who feel her inward sway,
One instinct seizes, and transports away:
None need a guide, by sure attraction led,
And strong impulsive gravity of head:
None want a place, for all their centre found,
Hung to the goddess, and cohered around:
Not closer, orb in orb, conglobed are seen
The buzzing bees about their dusky queen.
The gathering number, as it moves along,
Involves a vast involuntary throng,
Who gently drawn, and struggling less and less,
Roll in her vortex, and her power confess;
Not those alone who passive own her laws,
But who, weak rebels, more advance her cause;
Whate'er of dunce in college or in town
Sneers at another, in toupee or gown;

but Handel, hearing that Pope had sent his ode to Green, who espoused Bononcini's party, and whom therefore the great composer hated, angrily broke off the treaty, declaring that the poem was 'de very ding vat his pellows plower had set already for ein toctor's tecree at Cambridge.'

Handel's genius was incontestable, but his prudence was unequal to his genius; and by involving himself in the management of the Italian opera, that proverbial ruin of all its speculators, he destroyed his prospects of fortune. Even his oratorio of the Messiah, the noblest of his works, and the most memorable triumph of music in the world, was long a source of embarrassment to the composer; and after various efforts, all abortive, to perform it in this country, he was

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Whate'er of mongrel no one class admits,
A wit with dunces, and a dunce with wits.
Nor absent they, no members of her state,
Who pay her homage in her sons, the great;
Who false to Phœbus, bow the knee to Baal;
Or impious, preach his word without a call;
Patrons, who sneak from living worth to dead,
Withhold the pension, and set up the head;
Or vest dull Flattery in the sacred gown;
Or give from fool to fool the laurel crown;
And, last and worst, with all the cant of wit,
Without the soul, the Muse's hypocrite.
There march'd the bard and blockhead, side by side,
Who rhymed for hire, and patronised for pride.
Narcissus, praised with all a parson's power,
Look'd a white lily sunk beneath a shower:
There moved Montalto with superior air;
His stretch'd-out arm display'd a volume fair:
Courtiers and patriots in two ranks divide:
Through both he pass'd, and bow'd from side to side:
But as in graceful act, with awful eye
Composed he stood, bold Benson thrust him by:

forced to take it to Ireland, where it was first heard, and where its matchless grandeur suddenly raised it to European fame.

103 *Narcissus, praised.* Lord Hervey, extravagantly lauded in Middleton's dedication of the 'Life of Cicero.'

105 *Montalto.* Sir Thomas Hanmer, editor of the rival Shakspeare.

110 *Bold Benson.* This man endeavored to raise himself to fame by erecting monuments, striking coins, setting up heads, and procuring translations, of Milton; and afterwards by as great a passion for one Arthur Johnston, a Scottish physician's

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On two unequal crutches propp'd he came,
Milton's on this, on that one Johnston's name.
The decent knight retired with sober rage;
Withdrew his hand, and closed the pompous page:
But, happy for him as the times went then,
Appear'd Apollo's mayor and aldermen,
On whom three hundred gold-capp'd youths await,
To lug the ponderous volume off in state.
When Dulness, smiling:—'Thus revive the wits:
But murder first, and mince them all to bits:
As erst Medea (cruel so to save!)
A new edition of old Æson gave;
Let standard-authors, thus, like trophies borne,
Appear more glorious as more hack'd and torn:
And you, my critics! in the checker'd shade,
Admire new light through holes yourselves have made.
'Leave not a foot of verse, a foot of stone,
A page, a grave, that they can call their own;
But spread, my sons, your glory thin or thick,
On passive paper or on solid brick:
So by each bard an alderman shall sit;
A heavy lord shall hang at every wit;

version of the Psalms, of which he printed many fine editions. —P. W.

[131] *So by each bard an alderman, &c.* Vide the 'Tombs of the Poets,' editio Westmonasteriensis.—P. W.

Alluding to the monument erected for Butler, the author of 'Hudibras,' by alderman Barber.—W.†

[132] *A heavy lord shall hang at every wit.* Aristarchus thinks the common reading, *lord*, not *load*, right; and that the author

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And while on Fame's triumphal car they ride,
Some slave of mine be pinion'd to their side.'
Now crowds on crowds around the goddess press,
Each eager to present the first address.
Dunce scorning dunce beholds the next advance,
But fop shows fop superior complaisance:
When, lo! a spectre rose, whose index-hand
Held forth the virtue of the dreadful wand:
His beaver'd brow a birchen garland wears,
Dropping with infant's blood, and mother's tears:
O'er every vein a shuddering horror runs;
Eton and Winton shake through all their sons;
All flesh is humbled; Westminster's bold race
Shrink, and confess the genius of the place;
The pale boy-senator yet tingling stands,
And holds his breeches close with both his hands.
Then thus:—'Since man from beast by words is known,
Words are man's province; words we teach alone.
When Reason doubtful, like the Samian letter,
Points him two ways, the narrower is the better:

himself had been struggling with, and but just shaken off his *load*, when he wrote the following epigram:—

My lord complains, that Pope, stark mad with gardens,
Has lopp'd three trees the value of three farthings:
'But he 's my neighbor,' cries the peer polite;
'And if he 'll visit me, I 'll wave my right.'
What! on compulsion, and against my will,
A lord's acquaintance? Let him file his bill.—W.†

This lord was said to be lord Radnor, who lived next to his villa.

151 *Like the Samian letter.* The letter Y, used by Pythagoras as an emblem of the different roads of virtue and vice.

Et tibi quæ Samios diduxit litera ramos.—Pers.—P. W.

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Placed at the door of Learning, youth to guide,
We never suffer it to stand too wide.
To ask, to guess, to know, as they commence,
As fancy opens the quick springs of sense,
We ply the memory, we load the brain,
Bind rebel wit, and double chain on chain,
Confine the thought to exercise the breath,
And keep them in the pale of words till death.
Whate'er the talents, or howe'er design'd,
We hang one jingling padlock on the mind:
A poet the first day he dips his quill;
And what the last? a very poet still.
Pity! the charm works only in our wall,
Lost, lost too soon in yonder house or hall:
There truant Wyndham every Muse gave o'er;
There Talbot sunk, and was a wit no more!
How sweet an Ovid, Murray, was our boast!
How many Martials were in Pulteney lost!
Else sure some bard, to our eternal praise,
In twice ten thousand rhyming nights and days,
Had reach'd the work, the all that mortal can;
And South beheld that master-piece of man.'
'O!' cried the goddess, 'for some pedant reign,
Some gentle James, to bless the land again;

166 *In yonder house or hall.* Westminster-hall, and the house of commons.—W.

174 *That master-piece of man,* viz. an epigram. The famous Dr. South used to declare that a perfect epigram was as difficult a performance as an epic poem; and the critics say, 'an epic poem is the greatest work human nature is capable of.'—P. W.

176 *Some gentle James, &c.* Wilson tells us, that this king, James I., took on himself to teach the Latin tongue to Carr, earl of Somerset; and that Gondomar, the Spanish ambassador, would speak false Latin to him, on purpose to give him

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To stick the doctor's chair into the throne,
Give law to words, or war with words alone,
Senates and courts with Greek and Latin rule,
And turn the council to a grammar-school!
For, sure, if Dulness sees a grateful day,
'Tis in the shade of arbitrary sway.
O! if my sons may learn one earthly thing,
Teach but that one, sufficient for a king;
That which my priests, and mine alone, maintain,
Which, as it dies or lives, we fall or reign:
May you, my Cam and Isis, preach it long!
The right divine of kings to govern wrong.'

Prompt at the call, around the goddess roll
Broad hats, and hoods, and caps, a sable shoal:
Thick and more thick the black blockade extends,
A hundred head of Aristotle's friends.
Nor wert thou, Isis! wanting to the day,
Though Christ-church long kept prudishly away.
Each stanch polemic, stubborn as a rock;
Each fierce logician, still expelling Locke,

the pleasure of correcting it; whereby he wrought himself into his good graces.—P. W.

196 *Still expelling Locke.* In the year 1703 there was a meeting of the heads of the university of Oxford to censure Mr. Locke's 'Essay on Human Understanding,' and to forbid the reading it. See his letters in the last edition of his works.—P. W.

Such was the fate of this new philosophy at Oxford: the new theology of Erasmus met with pretty much the same treatment, a century or two before, in the university of Cambridge. See Dr. Knight's Life of Erasmus, p. 137. But our obnoxious essayist had given scandal to the scholiastic spirit of Antony Wood, the famed Oxford historian, long before; who, in the Journal of his own Life, has furnished us with this curious anecdote:—'April 23rd, 1663, I began a course of chemistry, [in Oxford,] under the noted chemist

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Came whip and spur, and dash'd through thin and thick,
On German Crousaz and Dutch Burgersdyck:
As many quit the streams that murmuring fall
To lull the sons of Margaret and Clare-hall,
Where Bentley late tempestuous wont to sport
In troubled waters, but now sleeps in port.
Before them march'd that awful Aristarch;
Plough'd was his front with many a deep remark;
His hat, which never vail'd to human pride,
Walker with reverence took, and laid aside.
Low bow'd the rest: he, kingly, did but nod:
So upright quakers please both man and God.
'Mistress! dismiss that rabble from your throne!
Avaunt: is Aristarchus yet unknown?
Thy mighty scholiast, whose unwearied pains
Made Horace dull, and humbled Milton's strains.

and Rosicrusian, Peter Sthael of Strasburg in Royal Prussia: the club consisted of ten at least, whereof was John Locke, of Christ-church, afterwards a noted writer. This John Locke was a man of a turbulent spirit, clamorous, and never contented. The club wrote, and took notes from the mouth of their master; but the said John Locke scorned to do it: so that while every man besides was writing, he would be prating and troublesome.'—W.†

198 *Crousaz.* Author of the commentary on the 'Essay on Man.'—W.†

199 *The streams.* The river Cam, running by the walls of these colleges, which are particularly famous for their skill in disputation.—P. W.

205 *His hat, &c.—So upright quakers please both man and God.* The hat-worship, as the quakers call it, is an abomination to that sect; yet, where it is necessary to pay that respect to man, as in the courts of justice and houses of parliament, they have, to avoid offence, and yet not violate their conscience, permitted other people to uncover them.—P. W.

210 *Aristarchus.* Bentley.

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Turn what they will to verse, their toil is vain;
Critics like me shall make it prose again.
Roman and Greek grammarians! know your better;
Author of something yet more great than letter:
While, towering o'er your alphabet, like Saul,
Stands our digamma, and o'ertops them all.
'Tis true, on words is still our whole debate,
Dispute of *me* or *te*, of *aut* or *at*;
To sound or sink in *cano*, O or A;
Or give up Cicero to C or K.
Let Freind affect to speak as Terence spoke,
And Alsop never but like Horace joke:
From me, what Virgil, Pliny may deny,
Manilius or Solinus shall supply:
For Attic phrase in Plato let them seek;
I poach in Suidas for unlicensed Greek.
In ancient sense if any needs will deal,
Be sure I give them fragments, not a meal;

217 *While, towering o'er your alphabet, like Saul,—Stands our digamma.* Alludes to the boasted restoration of the Æolic digamma, in his long-projected edition of Homer. He calls it 'something more than letter,' from the enormous figure it would make among the other letters, being one gamma set on the shoulders of another.—P. W.

223 *Freind—Alsop.* Dr. Robert Freind, master of Westminster-school, and canon of Christ-church. Dr. Antony Alsop, a happy imitator of the Horatian style.—P. W.

226 *Manilius or Solinus.* Some critics having had it in their choice to comment either on Virgil or Manilius, Pliny or Solinus, have chosen the worse author, the more freely to display their critical talents.—P. W. A hit at Bentley.

228 *&c. Suidas, Gellius, Stobæus.* The first a dictionary-writer of impertinent facts and barbarous words; the second a minute critic; the third a collector, who gave his commonplace book to the public, where we happen to find much mince-meat of good old authors.—P. W.

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What Gellius or Stobæus hash'd before,
Or chew'd by blind old scholiasts o'er and o'er.
The critic eye, that microscope of wit,
Sees hairs and pores, examines bit by bit:
How parts relate to parts, or they to whole,
The body's harmony, the beaming soul,
Are things which Kuster, Burman, Wasse shall see,
When man's whole frame is obvious to a flea.
'Ah, think not, mistress! more true dulness lies
In Folly's cap, than Wisdom's grave disguise.
Like buoys that never sink into the flood,
On learning's surface we but lie and nod.
Thine is the genuine head of many a house,
And much divinity without a Nοῦς:
Nor could a Barrow work on every block,
Nor has one Atterbury spoil'd the flock.
See! still thy own, the heavy canon roll,
And metaphysic smokes involve the pole.
For thee we dim the eyes, and stuff the head
With all such reading as was never read;

[243] *Or chew'd by blind old scholiasts o'er and o'er.* These men taking the same things eternally from the mouth of one another.—P. W.

[244] *And much divinity without a* Nοῦς. A word much affected by the learned Aristarchus in common conversation, to signify genius or natural acumen. But this passage has a farther view: Nοῦς was the Platonic term for mind, or the first cause; and that system of divinity is here hinted at which terminates in blind Nature, without a Nοῦς.—P. W.

[245] *Barrow—Atterbury.* Isaac Barrow, master of Trinity; Francis Atterbury, dean of Christ-Church; both great geniuses and eloquent preachers; one more conversant in the sublime geometry, the other in classical learning; but who equally made it their care to advance the polite arts in their several societies.—P. W.

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For thee explain a thing till all men doubt it;
And write about it, goddess, and about it:
So spins the silk-worm small its slender store,
And labors till it clouds itself all o'er.

[264] *And labors till it clouds itself.* This whole attack was levelled at Bentley; a man, like Pope himself, holding a high intellectual rank; but, like Pope, incurring perpetual hostility by his perpetual contempt for the feelings of his inferiors. Bentley's career is worthy of record, if for no other purpose than as a warning against his habit of scorn. With great talents, with extensive fame, and with remarkable good-fortune in his pursuit of official honors, he contrived to turn all his advantages into personal vexation. Obtaining at an early age the important and opulent office of master of Trinity-college, Cambridge, he made it a bed of thorns by precipitate quarrel with its society. Acknowleged as the first Grecian of his day, his arrogance provoked a universal determination to reject his authority; and his criticisms were either burlesqued or decried to the close of his life. With the highest distinctions of the church open to his talents, and eagerly solicited by his ambition, his personal bitterness constantly raised some new obstacle, which thwarted him on the very verge of possession. Painful as this life must have been to any man; to Bentley's irritable, haughty, and ungovernable spirit, it must have been one of restless torture. If there could be an additional suffering, it must have existed in the consciousness, that it was altogether the work of his own hands. He breathed only in an atmosphere of personal and public quarrel. His first step, on all occasions, was that which common sense and human feeling would adopt the last,—he plunged into law: his life may be pronounced one long litigation; and he was equally memorable and disgraced, by the vindictive folly of carrying on six actions in Westminster at a time. The natural result was felt in the obstruction of all his legitimate objects, in the waste of his literary existence, and in the pangs of literary retaliation. The last forty years of his life, with the exception of the able answer to Collins, produced nothing that added to his fame; and for nearly ten of those years he was penally suspended from the mastership of his college.

Yet such was the power of his mind, or the accuracy of his original erudition, that he remained, to the last, at the head of

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'What though we let some better sort of fool
Thrid every science, run through every school?
Never by tumbler through the hoops was shown
Such skill in passing all, and touching none.
He may indeed, if sober all this time,
Plague with dispute, or persecute with rhyme:
We only furnish what he cannot use,
Or wed to what he must divorce, a Muse;

British scholarship, and acknowleged through Europe as the most profound living master of ancient criticism. Still litigious, daring, and haughty, he asserted his supremacy over all the learned names of his day; and, at eighty, died, admired, feared, and hated, by the whole commonwealth of literature.

Pope's, or rather Warburton's notes, in contempt of Suidas, &c. are justly characterised by Wakefield, as 'strange and ignorant decisions.' Warton says, as justly, of Pope's text, that 'it only shows, what Jortin had observed before, that he knew but very little of the works of Suidas,' &c. It is almost certain that Pope knew *nothing* of them; for their contents are of the nature which would have most peculiarly attracted Pope; a mass of curious extracts and anecdotes of lost writers, collected at a time when ancient learning was sinking out of the sight of mankind; or, as Wakefield, with more than his usual happiness, remarks, 'A work of much the same value as Johnson's Dictionary, in a general wreck of English authorship.' Kuster, whom Pope ridicules, was one of the most accomplished and useful scholars of his day. Bishop Monk, in his learned and intelligent 'Life of Bentley,' justly sums up his character:—'It appears to me that his passions were not always under the control, nor his actions under the guidance, of christian principles; that, in consequence, pride and ambition, the faults to which his nature were most exposed, were suffered to riot without restraint; and that hence proceeded the display of arrogance, selfishness, obstinacy, and oppression, by which it must be confessed that his career was disfigured. That nature however had not denied to him certain amiable qualities,' &c. He died in 1742.

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Full in the midst of Euclid dip at once,
And petrify a genius to a dunce;
Or, set on metaphysic ground to prance,
Show all his paces, not a step advance.
With the same cement ever sure to bind,
We bring to one dead level every mind.
Then take him to develop, if you can;
And hew the block off, and get out the man.
But wherefore waste I words? I see advance
Whore, pupil, and laced governor from France.
Walker! our hat:' nor more he deign'd to say;
But, stern as Ajax' spectre, strode away.
In flow'd at once a gay, embroider'd race,
And tittering push'd the pedants off the place:
Some would have spoken, but the voice was drown'd
By the French horn, or by the opening hound.
The first came forwards with an easy mien,
As if he saw St. James's and the queen:

264 *Petrify a genius.* Those who have no genius, employed in works of imagination; those who have, in abstract sciences. —P. W.

270 *And hew the block off.* A notion of Aristotle, that there was originally in every block of marble a statue, which would appear on the removal of the superfluous parts.—P. W.

272 *Pupil.* The late duke of Kingston, and his celebrated mistress, madame de la Touche.

273 *Walker! our hat.* A well-known expression of Bentley to one of the fellows of his college, whose constant attendance on him was charged to sycophancy.

274 *Stern as Ajax' spectre, strode away.* See Homer, Odyss. xi. where the ghost of Ajax turns sullenly from Ulysses the traveller, who had succeeded against him in the dispute for the arms of Achilles.

276 *And tittering push'd, &c.*

Rideat et pulset lasciva decentius ætas.—Horace.

P. W.

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When thus the attendant orator begun:—
'Receive, great empress! thy accomplish'd son:
Thine from the birth, and sacred from the rod;
A dauntless infant, never scared with God.
The sire saw, one by one, his virtues wake:
The mother begg'd the blessing of a rake.
Thou gavest that ripeness, which so soon began,
And ceased so soon; he ne'er was boy nor man.
Through school and college, thy kind cloud o'er-
cast,
Safe and unseen the young Æneas pass'd;
Thence bursting glorious, all at once let down,
Stunn'd with his giddy larum half the town.
Intrepid then o'er seas and lands he flew:
Europe he saw, and Europe saw him too:
There all thy gifts and graces we display,
Thou, only thou, directing all our way,
To where the Seine, obsequious as she runs,
Pours at great Bourbon's feet her silken sons;
Or Tiber, now no longer Roman, rolls,
Vain of Italian arts, Italian souls;
To happy convents, bosom'd deep in vines,
Where slumber abbots, purple as their wines;

284 *A dauntless infant.*
Sine Diis animosus infans.—Horace.

290 *Unseen the young Æneas pass'd: Thence bursting glorious.* See Virg. Ænéid. i.
At Venus obscuro gradientes aëre sepsit,
Et multo nebulæ circum Dea fudit amictu,
Cernere ne quis eos;—1. neu quis contingere possit;
2. Molirive moram; aut 3. veniendi poscere causas:
where he enumerates the causes why his mother took this care of him; to wit, 1. that nobody might touch or correct him; 2. might stop or detain him; 3. examine him about the progress he had made, or so much as guess why he came there.—P. W.

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To isles of fragrance, lily-silver'd vales,
Diffusing languor in the panting gales;
To lands of singing or of dancing slaves,
Love-whispering woods, and lute-resounding waves;
But chief her shrine where naked Venus keeps,
And Cupids ride the lion of the deeps;
Where eased of fleets, the Adriatic main
Wafts the smooth eunuch and enamor'd swain.
Led by my hand, he saunter'd Europe round,
And gather'd every vice on christian ground;
Saw every court, heard every king declare
His royal sense of operas or the fair;
The stews and palace equally explored,
Intrigued with glory, and with spirit whored;

[303] *Lily-silver'd vales.* Tuberoses.—P.†

[305] *To lands of——dancing slaves.* In the year 1413, when the city of Paris was in the utmost desolation, in the murders and proscriptions of the great, by the uncontrolled fury of a mad populace, who had destroyed one half of the court, and had kept the other half, with the king and dauphin, prisoners in the palace, devoted to destruction;—at this dreadful juncture, the insolence of one Jacqueville, the captain of the mob, has been the occasion of bringing down to us a circumstance very declarative of the singular temper of this gay nation. As that fellow, with his guards at his heels, was going his rounds to see that the work of ruin went on without interruption; when he came to the palace, he went abruptly up into the apartments, where he found the dauphin and the principal lords and ladies of the court dancing, as in the midst of peace and security: on which, with the air of a Cato, he reproached them for the levity of their behavior, at a time when the rest of the court were languishing in the dungeons of the common prisons.—W.†

[308] *And Cupids ride the lion of the deeps.* The winged lion, the arms of Venice. This republic, heretofore the most considerable in Europe for her naval force and the extent of her commerce, is now illustrious for her *carnivals*.—P. W.

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Tried all *hors-d'œuvres*, all *liqueurs* defined;
Judicious drank, and greatly-daring, dined;
Dropp'd the dull lumber of the Latin store;
Spoil'd his own language, and acquired no more;
All classic learning lost on classic ground;
And last turn'd air, the echo of a sound!
See now, half-cured, and perfectly well-bred,
With nothing but a solo in his head;
As much estate, and principle, and wit,
As Jansen, Fleetwood, Cibber shall think fit;
Stolen from a duel, follow'd by a nun;
And, if a borough choose him not, undone;
See, to my country happy I restore
This glorious youth, and add one Venus more.
Her too receive, for her my soul adores!
So may the sons of sons of sons of whores
Prop thine, O empress! like each neighbor throne,
And make a long posterity thy own.'
Pleased, she accepts the hero and the dame;
Wraps in her veil, and frees from sense of shame.
Then look'd, and saw a lazy, lolling sort,
Unseen at church, at senate, or at court,

[318] *Greatly-daring, dined.* It being indeed no small risk to eat through those extraordinary compositions, whose disguised ingredients are generally unknown to the guests, and highly inflammatory and unwholesome.—P. W.

[326] *Jansen, Fleetwood, Cibber.* Three very eminent persons, all managers of plays; who, though not governors by profession, had, each in his way, concerned themselves in the education of youth; and regulated their wits, their morals, or their finances, at that period of their age, which is the most important; their entrance into the polite world.—P. W.

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Of ever-listless loiterers, that attend
No cause, no trust, no duty, and no friend.
Thee too, my Paridel! she mark'd thee there,
Stretch'd on the rack of a too easy chair;
And heard thy everlasting yawn confess
The pains and penalties of idleness.
She pitied; but her pity only shed
Benigner influence on thy nodding head.
But Annius, crafty seer, with ebon wand,
And well-dissembled emerald on his hand,
False as his gems, and canker'd as his coins,
Came, cramm'd with capon, from where Pollio dines.
Soft, as the wily fox is seen to creep,
Where bask on sunny banks the simple sheep,
Walk round and round, now prying here, now there;
So he; but, pious, whisper'd first his prayer:—
'Grant, gracious goddess, grant me still to cheat!
O, may thy cloud still cover the deceit!
Thy choicer mists on this assembly shed,
But pour them thickest on the noble head.
So shall each youth, assisted by our eyes,
See other Cæsars, other Homers rise;
Through twilight ages hunt the Athenian fowl,
Which Chalcis, gods, and mortals call an owl;

347 *Annius.* The name taken from Annius, the monk of Viterbo, famous for many impositions and forgeries of ancient manuscripts and inscriptions, which he was prompted to by mere vanity; but our Annius had a more substantial motive.

Annius, sir Andrew Fountaine.—P. W.

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Now see an Attys, now a Cecrops clear;
Nay, Mahomet! the pigeon at thine ear;
Be rich in ancient brass, though not in gold;
And keep his Lares, though his house be sold;
To heedless Phœbe his fair bride postpone;
Honor a Syrian prince above his own;
Lord of an Otho, if I vouch it true;
Bless'd in one Niger, till he knows of two.'
Mummius o'erheard him;—Mummius, fool renown'd,
Who like his Cheops stinks above the ground;

361 *Hunt the Athenian fowl.* The owl stamped on the reverse of the ancient money of Athens.—P. W.

363 *Attys—Cecrops.* The first kings of Athens, of whom it is hard to suppose any coins are extant; but not so improbable as what follows, that there should be any of Mahomet, who forbad all images; and the story of whose pigeon was a monkish fable. Nevertheless, one of these Anniuses made a counterfeit medal of that impostor, now in the possession of a learned nobleman.—P. W.

371 *Mummius.* This name is not merely an allusion to the mummies he was so fond of, but probably referred to the Roman general of that name, who burned Corinth, and committed the curious statues to the captain of a ship, assuring him, 'that if any were lost or broken, he should procure others to be made in their stead:' by which it should seem, whatever may be pretended, that Mummius was no virtuoso.—P. W.

372 *Cheops.* A king of Egypt, whose body was certainly to be known, as being buried alone in his pyramid, and is therefore more genuine than any of the Cleopatras. This royal mummy, being stolen by a wild Arab, was purchased by the consul of Alexandria, and transmitted to the museum of Mummius; for proof of which he brings a passage in Sandys's Travels, where that accurate and learned voyager assures us that he saw the sepulchre empty, 'which agrees exactly,' saith he, 'with the time of the theft above-mentioned.' But he omits to observe, that Herodotus tells us it was empty in his time.—P. W.

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Fierce as a startled adder, swell'd, and said,
Rattling an ancient sistrum at his head :—
'Speak'st thou of Syrian princes? Traitor base!
Mine, goddess! mine is all the horned race.
True, he had wit, to make their value rise;
From foolish Greeks to steal them, was as wise;
More glorious yet, from barbarous hands to keep,
When Sallee rovers chased him on the deep:
Then, taught by Hermes, and divinely bold,
Down his own throat he risk'd the Grecian gold;
Received each demigod, with pious care,
Deep in his entrails: I revered them there:
I bought them, shrouded in that living shrine;
And, at their second birth, they issue mine.'

[375] *Speak'st thou of Syrian princes? &c.* The strange story following, which may be taken for a fiction of the poet, is justified by a true relation in Spon's Voyages. Vaillant, who wrote the 'History of the Syrian Kings,' as it is to be found on medals coming from the Levant, where he had been collecting various coins, and being pursued by a corsair of Sallee, swallowed down twenty gold medals: a sudden bourrasque freed him from the rover, and he got safe to land with the medals in his belly. On his road to Avignon, he met two physicians, of whom he demanded assistance: one advised purgations, the other vomits: in this uncertainty he took neither, but pursued his way to Lyons, where he found his ancient friend, the famous physician and antiquary, Dufour, to whom he related his adventure. Dufour, without staying to inquire about the uneasy symptoms of the burden he carried, first asked him, whether the medals were of the higher empire? He assured him they were. Dufour was ravished with the hope of possessing so rare a treasure: he bargained with him on the spot for the most curious of them; and was to recover them at his own expense.—P. W.

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'Witness, great Ammon! by whose horns I swore,'
Replied soft Annius, 'this our paunch before
Still bears them, faithful; and that thus I eat,
Is to refund the medals with the meat.
To prove me, goddess! clear of all design,
Bid me with Pollio sup as well as dine:
There all the learn'd shall at the labor stand,
And Douglas lend his soft, obstetric hand.'
The goddess smiling seem'd to give consent;
So back to Pollio, hand in hand, they went:
Then, thick as locusts, blackening all the ground,
A tribe, with weeds and shells fantastic crown'd,
Each with some wondrous gift approach'd the power,
A nest, a toad, a fungus, or a flower:
But far the foremost, two, with earnest zeal,
And aspect ardent, to the throne appeal.
The first thus open'd:—'Hear thy suppliant's call,
Great queen, and common mother of us all!
Fair from its humble bed I rear'd this flower;
Suckled and cheer'd, with air, and sun, and shower:
Soft on the paper ruff its leaves I spread,
Bright with the gilded button tipp'd its head:

397 *Witness, great Ammon!* Jupiter Ammon is called to witness, as the father of Alexander, to whom those kings succeeded in the division of the Macedonian empire, and whose horns they wore on their medals.—P. W.

394 *Douglas.* A physician of great learning and no less taste, above all, curious in what related to Horace; of whom he collected every edition, translation, and comment, to the number of several hundred volumes.—P. W.

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Then throned in glass, and named it Caroline:
Each maid cried, 'Charming!' and each youth,
'Divine!'
Did Nature's pencil ever blend such rays,
Such varied light, in one promiscuous blaze?
Now prostrate, dead, behold that Caroline:
No maid cries, 'Charming!' and no youth,
'Divine!'
And, lo! the wretch, whose vile, whose insect lust
Laid this gay daughter of the spring in dust:
O, punish him, or to the Elysian shades
Dismiss my soul, where no carnation fades.'
He ceased, and wept. With innocence of mien,
The accused stood forth, and thus address'd the queen:—
'Of all the enamell'd race, whose silvery wing
Waves to the tepid zephyrs of the spring,
Or swims along the fluid atmosphere,
Once brightest shone this child of heat and air.
I saw, and started from its vernal bower,
The rising game, and chased from flower to flower.
It fled, I follow'd; now in hope, now pain;
It stopp'd, I stopp'd; it moved, I moved again.
At last, it fix'd, 'twas on what plant it pleased;
And where it fix'd, the beauteous bird I seized:

409 *And named it Caroline.* It is a compliment which the florists usually pay to princes and great personages, to give their names to the most curious flowers of their raising: some have been very jealous of vindicating this honor; but none more than that ambitious gardener at Hammersmith, who caused his favorite to be painted on his sign, with this inscription:—'This is my queen Caroline.'—P. W.

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Rose or carnation was below my care:
I meddle, goddess, only in my sphere.
I tell the naked fact without disguise;
And, to excuse it, need but show the prize;
Whose spoils this paper offers to your eye,
Fair ev'n in death! this peerless butterfly.'
'My sons!' she answer'd, 'both have done your parts:
Live happy both, and long promote our arts.
But hear a mother, when she recommends
To your fraternal care our sleeping friends.
The common soul, of Heaven's more frugal make,
Serves but to keep fools pert, and knaves awake:
A drowsy watchman, that just gives a knock,
And breaks our rest, to tell us what 's o'clock.
Yet by some object every brain is stirr'd:
The dull may waken to a humming-bird;
The most recluse, discreetly open'd, find
Congenial matter in the cockle-kind;
The mind, in metaphysics at a loss,
May wander in a wilderness of moss;
The head that turns at superlunar things,
Poised with a tail, may steer on Wilkins' wings.

[450] *A wilderness of moss.* Of which the naturalists count I cannot tell how many hundred species.—P. W.

[452] *Wilkins' wings.* One of the first projectors of the Royal Society; who, among many enlarged and useful notions, entertained the extravagant hope of a possibility to fly to the moon; which has put some volatile geniuses on making wings for that purpose.—P. W.

Wilkins deserved more honorable mention; for he was a man of genius, science, and learning. Even his rise in the world might form a curious contemplation for the biographer; for it could have been no ordinary skill, by which the son of an obscure Oxford tradesman contrived to gain the successive con-

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'O! would the sons of men once think their eyes
And reason given them but to study flies!

fidence of Cromwell, his son, and Buckingham; obtained preferments from them all; escaped the persecution of the puritans without compromising his principles; upheld the privileges of his university without alienating the Protector; and, finally, though the brother-in-law of Cromwell, reached the episcopal bench under Charles II.

Wilkins's idea of the possibility of reaching the moon has long laid him open to ridicule; but this was the ridicule of other times, and will be less forcibly felt in the present age of mechanical dexterity. A flight to the moon, extravagant as the conception sounds, probably presents but three obstacles;—the distance; the intense cold of the higher regions of the atmosphere; and, finally, the loss of atmosphere altogether. It will be allowed, that in our present state of scientific skill, any one of the three must baffle our means; yet none of them may be eventually insurmountable.

Machinery can already produce motion much more rapid than the ordinary motion of a bird's wing, and swifter than its speed. A machine rendered so light as to be nearly buoyant with half the speed of an engine on a rail-road, would *fly*. The cold might be counteracted. The grand obstacle would seem to be the extreme tenuity, or total failure of the atmosphere; yet who shall tell what new powers of propulsion may be among the secrets of nature? What faculty of this order may yet exist even in steam? or what application of the force, which now ejects immense rocks to an invisible height from the open crater of a volcano;—a force probably generated by the combustion of metals? Who could have thought of the possibility of throwing a loaded shell two miles through the air, or impinging a thirty-six pound ball against a rampart at three miles' distance, before the invention of gunpowder? Who, a hundred years since, would not have been laughed at as a dreamer, for the mere conjecture that a speed could be obtained, by a huge machine, at the rate of sixty miles an hour? and that a thousand tons should be carried by it, with almost as much facility as an ounce? while, on the other hand, a cup of water might be endowed with a weight almost beyond limit? that by a simple mechanism a correspondence could

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See nature in some partial, narrow shape,
And let the Author of the whole escape:
Learn but to trifle; or, who most observe,
To wonder at their Maker, not to serve.'
'Be that my task,' replies a gloomy clerk,
Sworn foe to mystery, yet divinely dark;
Whose pious hope aspires to see the day
When moral evidence shall quite decay;

be sustained across a continent, with nearly the exactness of writing, the facility of speech, and the speed of light? that a stream of invisible fluid, passing under ground for miles, should fill a great city with the most steady, pure, and powerful illumination? that a simple use of vapor should give man the mastery of the two most proverbially ungovernable of all things, the waves and winds? or, perhaps more extraordinary than all, that machinery should usurp the province of intellect, and brass wheels and wire calculate logarithms and solve cubic equations?

The limit at which the tendency to the earth ceases, is calculable. With those noble evidences of the power which it is the divine will to put within the reach of human genius, it is almost a scientific treason to fix any bound to the empire of human discovery. All hopes of ascertaining the lunar nature and products sound ridiculous to us, from old associations; yet what problem could be so brilliant, or what influx of knowlege so redundant, various, and animating, as the actual intercourse with any one of those lovely lights, that perpetually tantalize the thirst for knowlege, the most illustrious desire of the human mind? Or can it be altogether unwarranted, to conceive that an orb, so directly placed before our investigation, and so closely connected with our world, was not placed there to withhold its mysteries and beauties for ever from our eyes?

462 *When moral evidence shall quite decay.* Alluding to a ridiculous and absurd way of some mathematicians, in calculating the gradual decay of moral evidence by mathematical proportions: according to which calculation, in about fifty years it will be no longer probable that Julius Cæsar was in Gaul, or died in the senate-house. See Craig's Theologiæ Christianæ Principia Mathematica.—P. W.

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And damns implicit faith and holy lies;
Prompt to impose, and fond to dogmatise:
'Let others creep by timid steps, and slow;
On plain experience lay foundations low;
By common sense to common knowlege bred;
And last, to Nature's Cause through Nature led.
All-seeing in thy mists, we want no guide,
Mother of arrogance, and source of pride!
We nobly take the high priori road,
And reason downward, till we doubt of God:
Make nature still encroach upon his plan;
And shove him off as far as e'er we can;
Thrust some mechanic cause into his place;
Or bind in matter, or diffuse in space;
Or, at one bound, o'erleaping all his laws,
Make God man's image, man the final cause;
Find virtue local, all relation scorn;
See all in self, and but for self be born;
Of naught so certain as our reason still,
Of naught so doubtful as of soul and will.
O, hide the God still more! and make us see,
Such as Lucretius drew, a God like thee;

[471] *The high priori road.* A sneer at Clarke's 'Demonstration of the Being and Attributes of God,' which had moved the ire of Bolingbroke.

[475] *Thrust some mechanic cause into his place,*
Or bind in matter, or diffuse in space.
The first of these follies is that of Des Cartes; the second of Hobbes; the third of some succeeding philosophers.—P. W.

[475] *Thrust some mechanic cause.* Dugald Stewart thinks, 'that Pope here suffered himself to be so far misled by the malignity of Warburton, as to aim a secret stab at Newton and Clarke.'—Encycl. Britt. Diss. p. 2.

[484] *Such as Lucretius drew.* lib. i. ver. 57.
Omnis enim per se Divum natura necesse est
Immortali ævo summa cum pace fruatur,

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Wrapp'd up in self, a God without a thought,
Regardless of our merit or default:
Or that bright image to our fancy draw,
Which Theocles in raptured vision saw;
While through poetic scenes the Genius roves,
Or wanders wild in Academic groves;
That Nature our society adores,
Where Tindal dictates, and Silenus snores.'

Semota ab nostris rebus, sejunctaque longe——
Nec bene promeritis capitur, nec tangitur ira. P. W.

488 *Which Theocles in raptured vision saw.* Thus this philosopher calls upon his friend, to partake with him in these visions:—

'To-morrow, when the eastern sun
With his first beams adorns the front
Of yonder hill top, if you are content
To wander with me in those shadowy woods,
We will pursue those loves of ours,
By favor of the sylvan nymphs:

and, invoking first the genius of the place, we will try to obtain at least some faint and distant view of the sovereign genius and first beauty.'—Charact. vol. ii. p. 245.

This genius is thus apostrophised, p. 345, by the same philosopher:—

—— O glorious Nature!
Supremely fair and sovereignly good!
All-loving and all-lovely! all-divine!
Wise substitute of Providence! impower'd
Creatress! or impowering Deity!
Supreme Creator!
Thee I invoke, and thee alone adore.

Sir Isaac Newton distinguishes between these two in a very different manner, Princ. Schol. Gen. sub fin.—'Hunc cognoscimus solummodo per proprietates suas et attributa, et per sapientissimas et optimas rerum structuras, et causas finales; veneramur autem et colimus ob dominium: Deus etenim sine dominio, providentia, et causis finalibus, nihil aliud est quam Fatum et Natura.'—P. W.

491 *That Nature our society adores.* See the 'Pantheisticon,'

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Roused at his name, up rose the bousy sire,
And shook from out his pipe the seeds of fire;
Then snapp'd his box, and stroked his belly down:
Rosy and reverend, though without a gown.
Bland and familiar to the throne he came,
Led up the youth, and call'd the goddess 'dame.'
Then thus:—'From priestcraft happily set free,
Lo! every finish'd son returns to thee:
First slave to words, then vassal to a name,
Then dupe to party; child and man the same;
Bounded by nature, narrow'd still by art;
A trifling head, and a contracted heart.
Thus bred, thus taught, how many have I seen,
Smiling on all, and smiled on by a queen;
Mark'd out for honors, honor'd from their birth,
To thee the most rebellious things on earth!

with its liturgy and rubrics, composed by Toland; which very lately, for the edification of the society, has been translated into English, and publicly sold by the booksellers of London and Westminster.—W.†

492 *Silenus.* Mr. Thomas Gordon. Silenus was an Epicurean philosopher, as appears from Virgil, Eclogue vi. where he sings the principles of that philosophy in his drink.—P. W.

501 *First slave to words, &c.* A recapitulation of the whole course of modern education described in this book, which confines youth to the study of words only in schools; subjects them to the authority of systems in the universities; and deludes them with the names of party distinctions in the world; all equally concurring to narrow the understanding, and establish slavery and error in literature, philosophy, and politics: the whole finished in modern free-thinking; the completion of whatever is vain, wrong, and destructive to the happiness of mankind, as it establishes self-love for the sole principle of action.—P. W.

506 *Smiled on by a queen.* i. e. this queen or goddess of Dulness.—W.†

506 *A queen.* Queen Caroline.

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Now to thy gentle shadow all are shrunk,
All melted down, in pension, or in punk!
So K * so B * * sneak'd into the grave,
A monarch's half, and half a harlot's slave.
Poor W * *, nipp'd in folly's broadest bloom,
Who praises now? his chaplain on his tomb!
Then take them all, O! take them to thy breast!
Thy magus, goddess! shall perform the rest.'

With that, a wizard old his cup extends;
Which whoso tastes, forgets his former friends,
Sire, ancestors, himself. One casts his eyes
Up to a *star*, and like Endymion dies:
A *feather*, shooting from another's head,
Extracts his brain, and principle is fled;
Lost is his God, his country, every thing;
And nothing left but homage to a king!
The vulgar herd turn off to roll with hogs,
To run with horses, or to hunt with dogs;
But, sad example! never to escape
Their infamy, still keep the human shape.

But she, good goddess, sent to every child
Firm impudence, or stupefaction mild:
And straight succeeded, leaving shame no room,
Cibberian forehead, or Cimmerian gloom.

513 *Poor W* *.* Philip, duke of Wharton, who died an exile and an outlaw in 1731.

523 *Lost is his God, his country—And nothing left but homage to a king!* So strange as this must seem to a mere English reader, the famous M. de la Bruyère declares it to be the character of every good subject in a monarchy. 'Where,' says he, 'there is no such thing as love of our country, the interest, the glory, and the service of the prince supply its place.'—De la République, chap. x.—P.†

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Kind Self-Conceit to some her glass applies,
Which no one looks in with another's eyes;
But, as the flatterer or dependent paint,
Beholds himself a patriot, chief, or saint.
On others Interest her gay livery flings;—
Interest, that waves on party-color'd wings:
Turn'd to the sun, she casts a thousand dies;
And, as she turns, the colors fall or rise.
Others, the siren sisters warble round,
And empty heads console with empty sound:
No more, alas! the voice of Fame they hear,
The balm of Dulness trickling in their ear.
Great C**, H**, P**, R**, K*,
Why all your toils? your sons have learn'd to sing.
How quick ambition hastes to ridicule!
The sire is made a peer, the son a fool.
On some, a priest, succinct in amice white,
Attends; all flesh is nothing in his sight!
Beeves, at his touch, at once to jelly turn,
And the huge boar is shrunk into an urn:
The board with specious miracles he loads,
Turns hares to larks, and pigeons into toads.
Another, (for in all what one can shine?)
Explains the *séve* and *verdeur* of the vine.

544 *The balm of Dulness.* Called by the Greek physicians Κολακεία, (Flattery) a sovereign remedy against inanity. Its ancient dispensers were the poets, but now the trade is general; and it has got into as many hands as Goddard's drops, or Daffy's elixir.—W.

556 *Séve and verdeur.* French terms relating to wines, which signify their flavor and poignancy.

Et je gagerois que chez le commandeur
Villandri priseroit sa séve et sa verdeur.—Depreaux.

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What cannot copious sacrifice atone?
Thy treufles, Perigord! thy hams, Bayonne!
With French libation, and Italian strain,
Wash Bladen white, and expiate Hays's stain.
Knight lifts the head; for what are crowds undone,
To three essential partridges in one?
Gone every blush, and silent all reproach,
Contending princes mount them in their coach.
Next, bidding all draw near on bended knees,
The queen confers her titles and degrees.
Her children, first, of more distinguish'd sort,
Who study Shakspeare at the inns of court,
Impale a glow-worm, or *vertu* profess,
Shine in the dignity of F. R. S.
Some, deep freemasons, join the silent race,
Worthy to fill Pythagoras's place:
Some botanists, or florists at the least,
Or issue members of an annual feast:

St. Evremont has a very pathetic letter to a nobleman in disgrace, advising him to seek comfort in a good table; and particularly to be attentive to these qualities in his champagne.—P. W.

560 *Bladen—Hays.* Names of gamesters. Bladen is a black man. Robert Knight, cashier of the South-sea company, who fled from England in 1720, afterwards pardoned in 1742. These lived with the utmost magnificence at Paris, and kept open tables frequented by persons of the first quality of England, and even by princes of the blood of France.—P. W.

The former note of 'Bladen is a black man,' is very absurd: The manuscript text is here partly obliterated, and doubtless could only have been 'Wash blackmoors white;' alluding to a known proverb. Scriblerus.—P. W.

Colonel Martin Bladen possessed some literature, and translated Cæsar's Commentaries. He was uncle to Collins the poet, and left him an estate.

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Nor pass the meanest unregarded; one
Rose a Gregorian, one a Gormogon:
The last, not least in honor or applause,
Isis and Cam made doctors of her laws.
Then, blessing all, 'Go, children of my care!
To practice now from theory repair.
All my commands are easy, short, and full:
My sons! be proud, be selfish, and be dull:
Guard my prerogative, assert my throne:
This nod confirms each privilege your own.
The cap and switch be sacred to his grace;
With staff and pumps the marquis lead the race;
From stage to stage the licensed earl may run,
Pair'd with his fellow-charioteer, the sun;
The learned baron butterflies design,
Or draw to silk Arachne's subtile line;
The judge to dance his brother serjeant call;
The senator at cricket urge the ball;
The bishop stow (pontific luxury!)
A hundred souls of turkeys in a pie;
The sturdy squire to Gallic masters stoop,
And drown his lands and manors in a *soupe:*
Others import yet nobler arts from France;
Teach kings to fiddle, and make senates dance:

[576] *A Gregorian, one a Gormogon.* A sort of lay-brothers, two of the innumerable slips from the root of the free-masons.—P. W.

[590] *Arachne's subtile line.* This is one of the most ingenious employments assigned, and therefore recommended only to peers of learning. Of weaving gray-silk stockings of the webs of spiders, see the 'Philosophical Transactions.'—P. W.

[591] *The judge to dance his brother serjeant call.* Alluding perhaps to that ancient and solemn dance intitled, 'A Call of Serjeants.'—P. W.

[598] *Teach kings to fiddle.* An ancient amusement of sovereign

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Perhaps more high some daring son may soar,
Proud to my list to add one monarch more;
And nobly conscious, princes are but things
Born for first ministers, as slaves for kings,
Tyrant supreme! shall three estates command,
And make one mighty Dunciad of the land!'
More she had spoke, but yawn'd. All nature nods:
What mortal can resist the yawn of gods?
Churches and chapels instantly it reach'd;
St. James's first, for leaden Gilbert preach'd:
Then caught the schools: the hall scarce kept awake;
The convocation gaped, but could not speak:
Lost was the nation's sense, nor could be found,
While the long solemn unison went round:
Wide, and more wide, it spread o'er all the realm;
Ev'n Palinurus nodded at the helm:
The vapor mild o'er each committee crept;
Unfinish'd treaties in each office slept;
And chiefless armies dozed out the campaign;
And navies yawn'd for orders on the main.

princes, viz. Achilles, Alexander, Nero; though despised by Themistocles, who was a republican.—P. W.

606 *Make senates dance.* Either after their prince, or to Pontoise, or Siberia: an allusion to the frequent exile of the French parliaments.—P. W.

608 *For leaden Gilbert.* Dr. Gilbert, archbishop of York: he had never given Pope any personal offence; but he had attacked Dr. King of Oxford, whom Pope respected.—Warton.

615—618 These verses were written many years ago, and may be found in the State Poems of that time: so that Scribblerus is mistaken, or whoever else have imagined this poem of a fresher date.—P.

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O Muse! relate, (for you can tell alone;
Wits have short memories, and dunces none)
Relate, who first, who last resign'd to rest;
Whose heads she partly, whose completely bless'd;
What charms could faction, what ambition lull,
The venal quiet, and entrance the dull;
Till drown'd was sense, and shame, and right, and wrong:—
O, sing, and hush the nations with thy song!

* * * * * *

In vain, in vain! The all-composing hour
Resistless falls; the Muse obeys the power.
She comes! she comes! the sable throne behold
Of Night primeval, and of Chaos old!
Before her, Fancy's gilded clouds decay,
And all its varying rainbows die away:
Wit shoots in vain its momentary fires;
The meteor drops, and in a flash expires.
As one by one, at dread Medea's strain,
The sickening stars fade off the ethereal plain;
As Argus' eyes, by Hermes' wand oppress'd,
Closed one by one to everlasting rest;

630 *Wits have short memories.* This seemeth to be the reason why the poets, whenever they give us a catalogue, constantly call for help on the Muses, who, as the daughters of Memory, are obliged not to forget any thing. So Homer, Iliad ii.—

Πληθὺν δ' οὐκ ἂν ἐγὼ μυθήσομαι οὐδ' ὀνομήνω,
Εἰ μὴ 'Ολυμπιάδες Μοῦσαι, Διὸς αἰγιόχοιο
Θυγατέρες, μνησαίαθ'.

And Virgil, Æneid vii.—

Et meministis enim, Divæ, et memorare potestis:
Ad nos vix tenuis famæ perlabitur aura.

But our poet had yet another reason for putting this task on the Muse; that, all besides being asleep, she could only relate what passed. Scriblerus.—P. W.

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Thus, at her felt approach, and secret might,
Art after Art goes out, and all is Night.
See skulking Truth to her old cavern fled,
Mountains of casuistry heap'd o'er her head!
Philosophy, that lean'd on Heaven before,
Shrinks to her second cause, and is no more:
Physic of Metaphysic begs defence,
And Metaphysic calls for aid on Sense!
See Mystery to Mathematics fly!
In vain! they gaze, turn giddy, rave, and die:
Religion blushing veils her sacred fires,
And unawares Morality expires.
Nor public flame, nor private, dares to shine;
Nor human spark is left, nor glimpse divine!
Lo! thy dread empire, Chaos! is restored;
Light dies before thy uncreating word:
Thy hand, great anarch! lets the curtain fall;
And universal darkness buries all.

656 *And universal darkness buries all.* If the last line of a poem ought to be the most forcible, the tautology here is peculiarly unfortunate. Of the fourth book in general, Gray expressed himself, that it was masterly, adding, 'That the genii of the operas and schools, with their attendants, were as fine as any thing Pope had ever written; but that the metaphysician's part was, to him, the worst; and that there were a few ill-expressed lines, and even some hardly intelligible.'

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BY THE AUTHOR.

A DECLARATION.

WHEREAS certain Haberdashers of Points and Particles, being instigated by the spirit of Pride, and assuming to themselves the name of Critics and Restorers, have taken on them to adulterate the common and current sense of our Glorious Ancestors, Poets of this Realm, by clipping, coining, defacing the images, mixing their own base allay, or otherwise falsifying the same; which they publish, utter, and bend as genuine: The said Haberdashers having no right thereto, as neither heirs, executors, administrators, assigns, or in any sort related to such Poets, to all or any of them; Now We, having carefully revised this our Dunciad, beginning with the words The Mighty Mother, and ending with the words buries all,* containing the intire sum of One

* Read thus confidently, instead of 'beginning with the word *Books*, and ending with the word *flies*,' as formerly it stood. Read also, 'containing the intire sum of *one thousand seven hundred and fifty-four* verses,' instead of '*one thousand and twelve* lines;' such being the initial and final words, and such the true and intire contents, of this poem.

Thou art to know, reader, that the first edition thereof, like that of Milton, was never seen by the author, though living and not blind: the editor himself confessed as much in his preface; and no two poems were ever published in so arbitrary a manner. The editor of this had as boldly suppressed whole passages, yea, the intire last book, as the editor of 'Paradise Lost' added and augmented. Milton himself gave but *ten* books, his editor *twelve;* this author gave *four* books, his editor only *three*. But we have happily done justice to both; and presume we shall live in this our last labor, as long as in any of our others.

BENTL.—P.†

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thousand seven hundred and fifty-four verses, declare every word, figure, point, and comma of this impression to be authentic: And do therefore strictly enjoin and forbid any person or persons whatsoever, to erase, reverse, put between hooks, or by any other means, directly or indirectly, change or mangle any of them. And we do hereby earnestly exhort all our brethren to follow this our Example, which we heartily wish our great Predecessors had heretofore set, as a remedy and prevention of all such abuses. Provided always, that nothing in this Declaration shall be construed to limit the lawful and undoubted right of every subject of this Realm, to judge, censure, or condemn, in the whole or in part, any Poem or Poet whatsoever.

Given under our hand at London, this third Day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred thirty and two.

Declarat' cor' me,
JOHN BARBER, mayor.

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I.

PREFACE

prefixed to the first five imperfect Editions of the Dunciad, in three books, printed at Dublin and London, in octavo and duodecimo, 1727.

THE PUBLISHER TO THE READER.

It will be found a true observation, though somewhat surprising, that when any scandal is vented against a man of the highest distinction and character, either in the state or literature, the public in general afford it a most quiet reception; and the large part accept it as favorably as if it were some kindness done to themselves; whereas, if a known scoundrel or blockhead but chance to be touched on, a whole legion is up in arms, and it becomes the common cause of all scribblers, booksellers, and printers whatsoever.

Not to search too deeply into the reason hereof, I will only observe as a fact, that every week for these two months past, the town has been persecuted with pamphlets, advertisements, letters, and weekly essays, not only against the wit and writings, but against the character and person of Mr. Pope: and that of all those men who have received pleasure from his works, (which by modest computation may be about a hundred thousand in these kingdoms of England and Ireland; not to mention Jersey, Guernsey, the Orcades, those in the new world, and foreigners who have translated him into their languages) of all this number, not a man hath stood up to say one word in his defence.

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The only exception is the author of the following poem, who doubtless had either a better insight into the grounds of this clamor, or a better opinion of Mr. Pope's integrity, joined with a greater personal love for him, than any other of his numerous friends and admirers.

Farther, that he was in his peculiar intimacy, appears from the knowlege he manifests of the most private authors of all the anonymous pieces against him, and from his having in this poem attacked no man living, who had not before printed or published some scandal against this gentleman.

How I came possessed of it, is no concern to the reader; but it would have been a wrong to him had I detained the publication; since those names which are its chief ornaments die off daily so fast, as must render it too soon unintelligible. If it provoke the author to give us a more perfect edition, I have my end.

Who he is I cannot say, and, which is a great pity, there is certainly nothing in his style and manner of writing, which can distinguish or discover him: for, if it bears any resemblance to that of Mr. Pope, it is not improbable but it might be done on purpose, with a view to have it pass for his; but by the frequency of his allusions to Virgil, and a labored, not to say affected, shortness in imitation of him, I should think him more an admirer of the Roman poet than of the Grecian, and in that not of the same taste with his friend.

I have been well informed, that this work was the labor of full six years of his life, and that he wholly retired himself from all the avocations and pleasures of the world, to attend diligently to its correction and perfection; and six years more he intended to bestow on it, as it should seem by this verse of Statius, which was cited at the head of his manuscript;—

> O mihi bissenos multum vigilata per annos
> Duncia!

Hence also we learn the true title of the poem; which

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with the same certainty as we call that of Homer the Iliad, of Virgil the Æneid, of Camoëns the Lusiad, we may pronounce, could have been, and can be no other than

The DUNCIAD.

It is styled heroic, as being doubly so; not only with respect to its nature, which, according to the best rules of the ancients, and strictest ideas of the moderns, is critically such; but also with regard to the heroical disposition and high courage of the writer, who dared to stir up such a formidable, irritable, and implacable race of mortals.

There may arise some obscurity in chronology from the names in the poem, by the inevitable removal of some authors, and insertion of others in their niches; for whoever will consider the unity of the whole design will be sensible, that the poem was not made for these authors, but these authors for the poem. I should judge that they were clapped in as they rose, fresh and fresh, and changed from day to day; in like manner as when the old boughs wither, we thrust new ones into a chimney.

I would not have the reader too much troubled or anxious if he cannot decipher them; since when he shall have found them out, he will probably know no more of the persons than before.

Yet we judged it better to preserve them as they are, than to change them for fictitious names; by which the satire would only be multiplied, and applied to many instead of one. Had the hero, for instance, been called Codrus, how many would have affirmed him to have been Mr. T. Mr. E. sir R. B. &c.! but now all that unjust scandal is saved, by calling him by a name, which by good luck happens to be that of a real person.

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II.

A List of Books, Papers, and Verses, in which our author was abused, before the publication of the Dunciad; with the true names of the authors.

Reflections critical and satirical, on a late Rhapsody, called An Essay on Criticism. By Mr. Dennis; printed by B. Lintot, price 6*d*.

A new Rehearsal, or Bays the younger; containing an Examen of Mr. Rowe's Plays, and a word or two on Mr. Pope's Rape of the Lock. Anon. [By Charles Gildon.] Printed for J. Roberts, 1714, price 1*s*.

Homerides, or a Letter to Mr. Pope, occasioned by his intended translation of Homer. By Sir Iliad Doggrel [Tho. Burnet and G. Ducket, Esquires.] Printed for W. Wilkins, 1715, price 9*d*.

Æsop at the Bear-garden; a vision, in imitation of the Temple of Fame, by Mr. Preston. Sold by John Morphew, 1715, price 6*d*.

The Catholic Poet, or Protestant Barnaby's Sorrowful Lamentation; a ballad about Homer's Iliad. By Mrs. Centlivre, and others, 1715, price 1*d*.

An Epilogue to a Puppet-show at Bath, concerning the said Iliad. By George Ducket, Esq. Printed by E. Curll.

A complete Key to the What d'ye call it. Anon. [By Griffin, a player, supervised by Mr. Th——] Printed by J. Roberts, 1715.

A true Character of Mr. P. and his Writings, in a letter to a friend. Anon. [Dennis] Printed for S. Popping, 1716, price 3*d*.

The Confederates, a farce. By Joseph Gay. [J. D. Breval] Printed for R. Burleigh, 1717, price 1*s*.

Remarks upon Mr. Pope's translation of Homer; with two letters concerning the Windsor Forest, and the Temple of Fame. By Mr. Dennis, printed for E. Curll, 1717, price 1*s*. 6*d*.

Satires on the translators of Homer, Mr. P. and Mr. T. Anon. [Bez. Morris] 1717, price 6*d*.

The Triumvirate; or, a Letter from Palæmon to Celia at Bath. Anon. [Leonard Welsted] 1711, folio, price 1*s*.

The Battle of Poets; an heroic poem. By Tho. Cooke, printed for J. Roberts, folio, 1725.

Memoirs of Lilliput. Anon. [Eliz. Haywood] octavo, printed in 1727.

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An Essay on Criticism, in prose. By the Author of the Critical History of England. [J. Oldmixon] octavo, printed 1728.

Gulliveriana and Alexandriana; with an ample preface and critique on Swift and Pope's Miscellanies. By Jonathan Smedley, printed by J. Roberts, octavo, 1728.

Characters of the Times; or, an account of the writings, characters, &c. of several gentlemen libelled by S——— and P——, in a late Miscellany, octavo, 1728.

Remarks on Mr. Pope's Rape of the Lock, in letters to a friend. By Mr. Dennis; written in 1724, though not printed till 1728, octavo.

VERSES, LETTERS, ESSAYS, OR ADVERTISEMENTS, IN THE PUBLIC PRINTS.

British Journal, Nov. 25, 1727. A Letter on Swift and Pope's Miscellanies. [written by M. Concanen.]

Daily Journal, March 18, 1728. A Letter by Philomauri. James Moore Smith.

Id. March 29. A Letter about Thersites; accusing the author of disaffection to the government. By James Moore Smith.

Mist's Weekly Journal, March 30. An Essay on the Arts of a Poet's sinking in reputation; or a Supplement to the Art of Sinking in Poetry. [Supposed by Mr. Theobald.]

Daily Journal, April 3. A Letter under the name of Philoditto. By James Moore Smith.

Flying Post, April 4. A Letter against Gulliver and Mr. P. [By Mr. Oldmixon.]

Daily Journal, April 5. An Auction of Goods at Twickenham. By James Moore Smith.

The Flying Post, April 6. A Fragment of a Treatise upon Swift and Pope. By Mr. Oldmixon.

The Senator, April 9. On the same. By Edward Roome.

Daily Journal, April 8. Advertisement by James Moore Smith.

Flying Post, April 13. Verses against Dr. Swift, and against Mr. P——'s Homer. By J. Oldmixon.

Daily Journal, April 23. Letter about the translation of the character of Thersites in Homer. By Thomas Cooke, &c.

Mist's Weekly Journal, April 27. A Letter of Lewis Theobald.

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Daily Journal, May 11. A Letter against Mr. P. at large. Anon. [John Dennis.]

All these were afterwards reprinted in a pamphlet, intitled 'A Collection of all the Verses, Essays, Letters, and Advertisements occasioned by Mr. Pope and Swift's Miscellanies, prefaced by Concanen, anonymous, octavo, and printed for A. Moore, 1728, price 1s.' Others of an elder date, having lain as waste paper many years, were, on the publication of the Dunciad, brought out, and their authors betrayed by the mercenary booksellers, in hopes of some possibility of vending a few, by advertising them in this manner:—'The Confederates, a farce: by captain Breval, for which he was put into the Dunciad.'—'An Epilogue to Powel's Puppet-show: by colonel Ducket, for which he was put into the Dunciad.'—'Essays, &c., by sir Richard Blackmore. N. B. It was for a passage of this book that sir Richard was put into the Dunciad.' And so of others.

AFTER THE DUNCIAD, 1728.

An Essay on the Dunciad, octavo, printed for J Roberts. [In this book, p. 9, it was formally declared, 'That the complaint of the aforesaid libels and advertisements was forged and untrue; that all mouths had been silent, except in Mr. Pope's praise; and nothing against him published, but by Mr. Theobald.']

Sawney, in blank verse, occasioned by the Dunciad; with a critique on that poem. By J. Ralph, [a person never mentioned in it at first, but inserted after,] printed for J. Roberts, octavo.

A complete Key to the Dunciad. By E. Curll. 12mo. price 6d.

A second and third edition of the same, with additions, 12mo.

The Popiad. By E. Curll, extracted from J. Dennis, sir Richard Blackmore, &c. 12mo. price 6d.

The Curliad. By the same E. Curll.

The Female Dunciad: collected by the same Mr. Curll, 12mo. price 6d. With the metamorphosis of P. into a Stinging-Nettle. By Mr. Foxton, 12mo.

The Metamorphosis of Scriblerus into Snarlerus. By J. Smedley, printed for A. Moore, folio, price 6d.

The Dunciad dissected. By Curll and Mrs. Thomas, 12mo.

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An Essay on the Taste and Writings of the present times. Said to be written by a gentleman of C. C. C. Oxon, printed for J. Roberts, octavo.

The Arts of Logic and Rhetoric, partly taken from Bouhours, with new Reflections, &c. By John Oldmixon, octavo.

Remarks on the Dunciad. By Mr. Dennis, dedicated to Theobald; octavo.

A Supplement to the Profund. Anon. By Matthew Concanen, octavo.

Mist's Weekly Journal, June 8. A long Letter, signed W. A. Written by some or other of the club of Theobald, Dennis, Moore, Concanen, Cooke, who for some time held constant weekly meetings for these kind of performances.

Daily Journal, June 11. A Letter signed Philo-scriblerus, on the name of Pope. Letter to Mr. Theobald, in verse, signed B. M. [Bezaleel Morris] against Mr. P—. Many other little epigrams about this time in the same papers, by James Moore, and others.

Mist's Journal, June 22. A Letter by Lewis Theobald.

Flying Post, August 8. Letter on Pope and Swift.

Daily Journal, August 8. Letter charging the author of the Dunciad with treason.

Durgen: a plain satire on a pompous satirist. By Edward Ward, with a little of James Moore.

Apollo's Maggot in his Cups. By E. Ward.

Gulliveriana Secunda; being a Collection of many of the Libels in the Newspapers, like the former volume, under the same title, by Smedley. Advertised in the Craftsman, November 9, 1728, with this remarkable promise; that 'any thing which any body should send as Mr. Pope's or Dr. Swift's, should be inserted and published as theirs.'

Pope Alexander's supremacy and infallibility examined, &c. By George Ducket, and John Dennis, quarto.

Dean Jonathan's Paraphrase on the fourth chapter of Genesis. Written by E. Roome, folio, 1729.

Labeo. A paper of verses by Leonard Welsted, which after came into one Epistle, and was published by James Moore, quarto, 1730. Another part of it came out in Welsted's own name, under the just title of Dulness and Scandal, folio, 1731.

There have been since published,

Verses on the Imitator of Horace. By a Lady,[1] [or between

[1] Lady M. W. Montague.

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a Lady, a Lord, and a Court-Squire.] Printed for J. Roberts, folio.

An Epistle from a Nobleman to a Doctor of Divinity, from Hampton-court, [Lord H——y.] Printed for J. Roberts also, folio.

A Letter from Mr. Cibber to Mr. Pope. Printed for W. Lewis, in Covent-garden, octavo.

III.

ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE FIRST EDITION WITH NOTES, IN QUARTO, 1729.

It will be sufficient to say of this edition, that the reader has here a much more correct and complete copy of the Dunciad, than has hitherto appeared: I cannot answer but some mistakes may have slipped into it, but a vast number of others will be prevented by the names being now not only set at length, but justified by the authorities and reasons given. I make no doubt, the author's own motive to use real rather than feigned names, was his care to preserve the innocent from any false application; whereas in the former editions, which had no more than the initial letters, he was made, by keys printed here, to hurt the inoffensive; and, what was worse, to abuse his friends, by an impression at Dublin.

The commentary which attends this poem was sent me from several hands, and consequently must be unequally written; yet will have one advantage over most commentaries; that it is not made on conjectures, or at a remote distance of time: and the reader cannot but derive one pleasure from the very obscurity of the persons it treats of; that it partakes of the nature of a secret, which most people love to be let into, though the men or the things be ever so inconsiderable or trivial.

Of the persons it was judged proper to give some ac-

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count; for since it is only in this monument that they must expect to survive, (and here survive they will, as long as the English tongue shall remain such as it was in the reigns of queen Anne and king George) it seemed but humanity to bestow a word or two on each, just to tell what he was, what he wrote, when he lived, and when he died.

If a word or two more are added on the chief offenders, it is only as a paper pinned on the breast, to mark the enormities for which they suffered; lest the correction only should be remembered, and the crime forgotten.

In some articles it was thought sufficient, barely to transcribe from Jacob, Curll, and other writers of their own rank, who were much better acquainted with them than any of the authors of this comment can pretend to be: most of them had drawn each other's characters on certain occasions; but the few here inserted are all that could be saved from the general destruction of such works.

Of the part of Scriblerus I need say nothing: his manner is well enough known, and approved by all but those who are too much concerned to be judges.

The imitations of the ancients are added to gratify those who either never read, or may have forgotten them; together with some of the parodies and allusions to the most excellent of the moderns. If, from the frequency of the former, any man think the poem too much a cento, our poet will but appear to have done the same thing in jest which Boileau did in earnest; and on which Vida, Fracastorius, and many of the most eminent Latin poets professedly valued themselves.

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IV.

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Printed in the Journals, 1730.

Whereas, on occasion of certain pieces relating to the gentlemen of the Dunciad, some have been willing to suggest, as if they looked on them as an abuse; we can do no less than own, it is our opinion, that to call these gentlemen bad authors is no sort of abuse, but a great truth. We cannot alter this opinion without some reason; but we promise to do it in respect to every person who thinks it an injury to be represented as no wit or poet, provided he procures a certificate of his being really such, from any three of his companions in the Dunciad, or from Mr. Dennis singly, who is esteemed equal to any three of the number.

V.

ADVERTISEMENT

To the First Edition of the Fourth Book of the Dunciad, when printed separately in the year 1742.

We apprehend it can be deemed no injury to the author of the first three books of the Dunciad, that we publish this fourth: it was found merely by accident, in taking a survey of the library of a late eminent nobleman; but in so blotted a condition, and in so many detached pieces, as plainly showed it to be not only incorrect, but unfinished. That the author of the first three books had a design to extend and complete his poem in this manner, appears from the Dissertation prefixed to it, where it is said, that 'the design is more extensive, and that we may expect other episodes to complete it;' and from the declaration in the argument

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to the third book, that 'the accomplishment of the prophecies therein would be the theme hereafter of a greater Dunciad.' But whether or no he be the author of this, we declare ourselves ignorant: if he be, we are no more to be blamed for the publication of it, than Tucca and Varius for that of the last six books of the Æneid, though perhaps inferior to the former.

If any person be possessed of a more perfect copy of this work, or of any other fragments of it, and will communicate them to the publisher, we shall make the next edition more complete; in which we also promise to insert any criticisms that shall be published, if at all to the purpose, with the names of the authors; or any letter sent us, though not to the purpose, shall yet be printed under the title of 'Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum;' which, together with some others of the same kind formerly laid by for that end, may make no unpleasant addition to the future impressions of this poem.

VI.

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To the complete Edition of 1743.

I have long had a design of giving some sort of notes on the works of this poet. Before I had the happiness of his acquaintance, I had written a commentary on his 'Essay on Man,' and have since finished another on the 'Essay on Criticism.' There was one already on the 'Dunciad,' which had met with general approbation; but I still thought some additions were wanting, of a more serious kind, to the humorous notes of Scriblerus, and even to those written by Mr. Cleland, Dr. Arbuthnot, and others. I had lately the pleasure to pass some months with the author in the

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country, where I prevailed on him to do what I had long desired, and favor me with his explanation of several passages in his works. It happened that just at that juncture, was published a ridiculous book against him, full of personal reflections, which furnished him with a lucky opportunity of improving this poem, by giving it the only thing it wanted, a more considerable hero. He was always sensible of its defect in that particular, and owned he had let it pass with the hero it had, purely for want of a better; not entertaining the least expectation that such a one was reserved for this post, as has since obtained the laurel; but, since that had happened, he could no longer deny this justice either to him or the Dunciad.

And yet, I will venture to say, there was another motive which had still more weight with our author: this person was one, who from every folly, not to say vice, of which another would be ashamed, has constantly derived a vanity; and therefore was the man in the world who would least be hurt by it. W. W.

VII.

OF THE

POET LAUREAT.

November 19, 1729.

The time of the election of a poet laureat being now at hand, it may be proper to give some account of the rites and ceremonies anciently used at that solemnity, and only discontinued through the neglect and degeneracy of later times. These we have extracted from an historian of undoubted credit, a reverend bishop, the learned Paulus Jo-

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vius; and are the same that were practised under the pontificate of Leo X., the great restorer of learning.

As we now see an age and a court, that for the encouragement of poetry rivals, if not exceeds, that of this famous pope, we cannot but wish a restoration of all its honors to poesy; the rather, since there are so many parallel circumstances in the person who was then honored with the laurel, and in him, who, in all probability, is now to wear it.

I shall translate my author exactly as I find it in the eighty-second chapter of his 'Elogia Virorum Doctorum.' He begins with the character of the poet himself, who was the original and father of all laureats, and called Camillo: he was a plain countryman of Apulia, whether a shepherd or thresher is not material. 'This man,' says Jovius, 'excited by the fame of the great encouragement given to poets at court, and the high honor in which they were held, came to the city, bringing with him a strange kind of lyre in his hand, and at least some twenty thousand of verses. All the wits and critics of the court flocked about him, delighted to see a clown, with a ruddy, hale complexion, and in his own long hair, so top-full of poetry; and at the first sight of him all agreed he was born to be poet laureat. He had a most hearty welcome in an island of the river Tiber, (an agreeable place, not unlike our Richmond) where he was first made to eat and drink plentifully, and to repeat his verses to every body: then they adorned him with a new and elegant garland, composed of vine-leaves, laurel, and brassica, a sort of cabbage, so composed, says my author, emblematically, 'ut tam sales, quam lepide ejus temulentia, brassicæ remedio cohibenda, notaretur.' He was then saluted by common consent with the title of archi-poeta, or arch-poet, in the style of those days; in ours, poet laureat. This honor the poor man received with the most sensible demonstrations of joy, his eyes drunk with tears and gladness. Next, the public acclamation was expressed in a canticle, which is transmitted to us, as follows:—

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Salve, brassicea virens corona,
Et lauro, archipoeta, pampinoque!
Dignus principis auribus Leonis.

All hail, arch-poet, without peer!
Vine, bay, or cabbage fit to wear,
And worthy of the prince's ear.

From hence he was conducted in pomp to the capitol of Rome, mounted on an elephant, through the shouts of the populace, where the ceremony ended.'

The historian tells us farther,—'that at his introduction to Leo, he not only poured forth verses innumerable, like a torrent, but also sung them with open mouth: nor was he only once introduced, or on stated days, like our laureats; but made companion to his master, and entertained as one of the instruments of his most elegant pleasures. When the prince was at table, the poet had his place at the window: when the prince had half eaten his meat, he gave with his own hands the rest to the poet: when the poet drank, it was out of the prince's own flagon; insomuch,' says the historian, 'that through so great good eating and drinking, he contracted a most terrible gout.' Sorry I am to relate what follows, but that I cannot leave my reader's curiosity unsatisfied in the catastrophe of this extraordinary man. To use my author's words, which are remarkable, 'mortuo Leone, profligatisque poetis,' &c., 'when Leo died, and poets were no more,' (for I would not understand *profligatis* literally, as if poets then were profligate) this unhappy laureat was forthwith reduced to return to his country, where, oppressed with old age and want, he miserably perished in a common hospital.

We see from this sad conclusion, which may be of example to the poets of our time, that it were happier to meet with no encouragement at all, to remain at the plough, or other lawful occupation, than to be elevated above their condition, and taken out of the common means of life, without a surer support than the temporary, or, at best,

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mortal favors of the great. It was doubtless for this consideration, that when the royal bounty was lately extended to a rural genius, care was taken to settle it on him for life: and it hath been the practice of our princes, never to remove from the station of poet laureat any man who hath once been chosen, though never so much greater geniuses might arise in his time. A noble instance how much the charity of our monarchs hath exceeded their love of fame.

To come now to the intent of this paper: we have here the whole ancient ceremonial of the laureat. In the first place, the crown is to be mixed with vine-leaves, as the vine is the plant of Bacchus; and full as essential to the honor, as the butt of sack to the salary.

Secondly, the *brassica* must be made use of as a qualifier of the former. It seems the cabbage was anciently accounted a remedy for drunkenness; a power the French now ascribe to the onion, and style a soup made of it, *soupe d'ivrogne*. I would recommend a large mixture of the *brassica* if Mr. Dennis be chosen; but if Mr. Tibbald, it is not so necessary, unless the cabbage be supposed to signify the same thing with respect to poets as to tailors, viz. stealing. I should judge it not amiss to add another plant to this garland, to wit, ivy; not only as it anciently belonged to poets in general, but as it is emblematical of the three virtues of a court poet in particular; it is creeping, dirty, and dangling.

In the next place, a canticle must be composed and sung in laud and praise of the new poet: if Mr. Cibber be laureated, it is my opinion no man can write this but himself; and no man, I am sure, can sing it so affectingly: but what this canticle should be, either in his or the other candidate's case, I shall not pretend to determine.

Thirdly, there ought to be a public show, or entry of the poet; to settle the order or procession of which, Mr. Anstis and Mr. Dennis ought to have a conference. I apprehend here two difficulties: one, of procuring an elephant; the other, of teaching the poet to ride him: therefore I should

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imagine the next animal in size or dignity would do best; either a mule, or a large ass; particularly if that noble one could be had, whose portraiture makes so great an ornament of the Dunciad, and which, unless I am misinformed, is yet in the park of a nobleman near this city:—unless Mr. Cibber be the man; who may, with great propriety and beauty, ride on a dragon, if he goes by land; or if he choose the water, on one of his own swans from 'Cæsar in Egypt.'

We have spoken sufficiently of the ceremony; let us now speak of the qualifications and privileges of the laureat. First, we see he must be able to make verses extempore, and to pour forth innumerable if required: in this I doubt Mr. Tibbald: secondly, he ought to sing, and intrepidly, *patulo ore:* here I confess the excellency of Mr. Cibber: thirdly, he ought to carry a lyre about with him: if a large one be thought too cumbersome, a small one may be contrived to hang about the neck, like an order, and be very much a grace to the person: fourthly, he ought to have a good stomach; to eat and drink whatever his betters think fit; and therefore it is in this high office, as in many others, no puny constitution can discharge it: I do not think Cibber or Tibbald here so happy; but rather a stanch, vigorous, seasoned, and dry old gentleman, whom I have in my eye.

I could also wish at this juncture such a person as is truly jealous of the honor and dignity of poetry; no joker, or trifler, but a bard in good earnest; nay, not amiss if a critic, and the better if a little obstinate: for when we consider what great privileges have been lost from this office, (as we see from the fore-cited authentic record of Jovius) namely, those of feeding from the prince's table, drinking out of his own flagon, becoming even his domestic and companion;—it requires a man warm and resolute, to be able to claim and obtain the restoring of these high honors. I have cause to fear the most of the candidates would be liable, either through the influence of ministers, or for

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rewards or favors, to give up the glorious rights of the laureat: yet I am not without hopes, there is one, from whom a serious and steady assertion of these privileges may be expected; and if there be such a one, I must do him the justice to say, it is Mr. Dennis, the worthy president of our society.

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VIII.

A PARALLEL OF THE CHARACTERS

OF

MR. DRYDEN AND MR. POPE,

AS DRAWN BY CERTAIN OF THEIR CONTEMPORARIES.

MR. DRYDEN,

HIS POLITICS, RELIGION, MORALS.

Mr. Dryden is a mere renegado from monarchy, poetry, and good sense.[1] A true republican son of monarchical church.[2] A republican atheist.[3] Dryden was from the beginning an ἀλλοπρόσαλλος, and I doubt not will continue so to the last.[4]

In the poem called 'Absalom and Achitophel' are notoriously traduced, the king, the queen, the lords and gentlemen; not only their honorable persons exposed, but the whole nation and its representatives notoriously libelled. It is *scandalum magnatum*, yea, of majesty itself.[5]

He looks on God's gospel as a foolish fable, like the pope, to whom he is a pitiful purveyor.[6] His very christianity may be questioned.[7] He ought to expect more se-

[1] Milbourn on Dryden's Virgil, 8vo. 1698, p. 6.
[2] page 38. [3] page 192. [4] page 8.
[5] Whip and Key, 4to. printed for R. Janeway, 1682, preface.
[6] Ibid. [7] Milbourn, p. 9.

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VIII.

A PARALLEL OF THE CHARACTERS

OF

MR. POPE AND MR. DRYDEN,

AS DRAWN BY CERTAIN OF THEIR CONTEMPORARIES.

MR. POPE,

HIS POLITICS, RELIGION, MORALS.

'MR. POPE is an open and mortal enemy to his country, and the commonwealth of learning.[1] Some call him a popish whig, which is directly inconsistent.[2] Pope, as a papist, must be a tory and high-flyer.[3] He is both a whig and tory.[4]

He hath made it his custom to cackle to more than one party in their own sentiments.[5]

In his 'Miscellanies,' the persons abused are, the king, the queen, his late majesty, both houses of parliament, the privy-council, the bench of bishops, the established church, the present ministry, &c. To make sense of some passages, they must be construed into royal scandal.[6]

[1] Dennis, Remarks on the Rape of the Lock, preface, p. xii.
[2] Dunciad dissected. [3] Preface to Gulliveriana.
[4] Dennis, Character of Mr. P.
[5] Theobald, Letter in Mist's Journal, June 22, 1728.
[6] List at the end of a Collection of Verses, Letters, Ad-

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verity than other men, as he is most unmerciful in his reflections on others.[8] With as good a right as his holiness, he sets up for poetical infallibility.[9]

Mr. Dryden only a versifier.

His whole libel is all bad matter, beautified (which is all that can be said of it) with good metre.[10] Mr. Dryden's genius did not appear in any thing more than his versification; and whether he is to be ennobled for that only, is a question.[11]

Mr. Dryden's Virgil.

Tonson calls it 'Dryden's Virgil,' to show that this is not that Virgil so admired in the Augustan age; but a Virgil of another stamp, a silly, impertinent, nonsensical writer.[12] None but a Bavius, a Mævius, or a Bathyllus, carped at Virgil; and none but such unthinking vermin admire his translator.[13] It is true, soft and easy lines might become Ovid's 'Epistles,' or 'Art of Love:' but Virgil, who is all great and majestic, &c. requires strength of lines, weight of words, and closeness of expression; not an ambling Muse running on carpet-ground, and shod as lightly as a Newmarket racer.—He has numberless faults in his author's meaning, and in propriety of expression.[14]

[8] Milbourn, p. 175. [9] page 39. [10] Whip and Key, preface.
[11] Oldmixon, Essay on Criticism, p. 84.
[12] Milbourn, p. 2. [13] page 35. [14] page 22. and 192.

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He is a popish rhymester, bred up with a contempt of the sacred writings.[7] His religion allows him to destroy heretics, not only with his pen, but with fire and sword; and such were all those unhappy wits whom he sacrificed to his accursed popish principles.[8] It deserved vengeance to suggest, that Mr. Pope had less infallibility than his namesake at Rome.[9]

Mr. Pope only a versifier.

The smooth numbers of the Dunciad are all that recommend it, nor has it any other merit.[10] It must be owned that he hath got a notable knack of rhyming and writing smooth verse.[11]

Mr. Pope's Homer.

The Homer which Lintot prints, does not talk like Homer, but like Pope; and he who translated him, one would swear, had a hill in Tipperary for his Parnassus, and a puddle in some bog for his Hippocrene.[12] He has no admirers among those that can distinguish, discern, and judge.[13]

He hath a knack at smooth verse, but without either genius or good sense, or any tolerable knowlege of English. The qualities which distinguish Homer are the beauties of his diction, and the harmony of his versification: but this little author, who is so much in vogue, has neither sense in his thoughts, nor English in his expressions.[14]

vertisements, 8vo. Printed for A. Moore, 1728, and the Preface to it, p. 6.

[7] Dennis's Remarks on Homer, p. 27.

[8] Preface to Gulliveriana, p. 11.

[9] Dedication to the Collection of Verses, Letters, &c. p. 9.

[10] Mist's Journal of June 8, 1728.

[11] Character of Mr. P. and Dennis on Homer.

[12] Dennis's Remarks on Pope's Homer, p. 12.

[13] Ibid. p. 14.

[14] Character of Mr. P. p. 17. and Remarks on Homer, p. 91.

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Mr. Dryden understood no Greek or Latin.

Mr. Dryden was once, I have heard, at Westminster-school. Dr. Busby would have whipped him for so childish a paraphrase.[15] The meanest pedant in England would whip a lubber of twelve for construing so absurdly.[16] The translator is mad; every line betrays his stupidity.[17] The faults are innumerable, and convince me that Mr. Dryden did not, or would not understand his author.[18] This shows how fit Mr. Dryden may be to translate Homer! A mistake in a single letter might fall on the printer well enough, but εἴχωρ for ἰχῶρ must be the error of the author; nor had he art enough to correct it at the press.[19] Mr. Dryden writes for the court ladies——he writes for the ladies, and not for use.[20]

The translator puts in a little burlesque now and then into Virgil, for a ragout to his cheated subscribers.[1]

Mr. Dryden tricked his subscribers.

I wonder that any man, who could not but be conscious of his own unfitness for it, should go to amuse the learned world with such an undertaking! A man ought to value his reputation more than money; and not to hope that those who can read for themselves will be imposed on, merely by a partially and unseasonably celebrated name.[2] *Poetis quidlibet audendi* shall be Mr. Dryden's motto, though it should extend to picking of pockets.[3]

Names bestowed on Mr. Dryden.

An Ape.] A crafty ape dressed up in a gaudy gown——

[15] Milbourn, p. 72. [16] page 203. [17] page 78.
[18] page 206. [19] page 19. [20] page 144. 190.
[1] page 67. [2] page 192. [3] page 125.

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Mr. Pope understood no Greek.

He hath undertaken to translate Homer from the Greek, of which he knows not one word, into English, of which he understands as little.[15] I wonder how this gentleman would look, should it be discovered that he has not translated ten verses together in any book of Homer with justice to the poet, and yet he dares reproach his fellow writers with not understanding Greek.[16] He has stuck so little to his original as to have his knowlege in Greek called in question.[17] I should be glad to know which it is of all Homer's excellences which has so delighted the ladies, and the gentlemen who judge like ladies.[18]

But he has a notable talent at burlesque; his genius slides so naturally into it, that he had burlesqued Homer without designing it.[19]

Mr. Pope tricked his subscribers.

It is indeed somewhat bold, and almost prodigious, for a single man to undertake such a work; but it is too late to dissuade, by demonstrating the madness of the project. The subscribers' expectations have been raised in proportion to what their pockets have been drained of.[20] Pope has been concerned in jobs, and hired out his name to booksellers.[1]

Names bestowed on Mr. Pope.

An Ape.] Let us take the initial letter of his christian name, and the initial and final letters of his surname, viz.

[15] Dennis's Remarks on Homer, p. 12.
[16] Daily Journal, April 23, 1728.
[17] Supplement to the Profound, preface.
[18] Oldmixon, Essay on Criticism, p. 66.
[19] Dennis's Remarks, p. 28. [20] Homerides, p. 1, &c.
[1] British Journal, November 25, 1727.

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Whips put into an ape's paw to play pranks with—None but apish and papish brats will heed him.[4]

An Ass.] A camel will take on him no more burden than is sufficient for his strength, but there is another beast that crouches under all.[5]

A Frog.] Poet Squab endued with poet Maro's spirit! an ugly, croaking kind of vermin, which would swell to the bulk of an ox.[6]

A Coward.] A Clinias or a Damætas, or a man of Mr. Dryden's own courage.[7]

A Knave.] Mr. Dryden has heard of Paul, the knave of Jesus Christ: and, if I mistake not, I have read somewhere of John Dryden, servant to his majesty.[8]

A Fool.] Had he not been such a self-conceited fool.[9]—Some great poets are positive blockheads.[10]

A Thing.] So little a thing as Mr. Dryden.[11]

[4] Whip and Key, preface. [5] Milb. p. 105. [6] page 11.
[7] page 176. [8] page 57. [9] Whip and Key, preface.
[10] Milbourn, p. 34. [11] Ibid. p. 35.

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A P. E, and they give you the same idea of an ape as his face,[2] &c.

An Ass.] It is my duty to pull off the lion's skin from this little ass.[3]

A Frog.] A squab, short gentleman—a little creature, that, like the frog in the fable, swells, and is angry that it is not allowed to be as big as an ox.[4]

A Coward.] A lurking, way-laying coward.[5]

A Knave.] He is one whom God and nature have marked for want of common honesty.[6]

A Fool.] Great fools will be christened by the names of great poets, and Pope will be called Homer.[7]

A Thing.] A little abject thing.[8]

[2] Dennis, Daily Journal, May 11, 1728.
[3] Dennis's Remarks on Homer, preface.
[4] Dennis's Remarks on the Rape of the Lock, preface, p. 9.
[5] Character of Mr. P. p. 3.
[6] Ibid.
[7] Dennis's Remarks on Homer, p. 37.
[8] Ibid. p. 8.

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PASTORALS,

WITH

A DISCOURSE ON PASTORAL.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCIV.

Rura mihi et rigui placeant in vallibus amnes;
Flumina amem, sylvasque, inglorius! Virgil.

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THE PASTORALS.

No part of Pope's writings has been more disproportionately extolled, or more unjustly degraded, than the 'Pastorals.' His name long divided the critical world into two classes; one of which hailed all his performances with intrepid panegyric, while the other stamped them with equally unhesitating libel; both parties alike forgetting, in their judgment of the Pastorals, that those poems were the effort of mere boyhood, and thus incapable of being taken as the standard of either failure or fame.

All the marks of boyishness are on these productions; the images sought from remote authorities, the feelings impregnated by school recollections, and even the names humbly borrowed from Greek and Roman pastoral. Daphnis responds to Damon, in 'Windsor's blissful plains;' and Strephon invokes Phœbus to assist his song 'with Waller's strains, or Granville's moving lays;' and promises a 'milk-white bull' for sacrifice in return. If with one shepherd 'Pactolus and the Po' yield to 'bright Thames,' the other is not less learned in his admiration; and 'Cynthus and Hybla yield to Windsor's shade.' Yet, with all this learning, Strephon proposes the 'royal oak' as his trial of wit, and Daphnis retorts by the triumph of the thistle over the lily in the wars of Anne and Louis.

But those were the blemishes of a taste yet immature, and bewildered by models, whose true excellence had hitherto escaped his sagacity. Sylvan images, as they are among

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the first which strike the eye, are naturally among the first which fix themselves on the mind. The verdure of the fields, the quick lustres of sunrise, the diffusive magnificence of sunset, the solemn masses of the forest, the gatherings and groupings of the clouds, the rising or the subsiding gale, the starlight, the pleasing awe of the summer's night, with its airs, and echoes, and countless features of calm, cool, and shadowy beauty, are the elements and ministers of feeling to the mind of the young poet: but our schools teach, that Theocritus and Virgil are the authorities with whose thoughts he must think, the keepers of the keys of nature, the high-priests of the shrine where the 'great goddess' is alone to be approached with legitimate homage. Pope, in later years, would have felt the true power of those fine writers; and imitating, or perhaps rivalling, the brilliant simplicity of the Greek, or the voluptuous richness of the Roman, given us manners as vivid as the romance of Theocritus, or pictured loves and landscapes delicious as the dreams and bowers of Virgil.

Johnson pronounces the Preface to the Pastorals 'both elegant and learned in a high degree.' Warton, more boldly, says that, 'written at so early an age, it is a more extraordinary production than the Pastorals which follow it.' With such praise, it may be fearlessly given intire to the reader.

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A

DISCOURSE ON PASTORAL POETRY.

THERE are not, I believe, a greater number of any sort of verses than of those which are called Pastorals; nor a smaller, than of those which are truly so: it is therefore necessary to give some account of this kind of poem; and it is my design to comprise in this short paper the substance of those numerous dissertations that critics have made on the subject, without omitting any of their rules in my own favor: you will also find some points reconciled, about which they seem to differ; and a few remarks, which, I think, have escaped their observation.

The original of poetry is ascribed to that age which succeeded the creation of the world; and as the keeping of flocks seems to have been the first employment of mankind, the most ancient sort of poetry was probably pastoral: it is natural to imagine, that the leisure of those ancient shepherds admitting and inviting some diversion, none was so proper to that solitary and sedentary life as singing; and that in their songs they took occasion to celebrate their own felicity: from hence a poem was invented, and afterwards improved to a perfect image of that happy time; which, by giving us an esteem for the virtues of a former age, might recommend them to the present: and since the life of shepherds was attended with more tranquillity than any other

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rural employment, the poets chose to introduce their persons, from whom it received the name of pastoral.

A pastoral is an imitation of the action of a shepherd, or one considered under that character. The form of this imitation is dramatic, or narrative, or mixed of both;[1] the fable simple, the manners not too polite nor too rustic: the thoughts are plain, yet admit a little quickness and passion, but that short and flowing: the expression humble, yet as pure as the language will afford; neat, but not florid; easy, and yet lively. In short, the fable, manners, thoughts, and expressions are full of the greatest simplicity in nature.

The complete character of this poem consists in simplicity,[2] brevity, and delicacy; the first two of which render an eclogue natural, and the last delightful.

If we would copy nature, it may be useful to take this idea along with us, that pastoral is an image of what they call the golden age: so that we are not to describe our shepherds as shepherds at this day really are, but as they may be conceived then to have been, when the best of men followed the employment. To carry this resemblance yet farther, it would not be amiss to give these shepherds some skill in astronomy, as far as it may be useful to that sort of life: and an air of piety to the gods should shine through the poem, which so visibly appears in all the works of antiquity: and it ought to preserve some relish of the old way of writing; the connexion should be loose, the narrations and descriptions short,[3] and the periods concise. Yet it is not sufficient that the sentences only be brief; the whole eclogue should be so too: for we cannot suppose poetry in those days to have been the business of men, but their recreation at vacant hours.

But with respect to the present age, nothing more conduces to make these composures natural, than when some

[1] Heinsius in Theocr.
[2] Rapin de Carm. Past., p. 2.
[3] Rapin, Reflex. sur l'Art Poet. d'Arist., p. ii. refl. xxvii.

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knowlege in rural affairs is discovered:[4] this may be made to appear rather done by chance than on design, and sometimes is best shown by inference; lest, by too much study to seem natural, we destroy that easy simplicity from whence arises the delight: for what is inviting in this sort of poetry proceeds not so much from the idea of that business, as of the tranquillity of a country life.

We must therefore use some illusion to render a pastoral delightful; and this consists in exposing the best side only of a shepherd's life, and in concealing its miseries:[5] nor is it enough to introduce shepherds discoursing together in a natural way; but a regard must be had to the subject; that it contain some particular beauty in itself, and that it be different in every eclogue. Besides, in each of them a designed scene or prospect is to be presented to our view, which should likewise have its variety:[6] this variety is obtained in a great degree by frequent comparisons, drawn from the most agreeable objects of the country; by interrogations to things inanimate; by beautiful digressions, but those short; sometimes by insisting a little on circumstances; and, lastly, by elegant turns on the words, which render the numbers extremely sweet and pleasing. As for the numbers themselves, though they are properly of the heroic measure, they should be the smoothest, the most easy and flowing imaginable.

It is by rules like these that we ought to judge of pastoral: and since the instructions given for any art are to be delivered as that art is in perfection, they must of necessity be derived from those in whom it is acknowleged so to be: it is therefore from the practice of Theocritus and Virgil, the only undisputed authors of pastoral, that the critics have drawn the foregoing notions concerning it.

Theocritus excels all others in nature and simplicity: the subjects of his Idyllia are purely pastoral; but he is not

[4] Preface to Virgil's Pastorals, in Dryden's Virgil.
[5] Fontenelle's Discourse of Pastorals.
[6] See the fore-mentioned Preface.

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so exact in his persons, having introduced reapers and fishermen as well as shepherds.[7] He is apt to be too long in his descriptions, of which that of the cup in the first pastoral is a remarkable instance: in the manners he seems a little defective, for his swains are sometimes abusive and immodest, and perhaps too much inclining to rusticity; for instance, in his fourth and fifth Idyllia: but it is enough that all others learned their excellences from him; and that his dialect alone has a secret charm in it, which no other could ever attain.

Virgil, who copies Theocritus, refines on his original; and in all points, where judgment is principally concerned, he is much superior to his master: though some of his subjects are not pastoral in themselves, but only seem to be such; they have a wonderful variety in them, which the Greek was a stranger to:[8] he exceeds him in regularity and brevity, and falls short of him in nothing but simplicity and propriety of style; the first of which perhaps was the fault of his age, and the last of his language.

Among the moderns, their success has been greatest who have most endeavored to make these ancients their pattern: the most considerable genius appears in the famous Tasso, and our Spenser. Tasso, in his Aminta, has as far excelled all the pastoral writers, as in his Gierusalemme he has outdone the epic poets of his country: but as this piece seems to have been the original of a new sort of poem, the pastoral comedy, in Italy, it cannot so well be considered as a copy of the ancients. Spenser's Calendar, in Mr. Dryden's opinion, is the most complete work of this kind which any nation has produced ever since the time of Virgil: not but that he may be thought imperfect in some few points: his eclogues are somewhat too long, if we compare them with the ancients: he is sometimes too allegorical, and treats of matters of religion in a pastoral style, as the Mantuan had done before him: he has employed the lyric measure, which

[7] Θερισταί, Idyl. x. and Ἁλιεῖς, Idyl. xxi.—P.

[8] Rapin, Refl. on Arist. part ii. refl. xxvii.—Preface to the Eclogues, in Dryden's Virgil.

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is contrary to the practice of the old poets: his stanza is not still the same, nor always well chosen: this last may be the reason his expression is sometimes not concise enough; for the tetrastic has obliged him to extend his sense to the length of four lines, which would have been more closely confined in the couplet.

In the manners, thoughts, and characters, he comes near to Theocritus himself; though, notwithstanding all the care he has taken, he is certainly inferior in his dialect: for the Doric had its beauty and propriety in the time of Theocritus; it was used in part of Greece, and frequent in the mouths of many of the greatest persons: whereas the old English and country phrases of Spenser were either intirely obsolete, or spoken only by people of the lowest condition. As there is a difference betwixt simplicity and rusticity, so the expression of simple thoughts should be plain, but not clownish: the addition he has made of a calendar to his eclogues, is very beautiful; since by this, besides the general moral of innocence and simplicity, which is common to other authors of pastoral, he has one peculiar to himself; he compares human life to the several seasons, and at once exposes to his readers a view of the great and little worlds, in their various changes and aspects. Yet the scrupulous division of his pastorals into months has obliged him either to repeat the same description, in other words, for three months together; or, when it was exhausted before, intirely to omit it: whence it comes to pass, that some of his eclogues (as the sixth, eighth, and tenth, for example) have nothing but their titles to distinguish them. The reason is evident; because the year has not that variety in it to furnish every month with a particular description, as it may every season.

Of the following eclogues, I shall only say, that these four comprehend all the subjects which the critics on Theocritus and Virgil will allow to be fit for pastoral; that they have as much variety of description, in respect of the several seasons, as Spenser's; that, in order to add to this variety, the several times of the day are observed, the rural

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employments in each season or time of day, and the rural scenes or places proper to such employments; not without some regard to the several ages of man, and the different passions proper to each age. But, after all, if they have any merit, it is to be attributed to some good old authors, whose works, as I had leisure to study, so I hope I have not wanted care to imitate. POPE.

SPRING:

THE FIRST PASTORAL,*

OR

DAMON.

TO SIR WILLIAM TRUMBALL.†

FIRST in these fields I try the sylvan strains,
Nor blush to sport on Windsor's blissful plains:
Fair Thames, flow gently from thy sacred spring,
While on thy banks Sicilian Muses sing;
Let vernal airs through trembling osiers play,
And Albion's cliffs resound the rural lay.

* These Pastorals were written at the age of sixteen, and then passed through the hands of Mr. Walsh, Mr. Wycherley, G. Granville, afterwards lord Lansdowne, sir William Trumball, Dr. Garth, lord Halifax, lord Somers, Mr. Mainwaring, and others. All these gave our author the greatest encouragement, and particularly Mr. Walsh, whom Mr. Dryden, in his Postscript to Virgil, calls the best critic of his age.—P.

† *Sir William Trumball.* Our author's friendship with this gentleman commenced at very unequal years; he was under sixteen, but sir William above sixty, and had lately resigned his employment of secretary of state to king William.—P.

1 *First in these fields.* 'Prima Syracosio dignata est.'—Virg.

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You, that too wise for pride, too good for power,
Enjoy the glory to be great no more,
And carrying with you all the world can boast,
To all the world illustriously are lost!
O, let my Muse her slender reed inspire,
Till in your native shades you tune the lyre:
So, when the nightingale to rest removes,
The thrush may chant to the forsaken groves;
But, charm'd to silence, listens while she sings,
And all the aerial audience clap their wings.

Soon as the flocks shook off the nightly dews,
Two swains, whom love kept wakeful, and the Muse,
Pour'd o'er the whitening vale their fleecy care,
Fresh as the morn, and as the season fair:
The dawn now blushing on the mountain's side,
Thus Daphnis spoke, and Strephon thus replied:—

DAPHNIS.

Hear how the birds, on every blooming spray,
With joyous music wake the dawning day!
Why sit we mute, when early linnets sing,
When warbling Philomel salutes the spring?
Why sit we sad, when Phosphor shines so clear,
And lavish Nature paints the purple year?

STREPHON.

Sing then, and Damon shall attend the strain,
While yon slow oxen turn the furrow'd plain.

[12] *In your native shades.* Sir W. Trumball was born in Windsor-forest, to which he retreated, after he had resigned the post of secretary of state of King William III.—P.

[28] *Lavish Nature.* Spenser,—

There *lavish* Nature, in her best attire,
Pours forth sweet odors, and alluring sights.

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Here the bright crocus and blue violet glow;
Here western winds on breathing roses blow.
I 'll stake yon lamb that near the fountain plays,
And from the brink his dancing shade surveys.

DAPHNIS.

And I this bowl, where wanton ivy twines,
And swelling clusters bend the curling vines:
Four figures rising from the work appear,
The various seasons of the rolling year;
And what is that, which binds the radiant sky,
Where twelve fair signs in beauteous order lie?

DAMON.

Then sing by turns, by turns the Muses sing:
Now hawthorns blossom, now the daisies spring;
Now leaves the trees, and flowers adorn the ground:
Begin; the vales shall every note rebound.

STREPHON.

Inspire me, Phœbus, in my Delia's praise,
With Waller's strains, or Granville's moving lays!
A milk-white bull shall at your altars stand,
That threats a fight, and spurns the rising sand.

[36] *And swelling clusters.*

Lenta quibus torno facili superaddita vitis.—Virg.

Warton gives it, on the authority of Collins, that Thomson had taken the first idea of writing the 'Seasons' from the titles of the four Pastorals.

[46] *Granville.* George Granville, afterwards lord Lansdowne, known for his poems, most of which he composed very young; and proposed Waller as his model.—P.

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DAPHNIS.

O Love! for Sylvia let me gain the prize,
And make my tongue victorious as her eyes:
No lambs or sheep for victims I 'll impart;
Thy victim, Love, shall be the shepherd's heart.

STREPHON.

Me gentle Delia beckons from the plain;
Then, hid in shades, eludes her eager swain;
But feigns a laugh to see me search around,
And by that laugh the willing fair is found.

DAPHNIS.

The sprightly Sylvia trips along the green;
She runs, but hopes she does not run unseen:
While a kind glance at her pursuer flies,
How much at variance are her feet and eyes!

STREPHON.

O'er golden sands let rich Pactolus flow,
And trees weep amber on the banks of Po;
Bright Thames's shores the brightest beauties yield;
Feed here my lambs; I 'll seek no distant field.

DAPHNIS.

Celestial Venus haunts Idalia's groves;
Diana Cynthus, Ceres Hybla loves:
If Windsor shades delight the matchless maid,
Cynthus and Hybla yield to Windsor shade.

[56] *She runs, but hopes.* 'Malo me Galatea.'—Virg.

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STREPHON.

All nature mourns, the skies relent in showers,
Hush'd are the birds, and closed the drooping flowers:
If Delia smile, the flowers begin to spring,
The skies to brighten, and the birds to sing.

DAPHNIS.

All nature laughs, the groves are fresh and fair,
The sun's mild lustre warms the vital air:
If Sylvia smile, new glories gild the shore,
And vanquish'd nature seems to charm no more.

STREPHON.

In spring the fields, in autumn hills I love,
At morn the plains, at noon the shady grove,
But Delia always; absent from her sight,
Nor plains at morn, nor groves at noon delight.

DAPHNIS.

Sylvia 's like autumn ripe, yet mild as May;
More bright than noon, yet fresh as early day:
Ev'n spring displeases, when she shines not here;
But bless'd with her, 'tis spring throughout the year.

STREPHON.

Say, Daphnis, say, in what glad soil appears,
A wondrous tree that sacred monarchs bears;
Tell me but this, and I 'll disclaim the prize,
And give the conquest to thy Sylvia's eyes.

[69] *All nature mourns.* 'Aret ager, vitio moriens.'—Virg.

[86] *A wondrous tree that sacred monarchs bears.* An allusion to the royal oak, in which Charles II. had been hid from the pursuit after the battle at Worcester.—P.

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DAPHNIS.

Nay, tell me first, in what more happy fields
The thistle springs, to which the lily yields;
And then a nobler prize I will resign;
For Sylvia, charming Sylvia, shall be thine.

DAMON.

Cease to contend; for, Daphnis, I decree
The bowl to Strephon, and the lamb to thee.
Bless'd swains, whose nymphs in every grace excel;
Bless'd nymphs, whose swains those graces sing so well!
Now rise, and haste to yonder woodbine bowers,
A soft retreat from sudden vernal showers:
The turf with rural dainties shall be crown'd,
While opening blooms diffuse their sweets around.
For, see! the gathering flocks to shelter tend,
And from the Pleiads fruitful showers descend.

92 *Sylvia shall be thine.* 'Phyllida solus habeto.'—Virg.

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SUMMER:

THE SECOND PASTORAL,

OR

ALEXIS.

TO DR. GARTH.

A SHEPHERD'S boy (he seeks no better name)
Led forth his flocks along the silver Thame,
Where dancing sunbeams on the waters play'd,
And verdant alders form'd a quivering shade.
Soft as he mourn'd, the streams forgot to flow;
The flocks around a dumb compassion show;
The Naiads wept in every watery bower,
And Jove consented in a silent shower.
Accept, O Garth! the Muse's early lays,
That adds this wreath of ivy to thy bays;

[1] *A shepherd's boy.* Spenser,—

A shepherd's boy (no better do him call.)

[3] The scene of this pastoral by the river side, suitable to the heat of the season; the time, noon.—P.

[9] Dr. Samuel Garth, author of the 'Dispensary,' was one of the first friends of our poet, whose acquaintance with him began at fourteen or fifteen. Their friendship continued from the year 1703 to 1718, which was that of his death.—P.

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Hear what from love unpractised hearts endure;
From love, the sole disease thou canst not cure.
'Ye shady beeches, and ye cooling streams,
Defence from Phœbus', not from Cupid's beams,
To you I mourn; nor to the deaf I sing;
The woods shall answer, and their echo ring.
The hills and rocks attend my doleful lay;
Why art thou prouder and more hard than they?
The bleating sheep with my complaints agree;
They parch'd with heat, and I inflamed by thee:
The sultry Sirius burns the thirsty plains,
While in thy heart eternal winter reigns.
'Where stray ye, Muses, in what lawn or grove,
While your Alexis pines in hopeless love?
In those fair fields where sacred Isis glides,
Or else where Cam his winding vales divides?
As in the crystal spring I view my face,
Fresh rising blushes paint the watery glass;
But since those graces please thy eyes no more,
I shun the fountains which I sought before.
Once I was skill'd in every herb that grew,
And every plant that drinks the morning dew.
Ah, wretched shepherd, what avails thy art?
To cure thy lambs, but not to heal thy heart!
'Let other swains attend the rural care,
Feed fairer flocks, or richer fleeces shear;
But nigh yon mountain let me tune my lays,
Embrace my love, and bind my brows with bays.
That flute is mine, which Colin's tuneful breath
Inspired when living, and bequeathed in death:

[16] *The woods shall answer.* Spenser, Epithalamion.

[29] *Colin.* The name taken by Spenser in his Eclogues, where his mistress is celebrated under that of Rosalinda.—Warton.

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He said:—'Alexis, take this pipe; the same,
That taught the groves my Rosalinda's name.'
But now the reeds shall hang on yonder tree,
For ever silent, since despised by thee.
O! were I made by some transforming power
The captive bird that sings within thy bower!
Then might my voice thy listening ears employ,
And I those kisses he receives enjoy.
'And yet my numbers please the rural throng;
Rough satyrs dance, and Pan applauds the song:
The nymphs, forsaking every cave and spring,
Their early fruit and milk-white turtles bring:
Each amorous nymph prefers her gifts in vain;
On you their gifts are all bestow'd again:
For you the swains their fairest flowers design,
And in one garland all their beauties join.
Accept the wreath which you deserve alone,
In whom all beauties are comprised in one.
'See what delights in sylvan scenes appear!
Descending gods have found Elysium here.
In woods bright Venus with Adonis stray'd;
And chaste Diana haunts the forest-shade.
Come, lovely nymph, and bless the silent hours,
When swains from shearing seek their nightly bowers;

[41] *Alexis, take this pipe.*
Est mihi disparibus septem.—Virg.

[42] *Rosalinda's.* This is the lady with whom Spenser fell violently in love, as soon as he left Cambridge, and went into the north; it is uncertain into what family, and in what capacity.—Warton.
The name is said to be an anagram.

[60] *Descending gods.*
Habitarunt Di quoque sylvas.—Virg.

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When weary reapers quit the sultry field,
And crown'd with corn their thanks to Ceres yield.
This harmless grove no lurking viper hides,
But in my breast the serpent love abides.
Here bees from blossoms sip the rosy dew,
But your Alexis knows no sweets but you.
O, deign to visit our forsaken seats,
The mossy fountains, and the green retreats!
Where'er you walk, cool gales shall fan the glade;
Trees, where you sit, shall crowd into a shade;
Where'er you tread, the blushing flowers shall rise,
And all things florish where you turn your eyes.
O, how I long with you to pass my days,
Invoke the Muses, and resound your praise!
Your praise the birds shall chant in every grove,
And winds shall waft it to the powers above.
But would you sing, and rival Orpheus' strain,
The wondering forests soon should dance again,
The moving mountains hear the powerful call,
And headlong streams hang listening in their fall!
'But, see, the shepherds shun the noonday heat;
The lowing herds to murmuring brooks retreat;

79 *Your praise the birds.* Pope had first written the lines,—

Your praise the tuneful birds to heaven shall bear,
And listening wolves grow milder as they hear:

but he acknowleges this to have been an oversight; 'and the author, young as he was, soon found the absurdity, which Spenser himself had overlooked, of introducing wolves into England.'

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To closer shades the panting flocks remove:
Ye gods! and is there no relief for love?
But soon the sun with milder rays descends
To the cool ocean, where his journey ends.
On me love's fiercer flames for ever prey;
By night he scorches, as he burns by day.'

AUTUMN:

THE THIRD PASTORAL,*

OR

HYLAS AND ÆGON.

TO MR. WYCHERLEY.

Beneath the shade a spreading beech displays,
Hylas and Ægon sung their rural lays;
This mourn'd a faithless, that an absent love,
And Delia's name and Doris' fill'd the grove.
Ye Mantuan nymphs, your sacred succor bring:
Hylas' and Ægon's rural lays I sing.
Thou, whom the Nine with Plautus' wit inspire,
The art of Terence, and Menander's fire;

* This pastoral consists of two parts, like the eighth of Virgil: the scene, a hill; the time, sunset.

[a] *The art of Terence, and Menander's fire.* 'Alluding,' says Warburton, 'to Cæsar's character of Terence,—O dimidiate Menander!' &c. a sufficiently qualified panegyric of the Roman comedian; but that any allusion was intended is

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Whose sense instructs us, and whose humor charms,
Whose judgment sways us, and whose spirit warms!
O, skill'd in nature! see the hearts of swains,
Their artless passions, and their tender pains.
Now setting Phœbus shone serenely bright,
And fleecy clouds were streak'd with purple light;
When tuneful Hylas, with melodious moan,
Taught rocks to weep, and made the mountains groan.
'Go, gentle galés, and bear my sighs away!
To Delia's ear the tender notes convey.
As some sad turtle his lost love deplores,
And with deep murmurs fills the sounding shores;
Thus, far from Delia, to the winds I mourn,
Alike unheard, unpitied, and forlorn.
'Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs along!
For her, the feather'd quires neglect their song;
For her, the limes their pleasing shades deny;
For her, the lilies hang their heads and die.
Ye flowers, that droop, forsaken by the spring;
Ye birds, that, left by summer, cease to sing;
Ye trees, that fade when autumn heats remove;—
Say, is not absence death to those who love?
'Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away!
Cursed be the fields that cause my Delia's stay;

by no means clear. It is curious to find modern criticism dilating on the 'comic power' of Terence, which the character so distinctly denies:—

Lenibus atque utinam scriptis adjuneta foret *vis Comica.*

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Fade every blossom, wither every tree,
Die every flower, and perish all, but she.
What have I said? where'er my Delia flies,
Let spring attend, and sudden flowers arise;
Let opening roses knotted oaks adorn,
And liquid amber drop from every thorn.
'Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs along!
The birds shall cease to tune their evening song,
The winds to breathe, the waving woods to move,
And streams to murmur, ere I cease to love.
Not bubbling fountains to the thirsty swain,
Not balmy sleep to laborers faint with pain,
Not showers to larks, nor sunshine to the bee,
Are half so charming as thy sight to me.
'Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away!
Come, Delia, come: ah, why this long delay?
Through rocks and caves the name of Delia sounds;
Delia, each cave and echoing rock rebounds.
Ye powers, what pleasing frenzy soothes my mind!
Do lovers dream, or is my Delia kind?

[44] *Not balmy sleep.*

Quale sopor fessis.—Virg.

Warton attributes this passage to Drummond of Hawthornden's picturesque lines:—

To virgins flowers, to sun-burnt earth the rain,
To mariners fair winds amid the main,
Cool shades to pilgrims, whom hot glances burn,
Are not so pleasing as thy blest return.

Milton's noble lines, concluding with

Nor glittering starlight without thee is sweet,

contain the same idea; but expressed, as it could be expressed only, by the golden flow of Milton.

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She comes, my Delia comes!—Now cease my lay;
And cease, ye gales, to bear my sighs away!'
Next Ægon sung, while Windsor groves admired:
Rehearse, ye Muses, what yourselves inspired.
'Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strain!
Of perjured Doris dying I complain;
Here, where the mountains, lessening as they rise,
Lose the low vales, and steal into the skies;
While laboring oxen, spent with toil and heat,
In their loose traces from the field retreat;
While curling smokes from village tops are seen,
And the fleet shades glide o'er the dusky green.
'Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay!
Beneath yon poplar oft we pass'd the day:
Oft on the rind I carved her amorous vows,
While she with garlands hung the bending boughs.
The garlands fade, the vows are worn away;
So dies her love, and so my hopes decay.
'Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strain!
Now bright Arcturus glads the teeming grain!
Now golden fruits on loaded branches shine,
And grateful clusters swell with floods of wine;
Now blushing berries paint the yellow grove:
Just gods! shall all things yield returns but love?
'Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay!
The shepherds cry, 'Thy flocks are left a prey!'—
Ah! what avails it me the flocks to keep,
Who lost my heart while I preserved my sheep?

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Pan came, and ask'd what magic caused my smart,
Or what ill eyes malignant glances dart.
What eyes but hers, alas! have power to move?
And is there magic, but what dwells in love?
'Resound, ye hills,' resound my mournful strains!
I 'll fly from shepherds, flocks, and flowery plains:
From shepherds, flocks, and plains I may remove;
Forsake mankind, and all the world,—but love!
I know thee, Love! on foreign mountains bred,
Wolves gave thee suck, and savage tigers fed.
Thou wert from Ætna's burning entrails torn;
Got by fierce whirlwinds, and in thunder born!
'Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay!
Farewell, ye woods! adieu, the light of day!
One leap from yonder cliff shall end my pains;
No more, ye hills, no more resound my strains!'
Thus sung the shepherds till the approach of night,
The skies yet blushing with departing light;
When falling dews with spangles deck'd the glade,
And the low sun had lengthen'd every shade.

[97] *Thus sung.* To this poem Warton appends a note in praise of the pastorals of Fairfax, whose verse is almost Shaksperian; and Bowles adds Browne's pastorals, from which even Milton did not disdain to borrow.

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WINTER:

THE FOURTH PASTORAL,

OR

DAPHNE.

TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. TEMPEST. *

LYCIDAS.

THYRSIS, the music of that murmuring spring
Is not so mournful as the strains you sing;
Nor rivers, winding through the vales below,
So sweetly warble, or so smoothly flow.
Now sleeping flocks on their soft fleeces lie;
The moon, serene in glory, mounts the sky.

* This lady was of an ancient family in Yorkshire, and particularly admired by the author's friend Mr. Walsh; who, having celebrated her in a pastoral elegy, desired his friend to do the same, as appears from one of his letters, dated September 9, 1706:—'Your last eclogue being on the same subject with mine, on Mrs. Tempest's death, I should take it very kindly in you to give it a little turn, as if it were to the memory of the same lady.' Her death having happened on the night of the great storm in 1703, gave a propriety to this eclogue, which in its general turn alludes to it. The scene of the pastoral lies in a grove; the time is midnight.—P.

1 *Thyrsis, the music.* Ἆδύ τι, &c. Theoc. Id. i.

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While silent birds forget their tuneful lays,
O, sing of Daphne's fate, and Daphne's praise!

THYRSIS.

Behold the groves that shine with silver frost,
Their beauty wither'd, and their verdure lost!
Here shall I try the sweet Alexis' strain,
That call'd the listening Dryads to the plain?
Thames heard the numbers as he flow'd along,
And bade his willows learn the moving song.

LYCIDAS.

So may kind rains their vital moisture yield,
And swell the future harvest of the field.
Begin: this charge the dying Daphne gave,
And said:—'Ye shepherds, sing around my grave!'
Sing, while beside the shaded tomb I mourn,
And with fresh bays her rural shrine adorn.

THYRSIS.

Ye gentle Muses, leave your crystal spring;
Let nymphs and sylvans cypress garlands bring;
Ye weeping Loves, the stream with myrtles hide,
And break your bows, as when Adonis died!

[13] *Thames heard.* 'Audiit Eurotas,' &c.—Virg.

[22] *Cypress garlands bring.* Bowles quotes the pretty ballad from 'The Maid's Tragedy:'—

Lay a garland on my brow
Of the dismal yew.
Maidens, willow branches bear;
Say, I died true.
My love was false, but I was true,
From my hour of birth:
Upon my buried body lie
Softly, gentle earth.

[23] *The stream with myrtles hide.* 'Inducite fontibus umbras.'—Virg.

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And with your golden darts, now useless grown,
Inscribe a verse on this relenting stone:—
'Let nature change, let heaven and earth deplore;
Fair Daphne's dead, and love is now no more!'
'Tis done, and nature's various charms decay:
See gloomy clouds obscure the cheerful day!
Now hung with pearls the dropping trees appear,
Their faded honors scatter'd on her bier.
See, where on earth the flowery glories lie;
With her they florish'd, and with her they die.
Ah, what avail the beauties nature wore?
Fair Daphne's dead, and beauty is no more!
For her the flocks refuse their verdant food;
The thirsty heifers shun the gliding flood;
The silver swans her hapless fate bemoan,
In notes more sad than when they sing their own:
In hollow caves sweet Echo silent lies;
Silent, or only to her name replies:
Her name with pleasure once she taught the shore:
Now Daphne's dead, and pleasure is no more!
No grateful dews descend from evening skies,
Nor morning odors from the flowers arise;
No rich perfumes refresh the fruitful field,
Nor fragrant herbs their native incense yield:
The balmy zephyrs, silent since her death,
Lament the ceasing of a sweeter breath;
The industrious bees neglect their golden store:
Fair Daphne's dead, and sweetness is no more!
No more the mounting larks, while Daphne sings,
Shall listening in mid-air suspend their wings;
No more the birds shall imitate her lays;
Or, hush'd with wonder, hearken from the sprays:

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No more the streams their murmurs shall forbear,
A sweeter music than their own to hear;
But tell the reeds, and tell the vocal shore,
Fair Daphne's dead, and music is no more!
Her fate is whisper'd by the gentle breeze,
And told in sighs to all the trembling trees;
The trembling trees, in every plain and wood,
Her fate remurmur to the silver flood:
The silver flood, so lately calm, appears
Swell'd with new passion, and o'erflows with tears:
The winds, and trees, and floods her death deplore:
Daphne, our grief, our glory now no more!
But see, where Daphne wondering mounts on high
Above the clouds, above the starry sky!
Eternal beauties grace the shining scene;
Fields ever fresh, and groves for ever green!
There, while you rest in amaranthine bowers,
Or from those meads select unfading flowers,
Behold us kindly, who your name implore;
Daphne, our goddess, and our grief no more!

LYCIDAS.

How all things listen while thy Muse complains!
Such silence waits on Philomela's strains,

[60] *But see, where Daphne.* Thus Milton:—

Weep no more, woful shepherds, weep no more—
Where other groves and other streams along,
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
And hears the inexpressive nuptial song
In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.—Lycidas.

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In some still evening, when the whispering breeze
Pants on the leaves, and dies upon the trees.
To thee, bright goddess, oft a lamb shall bleed,
If teeming ewes increase my fleecy breed.
While plants their shade, or flowers their odors give,
Thy name, thy honor, and thy praise shall live!

THYRSIS.

But see, Orion sheds unwholesome dews:
Arise; the pines a noxious shade diffuse;
Sharp Boreas blows, and Nature feels decay;
Time conquers all, and we must Time obey.
Adieu, ye vales, ye mountains, streams, and groves;
Adieu, ye shepherds' rural lays and loves;
Adieu, my flocks; farewell, ye sylvan crew;
Daphne, farewell; and all the world, adieu!

[illegible], &c. These last four lines allude to the several subjects of the four pastorals, and to the several scenes of them particularised before in each.—P.

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MESSIAH,

A SACRED ECLOGUE,

IN IMITATION OF

VIRGIL'S POLLIO.

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THE MESSIAH.

A STILL undecided controversy subsists on the original subject of this noble Eclogue. The dedication to Pollio has led the majority of commentators to conceive, that it was written in honor of the birth of his son, a mere genethliacon; but the grandeur and force of the allusions seem to characterise a higher topic. The later theories, by yrwhitt, Henley, and others, refer it to the expected birth of a son or grandson to the emperor Augustus; the actual birth being one of the Julias, so unfortunately celebrated in the history of Roman manners.

The dedication is naturally accounted for by the poet's gratitude to Pollio, a man of the highest rank, who had held the consulship, been governor of Spain, commanded armies, obtained a triumph, and, as perhaps the most envied and important distinction of all, been successively the intimate friend of the great Julius, of Antony, and of Augustus. While in Cisalpine Gaul, this eminent person had become acquainted with the ruin which threatened Virgil, from the seizure of his property by the division of the Mantuan territory among the legionary veterans. By him the poet was made known to Mæcenas, and by Mæcenas he was introduced to the emperor. A service of this order justified a high acknowlegement: Virgil repaid it by immortality.

The Sibylline verses, to which both Virgil and Pope refer, have been the ground of a similar controversy. It is

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evident that they were once largely indebted to the prophetic books of the Hebrews; but the original verses are either totally lost, or so deeply mingled with the additions and alterations of poets subsequent to the christian era, and borrowing directly from the Scriptures, that all authenticity on the subject is at an end.

This poem was first published in the 'Spectator,' about 1712: it was received with universal and deserved admiration.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

In reading several passages of the prophet Isaiah, which foretell the coming of Christ and the felicities attending it, I could not but observe a remarkable parity between many of the thoughts, and those in the Pollio of Virgil: this will not seem surprising, when we reflect, that the Eclogue was taken from a Sibylline prophecy on the same subject. One may judge that Virgil did not copy it line by line, but selected such ideas as best agreed with the nature of pastoral poetry, and disposed them in that manner which served most to beautify his piece: I have endeavored the same in this imitation of him, though without admitting any thing of my own; since it was written with this particular view; that the reader, by comparing the several thoughts, might see how far the images and descriptions of the prophet are superior to those of the poet. But as I fear I have prejudiced them by my management, I shall subjoin the passages of Isaiah and those of Virgil, under the same disadvantage of a literal translation.—Pope.

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MESSIAH,

A SACRED ECLOGUE.

Ye nymphs of Solyma! begin the song:
To heavenly themes sublimer strains belong.
The mossy fountains, and the sylvan shades,
The dreams of Pindus, and the Aonian maids,
Delight no more. O, thou, my voice inspire,
Who touch'd Isaiah's hallow'd lips with fire!
Rapt into future times, the bard begun:—
A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son!
From Jesse's root [1] behold a branch arise,
Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills the skies:
The ethereal Spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
And on its top descends the mystic Dove.

[8] *A Virgin shall conceive—All crimes shall cease, &c.* Virg. Ecl. iv. ver. 6.

Jam redit et Virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna;
Jam nova progenies cœlo demittitur alto.
Te duce, si qua manent sceleris vestigia nostri,
Irrita perpetua solvent formidine terras——
Pacatumque reget patriis virtutibus orbem.

'Now the Virgin returns, now the kingdom of Saturn returns, now a new progeny is sent down from high Heaven. By means of thee, whatever relics of our crimes remain shall be wiped away, and free the world from perpetual fears. He shall govern the earth in peace, with the virtues of his father.'

Isaiah, ch. vii. ver. 14.—'Behold a Virgin shall conceive and bear a son.'——ch. ix. ver. 6, 7. 'Unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given; the Prince of Peace: of the increase of his government, and of his peace, there shall be no end; upon the throne of David, and upon his kingdom, to order and to establish it, with judgment, and with justice, for ever and ever.'—P.

[1] Isaiah, ch. xi. ver. 1.

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Ye heavens![2] from high the dewy nectar pour,
And in soft silence shed the kindly shower!
The sick and weak[3] the healing plant shall aid;
From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.
All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail;
Returning Justice[4] lift aloft her scale;
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white-robed Innocence from heaven descend.
Swift fly the years, and rise the expected morn!
O, spring to light, auspicious Babe, be born!
See, Nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,
With all the incense of the breathing spring:
See lofty Lebanon[5] his head advance;
See nodding forests on the mountains dance:
See spicy clouds from lowly Saron rise,
And Carmel's flowery top perfumes the skies!
Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers:—
'Prepare the way![6] a God, a God appears:'

[28] *See, Nature hastes, &c.* Virg. Ecl. iv. ver. 18.

At tibi prima, puer, nullo munuscula cultu,
Errantes hederas passim cum baccare tellus,
Mixtaque ridenti colocasia fundet acantho—
Ipsa tibi blandos fundent cunabula flores.

'For thee, O child, shall the earth, without being tilled, produce her early offerings; winding ivy, mixed with baccar, and colocasia with smiling acanthus. Thy cradle shall pour forth pleasing flowers about thee.'

Isaiah, ch. xxxv. ver. 1.—'The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose.'——ch. lx. ver. 13. 'The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee, the fir-tree, the pine-tree, and the box together, to beautify the place of my sanctuary.'—P.

[29] *Hark! a glad voice, &c.* Virg. Ecl. iv. ver. 46.

Aggredere, O, magnos, aderit jam tempus, honores,
Cara Deum soboles, magnum Jovis incrementum.

[2] Isaiah, ch. xlv. ver. 8. [3] ch. xxv. ver. 4.
[4] ch. ix. ver. 7. [5] ch. xxxv. ver. 2.
[6] ch. xl. ver. 3, 4.

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'A God, a God!' the vocal hills reply;
The rocks proclaim the approaching Deity.
Lo, earth receives him from the bending skies!
Sink down, ye mountains; and, ye valleys, rise;
With heads declined, ye cedars, homage pay;
Be smooth, ye rocks; ye rapid floods, give way!
The Saviour comes, by ancient bards foretold!
Hear him, ye deaf;[7] and all ye blind, behold!
He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
And on the sightless eye-ball pour the day:
'Tis he the obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
And bid new music charm the unfolding ear:
The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
And leap exulting like the bounding roe.
No sigh, no murmur the wide world shall hear;
From every face he wipes off every tear:
In adamantine chains shall Death be bound,[8]
And hell's grim tyrant feel the eternal wound.

Ecl. v. ver. 62.

Ipsi lætitia voces ad sidera jactant
Intonsi montes, ipsæ jam carmina rupes,
Ipsa sonant arbusta, 'Deus, Deus ille,' Menalca!

'O, come and receive the mighty honors: the time draws nigh, O beloved offspring of the gods, O great increase of Jove! The uncultivated mountains send shouts of joy to the stars; the very rocks sing in verse; the very shrubs cry out, "a God, a God!"'

Isaiah, ch. xl. ver. 3, 4.—'The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord! make straight in the desert a highway for our God! Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low, and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain.'—ch. iv. ver. 23. 'Break forth into singing, ye mountains! O forest, and every tree therein! for the Lord hath redeemed Israel.'—P.

[7] Isaiah, ch. xliii. ver. 18. ch. xxxv. ver. 5, 6.

[8] ch. xxv. ver. 8.

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As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,[9]
Seeks freshest pasture and the purest air,
Explores the lost, the wandering sheep directs,
By day o'ersees them, and by night protects;
The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms;
Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage,
The promised Father[10] of the future age.
No more shall nation against nation rise,[11]
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes;
Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er;
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more;
But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
And the broad falchion in a ploughshare end.
Then palaces shall rise; the joyful son[12]
Shall finish what his short-lived sire begun;
Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
And the same hand that sow'd shall reap the field:
The swain in barren deserts[13] with surprise
Sees lilies spring and sudden verdure rise;

[67] *The swain in barren deserts.* Virg. Ecl. iv. ver. 28.

Molli paulatim flavescet campus arista,
Incultisque rubens pendebit sentibus uva,
Et duræ quercus sudabunt roscida mella.

'The fields shall grow yellow with ripened ears, and the red grape shall hang on the wild brambles, and the hard oak shall distil honey like dew.'

Isaiah, ch. xxxv. ver. 7. 'The parched ground shall become a pool, and the thirsty lands springs of water: in the habitation where dragons lay, shall be grass, and reeds, and rushes.'—ch. lv. ver. 13. 'Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir-tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle-tree.' —P.

[9] Isaiah, ch. xl. ver. 11.
[10] ch. ix. ver. 6.
[11] ch. ii. ver. 4.
[12] ch. lxv. ver. 21, 22.
[13] ch. xxxv. ver. 1, 7.

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And starts, amidst the thirsty wilds, to hear
New falls of water murmuring in his ear:
On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods:
Waste sandy valleys,[14] once perplex'd with thorn,
The spiry fir and shapely box adorn;
To leafless shrubs the flowering palms succeed,
And odorous myrtle to the noisome weed.
The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,[15]
And boys in flowery bands the tiger lead;
The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet:[16]
The smiling infant in his hand shall take
The crested basilisk and speckled snake;
Pleased the green lustre of the scales survey,
And with their forky tongue shall innocently play.

[77] *The lambs with wolves, &c.* Virg. Ecl. iv. ver. 21.

Ipsæ lacte domum referent distenta capellæ
Ubera, nec magnos metuent armenta leones—
Occidet et serpens, et fallax herba veneni
Occidet.

'The goats shall bear to the fold their udders distended with milk; nor shall the herds be afraid of the greatest lions. The serpent shall die, and the herb that conceals poison shall die.'

'Isaiah, ch. xi. ver. 6, &c. 'The wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid, and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them:—and the lion shall eat straw like the ox. And the sucking child shall play on the hole of the asp, and the weaned child shall put his hand on the den of the cockatrice.'—P.

[14] Isaiah, ch. xli. ver. 19. ch. lv. ver. 13.
[15] ch. xi. ver. 6—8. [16] ch. lxv. ver. 25.

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Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, rise![17]
Exalt thy towery head, and lift thy eyes!
See, a long race[18] thy spacious courts adorn;
See future sons and daughters, yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies!
See barbarous nations[19] at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend!
See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,
And heap'd with products of Sabæan springs;[20]
For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,
And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow!
See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day.
No more the rising sun[1] shall gild the morn,
Nor evening Cynthia fill her silver horn;
But lost, dissolved in thy superior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
O'erflow thy courts: the Light himself shall shine
Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine!
The seas shall waste,[2] the skies in smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But fix'd his word, his saving power remains:
Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns!

[85] *Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, rise!* The thoughts of Isaiah, which compose the latter part of the poem, are wonderfully elevated, and much above those general exclamations of Virgil, which make the loftiest parts of his Pollio.—P.

[17] Isaiah, ch. lx. ver. 1.
[18] ch. lx. ver. 4.
[19] ch. lx. ver. 3.
[20] ch. lx. ver. 6.
[1] ch. lx. ver. 19, 20.
[2] ch. li. ver. 6. ch. liv. ver. 10.

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THE

FIRST BOOK

OF

STATIUS'S THEBAIS.

TRANSLATED IN THE YEAR MDCCIII.

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THE THEBAIS.

Pope, in a brief notice at the head of this translation, states that, with some others from the Latin, it was written in his boyhood. If its command of poetic language belonged to him at 'fourteen or fifteen years of age,' later years must have added much less to his powers than to his fame. But he has the candor to acknowlege that 'he gave it some corrections a few years afterwards,'—an acknowlegement which reduces the whole question within ordinary bounds, and gives us a matured poem instead of an infant miracle.

Warton rather arrogantly pronounces that Pope could have adopted Statius only in his boyhood; and in the same spirit wishes, that 'no youth of genius should ever be suffered to look into Statius, Lucan, Claudian, or Seneca the tragedian, from their tendency to dazzle by forced conceits, violent metaphors,' &c. Yet we may justly dispute the critical authority of a judge, who ranks Propertius, Tibullus, and Phædrus, among the 'perfect poets of Rome,' or, as he terms it, the legitimate models of just thinking and writing. If Statius exhibited the degenerate feelings of an age in which fear made Domitian a god, or if his theme revelled in the horrors of ancient story; he yet gives proof of poetic energy equal to any one of the eight whom Warton niches in unapproachable excellence. Lucan alone is not inferior to their ablest, in all that constitutes the great poet, in rich invention, fervid imagery, bold personification, and that intensity of thought which strikes the idea into the soul. Of all the poets of antiquity, Lucan has been the most defrauded, and the most tastelessly defrauded, of his renown.

> **O sacer, et magnus vatum labor, omnia fato**
> **Eripis.**
> **Pharsalia nostra**
> **Vivet, et a nullo tenebris damnabitur ævo.**

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ARGUMENT.

ŒDIPUS, king of Thebes, having by mistake slain his father Laius, and married his mother Jocasta, put out his own eyes, and resigned his realm to his sons, Eteocles and Polynices: being neglected by them, he makes his prayer to the fury Tisiphone, to sow debate betwixt the brothers: they agree at last to reign singly, each a year by turns, and the first lot is obtained by Eteocles. Jupiter, in a council of the gods, declares his resolution of punishing the Thebans, and Argives also, by means of a marriage betwixt Polynices and one of the daughters of Adrastus, king of Argos. Juno opposes, but to no effect; and Mercury is sent on a message to the shades, to the ghost of Laius, who is to appear to Eteocles, and provoke him to break the agreement. Polynices in the mean time departs from Thebes by night, is overtaken by a storm, and arrives at Argos; where he meets with Tydeus, who had fled from Calydon, having killed his brother. Adrastus entertains them, having received an oracle from Apollo that his daughters should be married to a boar and a lion, which he understands to be meant of these strangers, by whom the hides of these beasts were worn, and who arrived at the time when he kept an annual feast in honor of that god: the rise of this solemnity he relates to his guests, the loves of Phœbus and Psamathe, and the story of Chorœbus. He inquires, and is made acquainted with their descent and quality: the sacrifice is renewed, and the book concludes with a hymn to Apollo.

The Translator hopes he need not apologise for his choice of this piece, which was made almost in his childhood: but finding the version better than he expected, he gave it some correction a few years afterwards.—POPE.

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THE FIRST BOOK

OF

STATIUS'S THEBAIS.

FRATERNAL rage, the guilty Thebes' alarms,
The alternate reign destroy'd by impious arms,
Demand our song; a sacred Fury fires
My ravish'd breast, and all the Muse inspires.
O goddess, say, shall I deduce my rhymes
From the dire nation in its early times,
Europa's rape, Agenor's stern decree,
And Cadmus searching round the spacious sea?
How with the serpent's teeth he sow'd the soil,
And reap'd an iron harvest of his toil?
Or how from joining stones the city sprung,
While to his harp divine Amphion sung?
Or shall I Juno's hate to Thebes resound,
Whose fatal rage the unhappy monarch found?
The sire against the son his arrows drew;
O'er the wide fields the furious mother flew;
And while her arms a second hope contain,
Sprung from the rocks and plunged into the main.

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But wave whate'er to Cadmus may belong,
And fix, O Muse! the barrier of thy song
At Œdipus—from his disasters trace
The long confusions of his guilty race:
Nor yet attempt to stretch thy bolder wing,
And mighty Cæsar's conquering eagles sing;
How twice he tamed proud Ister's rapid flood,
While Dacian mountains stream'd with barbarous blood;
Twice taught the Rhine beneath his laws to roll,
And stretch'd his empire to the frozen pole;
Or long before, with early valor strove,
In youthful arms, to assert the cause of Jove.
And thou, great heir of all thy father's fame,
Increase of glory to the Latian name,
O, bless thy Rome with an eternal reign,
Nor let desiring worlds entreat in vain.
What though the stars contract their heavenly space,
And crowd their shining ranks to yield thee place;
Though all the skies, ambitious of thy sway,
Conspire to court thee from our world away;
Though Phœbus longs to mix his rays with thine,
And in thy glories more serenely shine;
Though Jove himself no less content would be
To part his throne, and share his heaven with thee;
Yet stay, great Cæsar! and vouchsafe to reign
O'er the wide earth, and o'er the watery main;
Resign to Jove his empire of the skies,
And people heaven with Roman deities.

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The time will come, when a diviner flame
Shall warm my breast to sing of Cæsar's fame:
Meanwhile permit, that my preluding Muse
In Theban wars a humbler theme may choose:
Of furious hate surviving death, she sings;
A fatal throne to two contending kings;
And funeral flames, that, parting wide in air,
Express the discord of the souls they bear:
Of towns dispeopled, and the wandering ghosts
Of kings unburied in the wasted coasts;
When Dirce's fountain blush'd with Grecian blood;
And Thetis, near Ismenos' swelling flood,
With dread beheld the rolling surges sweep,
In heaps, his slaughter'd sons into the deep.
What hero, Clio! wilt thou first relate?
The rage of Tydeus, or the prophet's fate?
Or how, with hills of slain on every side,
Hippomedon repell'd the hostile tide?
Or how the youth, with every grace adorn'd,
Untimely fell, to be for ever mourn'd?
Then to fierce Capaneus thy verse extend,
And sing with horror his prodigious end.
Now wretched Œdipus, deprived of sight,
Led a long death in everlasting night;
But while he dwells where not a cheerful ray
Can pierce the darkness, and abhors the day,
The clear reflecting mind presents his sin
In frightful views, and makes it day within;
Returning thoughts in endless circles roll,
And thousand furies haunt his guilty soul.

[65] *Or how the youth.* Parthenopæus.

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The wretch then lifted to the unpitying skies
Those empty orbs from whence he tore his eyes,
Whose wounds, yet fresh, with bloody hands he strook,
While from his breast these dreadful accents broke:—
'Ye gods! that o'er the gloomy regions reign,
Where guilty spirits feel eternal pain:
Thou, sable Styx! whose livid streams are roll'd
Through dreary coasts, which I though blind behold;
Tisiphone, that oft hast heard my prayer;—
Assist, if Œdipus deserve thy care!
If you received me from Jocasta's womb,
And nursed the hope of mischiefs yet to come;
If leaving Polybus, I took my way,
To Cyrrha's temple on that fatal day,
When by the son the trembling father died,
Where the three roads the Phocian fields divide;
If I the Sphynx's riddles durst explain,
Taught by thyself to win the promised reign;
If wretched I, by baleful furies led,
With monstrous mixture stain'd my mother's bed;
For hell and thee begot an impious brood,
And with full lust those horrid joys renew'd;
Then self-condemn'd to shades of endless night,
Forced from these orbs the bleeding balls of sight;—
O, hear! and aid the vengeance I require,
If worthy thee, and what thou mightst inspire.
My sons their old, unhappy sire despise,
Spoil'd of his kingdom, and deprived of eyes;

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Guideless I wander, unregarded mourn,
Whilst these exalt their sceptres o'er my urn;
These sons, ye gods! who with flagitious pride
Insult my darkness, and my groans deride.
Art thou a father, unregarding Jove!
And sleeps thy thunder in the realms above?
Thou, Fury, then some lasting curse entail,
Which o'er their children's children shall prevail:
Place on their heads that crown distain'd with gore,
Which these dire hands from my slain father tore:
Go! and a parent's heavy curses bear;
Break all the bonds of nature, and prepare
Their kindred souls to mutual hate and war.
Give them to dare, what I might wish to see
Blind as I am, some glorious villany!
Soon shalt thou find, if thou but arm their hands,
Their ready guilt preventing thy commands:
Couldst thou some great, proportion'd mischief frame,
They 'd prove the father from whose loins they came.'
The Fury heard, while on Cocytus' brink,
Her snakes untied sulphureous waters drink;
But at the summons roll'd her eyes around,
And snatch'd the starting serpents from the ground.
Not half so swiftly shoots along in air
The gliding lightning, or descending star.
Through crowds of airy shades she wing'd her flight,
And dark dominions of the silent night:

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Swift as she pass'd the flitting ghosts withdrew,
And the pale spectres trembled at her view.
To the iron gates of Tænarus she flies,
There spreads her dusky pinions to the skies.
The day beheld; and, sickening at the sight,
Veil'd her fair glories in the shades of night:
Affrighted Atlas, on the distant shore,
Trembled, and shook the heavens and gods he bore.
Now from beneath Malea's airy height
Aloft she sprung, and steer'd to Thebes her flight;
With eager speed the well-known journey took,
Nor here regrets the hell she late forsook.
A hundred snakes her gloomy visage shade;
A hundred serpents guard her horrid head;
In her sunk eyeballs dreadful meteors glow:
Such rays from Phœbe's bloody circle flow,
When, laboring with strong charms, she shoots from high
A fiery gleam, and reddens all the sky.
Blood-stain'd her cheeks, and from her mouth there came
Blue steaming poisons, and a length of flame;
From every blast of her contagious breath
Famine and drought proceed, and plagues, and death.
A robe obscene was o'er her shoulders thrown;—
A dress by fates and furies worn alone.
She toss'd her meagre arms; her better hand
In waving circles whirl'd a funeral brand:

[140] *Malea.* A false quantity. 'Arripit extemplo Maleæ.'

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A serpent from her left was seen to rear
His flaming crest, and lash the yielding air.
But when the fury took her stand on high,
Where vast Cithæron's top salutes the sky,
A hiss from all the snaky tire went round:
The dreadful signal all the rocks rebound,
And through the Achaian cities send the sound.
Œte, with high Parnassus, heard the voice;
Eurota's banks remurmur'd to the noise;
Again Leucothoe shook at these alarms,
And press'd Palæmon closer in her arms.
Headlong from thence the glowing fury springs,
And o'er the Theban palace spreads her wings,
Once more invades the guilty dome, and shrouds
Its bright pavilions in a veil of clouds.
Straight with the rage of all their race possess'd,
Stung to the soul, the brothers start from rest,
And all their furies wake within their breast.
Their tortured minds repining envy tears;
And hate, engender'd by suspicious fears;
And sacred thirst of sway; and all the ties
Of nature broke; and royal perjuries;
And impotent desire to reign alone,
That scorns the dull reversion of a throne:
Each would the sweets of sovereign rule devour,
While discord waits upon divided power.
As stubborn steers, by brawny ploughmen broke,
And join'd reluctant to the galling yoke,
Alike disdain with servile necks to bear
The unwonted weight, or drag the crooked share;
But rend the reins, and bound a different way,
And all the furrows in confusion lay:

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Such was the discord of the royal pair,
Whom fury drove precipitate to war.
In vain the chiefs contrived a specious way
To govern Thebes by their alternate sway:
Unjust decree! while this enjoys the state,
That mourns in exile his unequal fate;
And the short monarch of a hasty year
Foresees with anguish his returning heir.
Thus did the league their impious arms restrain,
But scarce subsisted to the second reign.
  Yet then, no proud aspiring piles were raised;
No fretted roofs with polish'd metals blazed;
No labor'd columns in long order placed;
No Grecian stone the pompous arches graced;
No nightly bands in glittering armor wait
Before the sleepless tyrant's guarded gate;
No chargers then were wrought in burnish'd gold,
Nor silver vases took the forming mould;
Nor gems on bowls emboss'd were seen to shine,
Blaze on the brims, and sparkle in the wine.
Say, wretched rivals! what provokes your rage?
Say, to what end your impious arms engage?
Not all bright Phœbus views in early morn,
Or when his evening beams the west adorn,
When the south glows with his meridian ray,
And the cold north receives a fainter day;
For crimes like these, not all those realms suffice,
Were all those realms the guilty victor's prize!
  But fortune now, the lots of empire thrown,
Decrees to proud Eteocles the crown:

219 *Eteocles.* Racine's first tragedy was on this subject.

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What joys, O tyrant! swell'd thy soul that day,
When all were slaves thou couldst around survey,
Pleased to behold unbounded power thy own,
And singly fill a fear'd and envied throne!
But the vile vulgar, ever discontent,
Their growing fears in secret murmurs vent;
Still prone to change, though still the slaves of state;
And sure the monarch whom they have to hate:
New lords they madly make, then tamely bear;
And softly curse the tyrants whom they fear.
And one of those, who groan beneath the sway
Of kings imposed, and grudgingly obey,
(Whom envy to the great, and vulgar spite
With scandal arm'd, the ignoble mind's delight)
Exclaim'd;—'O Thebes! for thee what fates remain,
What woes attend this inauspicious reign!
Must we, alas! our doubtful necks prepare
Each haughty master's yoke by turns to bear,
And still to change whom changed we still must fear?
These now control a wretched people's fate;
These can divide, and these reverse the state:
Ev'n Fortune rules no more!—O servile land,
Where exiled tyrants still by turns command!
Thou sire of gods and men, imperial Jove!
Is this the eternal doom decreed above?
On thy own offspring hast thou fix'd this fate,
From the first birth of our unhappy state;
When banish'd Cadmus, wandering o'er the main,
For lost Europa search'd the world in vain;

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And, fated in Bœotian fields to found
A rising empire on a foreign ground,
First raised our walls on that ill-omen'd plain,
Where earth-born brothers were by brothers slain?
What lofty looks the unrival'd monarch bears!
How all the tyrant in his face appears!
What sullen fury clouds his scornful brow!
Gods! how his eyes with threatening ardor glow!
Can this imperious lord forget to reign,
Quit all his state, descend, and serve again?
Yet who before more popularly bow'd?
Who more propitious to the suppliant crowd?
Patient of right, familiar in the throne?
What wonder then? he was not then alone.
O wretched we, a vile, submissive train,
Fortune's tame fools, and slaves in every reign!
'As when two winds with rival force contend,
This way and that the wavering sails they bend;
While freezing Boreas and black Eurus blow;
Now here, now there, the reeling vessel throw:
Thus on each side, alas! our tottering state
Feels all the fury of resistless fate;
And doubtful still, and still distracted stands,
While that prince threatens, and while this commands.'
And now the almighty father of the gods
Convenes a council in the bless'd abodes.
Far in the bright recesses of the skies,
High o'er the rolling heavens, a mansion lies,
Whence, far below, the gods at once survey
The realms of rising and declining day,
And all the extended space of earth, and air, and sea.

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Full in the midst, and on a starry throne,
The majesty of heaven superior shone;
Serene he look'd, and gave an awful nod,
And all the trembling spheres confess'd the god.
At Jove's assent the deities around
In solemn state the consistory crown'd.
Next a long order of inferior powers
Ascend from hills, and plains, and shady bowers;
Those from whose urns the rolling rivers flow;
And those that give the wandering winds to blow:
Here all their rage, and ev'n their murmurs cease,
And sacred silence reigns, and universal peace.
A shining synod of majestic gods
Gilds with new lustre the divine abodes:
Heaven seems improved with a superior ray,
And the bright arch reflects a double day.
The monarch then his solemn silence broke;
The still creation listen'd while he spoke;
Each sacred accent bears eternal weight;
And each irrevocable word is fate.

'How long shall man the wrath of Heaven defy,
And force unwilling vengeance from the sky?
O, race confederate into crimes, that prove
Triumphant o'er the eluded rage of Jove!
This wearied arm can scarce the bolt sustain,
And unregarded thunder rolls in vain:
The o'erlabor'd Cyclops from his task retires;
The Æolian forge exhausted of its fires.
For this, I suffer'd Phœbus' steeds to stray,
And the mad ruler to misguide the day;

306 *Eluded rage of Jove.* Warton here quotes Longinus:—*ἐκ τοῦ φοβέρου κατ' ὀλίγον ὑπονόστει πρὸς τὸ εὐκαταφρόνητον* (sect. 3.) the anticipation of Napoleon's celebrated remark;—'From the sublime to the ridiculous is but a step.'

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When the wide earth to heaps of ashes turn'd,
And heaven itself the wandering chariot burn'd.
For this, my brother of the watery reign
Released the impetuous sluices of the main:
But flames consumed, and billows raged in vain.
Two races now, allied to Jove, offend;
To punish these, see Jove himself descend.
The Theban kings their line from Cadmus trace,
From godlike Perseus those of Argive race.
Unhappy Cadmus' fate who does not know,
And the long series of succeeding wo?
How oft the furies, from the deeps of night,
Arose, and mix'd with men in mortal fight!
The exulting mother, stain'd with filial blood!
The savage hunter, and the haunted wood!
The direful banquet why should I proclaim,
And crimes that grieve the trembling gods to name?
Ere I recount the sins of these profane,
The sun would sink into the western main,
And, rising, gild the radiant east again.
Have we not seen, the blood of Laius shed,
The murdering son ascend his parent's bed,
Through violated nature force his way,
And stain the sacred womb where once he lay?
Yet now in darkness and despair he groans,
And for the crimes of guilty fate atones;
His sons with scorn their eyeless father view,
Insult his wounds, and make them bleed anew.
Thy curse, O Œdipus, just Heaven alarms,
And sets the avenging Thunderer in arms.
I from the root thy guilty race will tear,
And give the nations to the waste of war.

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Adrastus soon, with gods averse, shall join
In dire alliance with the Theban line;
Hence strife shall rise, and mortal war succeed;
The guilty realms of Tantalus shall bleed:
Fix'd is their doom; this all-remembering breast
Yet harbors vengeance for the tyrant's feast.'
He said; and thus the queen of heaven return'd:—
(With sudden grief her laboring bosom burn'd)
'Must I, whose cares Phoroneus' towers defend,—
Must I, O Jove, in bloody wars contend?
Thou know'st those regions my protection claim,
Glorious in arms, in riches, and in fame.
Though there the fair Egyptian heifer fed,
And there deluded Argus slept, and bled;
Though there the brazen tower was storm'd of old,
When Jove descended in almighty gold;—
Yet I can pardon those obscurer rapes,
Those bashful crimes disguised in borrow'd shapes:
But Thebes, where shining in celestial charms
Thou camest triumphant to a mortal's arms,
When all my glories o'er her limbs were spread,
And blazing lightnings danced around her bed;—
Cursed Thebes the vengeance it deserves, may prove:
Ah, why should Argos feel the rage of Jove?
Yet since thou wilt thy sister-queen control;
Since still the lust of discord fires thy soul;—
Go, rase my Samos, let Mycene fall,
And level with the dust the Spartan wall:
No more let mortals Juno's power invoke,
Her fanes no more with eastern incense smoke,
Nor victims sink beneath the sacred stroke;

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But to your Isis all my rites transfer;
Let altars blaze and temples smoke for her;
For her, through Egypt's fruitful clime renown'd,
Let weeping Nilus hear the timbrel sound.
But if thou must reform the stubborn times,
Avenging on the sons the father's crimes;
And from the long records of distant age
Derive incitements to renew thy rage;—
Say, from what period then has Jove design'd
To date his vengeance; to what bounds confined?
Begin from thence, where first Alpheus hides
His wandering stream, and through the briny tides
Unmix'd to his Sicilian river glides.
Thy own Arcadians there the thunder claim,
Whose impious rites disgrace thy mighty name;
Who raise thy temples, where the chariot stood
Of fierce Œnomaus, defiled with blood;
Where once his steeds their savage banquet found,
And human bones yet whiten all the ground.
Say, can those honors please; and canst thou love
Presumptuous Crete, that boasts the tomb of Jove?
And shall not Tantalus's kingdoms share
Thy wife and sister's tutelary care?
Reverse, O Jove, thy too severe decree,
Nor doom to war a race derived from thee:
On impious realms and barbarous kings impose
Thy plagues, and curse them with such sons as those.'
Thus, in reproach and prayer, the queen express'd
The rage and grief contending in her breast:

[399] *With such sons as those.* Eteocles and Polynices.

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Unmoved remain'd the ruler of the sky,
And from his throne return'd this stern reply :—
' 'Twas thus I deem'd thy haughty soul would bear
The dire, though just revenge, which I prepare
Against a nation thy peculiar care :
No less Dione might for Thebes contend,
Nor Bacchus less his native town defend ;
Yet these in silence see the fates fulfil
Their work, and reverence our superior will :
For by the black infernal Styx I swear,
(That dreadful oath which binds the Thunderer)
'Tis fix'd ; the irrevocable doom of Jove ;
No force can bend me, no persuasion move.
Haste then, Cyllenius, through the liquid air ;
Go, mount the winds, and to the shades repair ;
Bid hell's black monarch my commands obey,
And give up Laius to the realms of day ;
Whose ghost, yet shivering on Cocytus' sand,
Expects its passage to the farther strand :
Let the pale sire revisit Thebes, and bear
These pleasing orders to the tyrant's ear ;
That from his exiled brother, swell'd with pride
Of foreign forces, and his Argive bride,
Almighty Jove commands him to detain
The promised empire and alternate reign :

418 *Give up Laius.* Seneca, Dryden, and Lee bring the ghost of Laius on the stage. Dryden's invocation is among his richest fragments :—

Choose the darkest part of the grove,
Such as ghosts at noon-day love :
Dig a trench, and dig it nigh,
Where the bones of Laius lie, &c.

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Be this the cause of more than mortal hate:
The rest, succeeding times shall ripen into fate.'
The god obeys, and to his feet applies
Those golden wings that cut the yielding skies.
His ample hat his beamy locks o'erspread,
And veil'd the starry glories of his head.
He seized the wand that causes sleep to fly,
Or in soft slumbers seals the wakeful eye;
That drives the dead to dark Tartarean coasts,
Or back to life compels the wandering ghosts.
Thus, through the parting clouds, the son of May
Wings on the whistling winds his rapid way;
Now smoothly steers through air his equal flight;
Now springs aloft, and towers the ethereal height;
Then wheeling down the steep of heaven he flies,
And draws a radiant circle o'er the skies.
Meantime the banish'd Polynices roves,
His Thebes abandon'd, through the Aonian groves;
While future realms his wandering thoughts delight,
His daily vision and his dream by night:
Forbidden Thebes appears before his eye,
From whence he sees his absent brother fly;
With transport views the airy rule his own,
And swells on an imaginary throne.
Fain would he cast a tedious age away,
And live out all in one triumphant day:
He chides the lazy progress of the sun,
And bids the year with swifter motion run:
With anxious hopes his craving mind is toss'd,
And all his joys in length of wishes lost.
The hero then resolves his course to bend
Where ancient Danaus' fruitful fields extend,
And famed Mycene's lofty towers ascend;

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Where late the sun did Atreus' crimes detest,
And disappear'd in horror of the feast.
And now, by chance, by fate, or furies led,
From Bacchus' consecrated caves he fled,
Where the shrill cries of frantic matrons sound,
And Pentheus' blood enrich'd the rising ground:
Then sees Cithæron towering o'er the plain,
And thence declining gently to the main:
Next to the bounds of Nisus' realm repairs,
Where treacherous Scylla cut the purple hairs;
The hanging cliffs of Scyron's rock explores,
And hears the murmurs of the different shores;
Passes the strait that parts the foaming seas,
And stately Corinth's pleasing site surveys.
'Twas now the time when Phœbus yields to night,
And rising Cynthia sheds her silver light;
Wide o'er the world in solemn pomp she drew
Her airy chariot hung with pearly dew:
All birds and beasts lie hush'd; sleep steals away
The wild desires of men, and toils of day;
And brings, descending through the silent air,
A sweet forgetfulness of human care:
Yet no red clouds, with golden borders gay,
Promise the skies the bright return of day;
No faint reflections of the distant light
Streak with long gleams the scattering shades of night:

465 *Pentheus' blood.* Theocritus, Idyll. 26.

474—481 Lines, whose rich and placid harmony Pope himself never exceeded.

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From the damp earth impervious vapors rise,
Increase the darkness, and involve the skies.
At once the rushing winds with roaring sound
Burst from the Æolian caves, and rend the ground;
With equal rage their airy quarrel try,
And win by turns the kingdom of the sky:
But with a thicker night black Auster shrouds
The heavens, and drives on heaps the rolling clouds;
From whose dark womb a rattling tempest pours,
Which the cold north congeals to haily showers.
From pole to pole the thunder roars aloud,
And broken lightnings flash from every cloud.
Now smokes with showers the misty mountain-ground,
And floated fields lie undistinguish'd round:
The Inachian streams with headlong fury run,
And Erasinus rolls a deluge on:
The foaming Lerna swells above its bounds,
And spreads its ancient poisons o'er the grounds:
Where late was dust, now rapid torrents play,
Rush through the mounds, and bear the dams away:
Old limbs of trees, from crackling forests torn,
Are whirl'd in air, and on the winds are borne:
The storm the dark Lycæan groves display'd,
And first to light exposed the sacred shade.
The intrepid Theban hears the bursting sky;
Sees yawning rocks in massy fragments fly;
And views astonish'd, from the hills afar,
The floods descending, and the watery war,
That, driven by storms, and pouring o'er the plain,
Swept herds, and hinds, and houses to the main.

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Through the brown horrors of the night he fled,
Nor knows, amazed, what doubtful path to tread;
His brother's image to his mind appears,
Inflames his heart with rage, and wings his feet with fears.
So fares a sailor on the stormy main,
When clouds conceal Boötes' golden wain;
When not a star its friendly lustre keeps,
Nor trembling Cynthia glimmers on the deeps:
He dreads the rocks, and shoals, and seas, and skies,
While thunder roars, and lightning round him flies.
Thus strove the chief, on every side distress'd;
Thus still his courage with his toils increased:
With his broad shield opposed, he forced his way
Through thickest woods, and roused the beasts of prey;
Till he beheld, where from Larissa's height
The shelving walls reflect a glancing light:
Thither with haste the Theban hero flies:
On this side Lerna's poisonous water lies,
On that Prosymna's grove and temple rise.
He pass'd the gates which then unguarded lay,
And to the regal palace bent his way;
On the cold marble, spent with toil, he lies;
And waits till pleasing slumbers seal his eyes.
Adrastus here his happy people sways,
Bless'd with calm peace in his declining days;
By both his parents of descent divine,
Great Jove and Phœbus graced his noble line.
Heaven had not crown'd his wishes with a son,
But two fair daughters heir'd his state and throne.

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To him Apollo (wondrous to relate!
But who can pierce into the depths of fate?)
Had sung—'Expect thy sons on Argos' shore,
A yellow lion and a bristly boar.'
This, long revolved in his paternal breast,
Sate heavy on his heart, and broke his rest;
This, great Amphiaraus, lay hid from thee,
Though skill'd in fate and dark futurity.
The father's care and prophet's art were vain,
For thus did the predicting god ordain.
Lo, hapless Tydeus, whose ill-fated hand
Had slain his brother, leaves his native land;
And seized with horror in the shades of night,
Through the thick deserts headlong urged his flight:
Now, by the fury of the tempest driven,
He seeks a shelter from the inclement heaven;
Till, led by fate, the Theban's steps he treads,
And to fair Argos' open court succeeds.
When thus the chiefs from different lands resort
To Adrastus' realms and hospitable court;
The king surveys his guests with curious eyes,
And views their arms and habit with surprise.
A lion's yellow skin the Theban wears,
Horrid his mane, and rough with curling hairs;
Such once employ'd Alcides' youthful toils,
Ere yet adorn'd with Nemea's dreadful spoils.
A boar's stiff hide, of Calydonian breed,
Œnides' manly shoulders overspread:
Oblique his tusks, erect his bristles stood;
Alive, the pride and terror of the wood.
Struck with the sight, and fix'd in deep amaze,
The king the accomplish'd oracle surveys;

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Reveres Apollo's vocal caves, and owns
The guiding godhead, and his future sons:
O'er all his bosom secret transports reign,
And a glad horror shoots through every vein:
To heaven he lifts his hands, erects his sight,
And thus invokes the silent queen of night:—
'Goddess of shades, beneath whose gloomy reign
Yon spangled arch glows with the starry train;
You, who the cares of heaven and earth allay,
Till nature, quicken'd by the inspiring ray,
Wakes to new vigor with the rising day;—
O, thou, who freest me from my doubtful state,
Long lost and wilder'd in the maze of fate!
Be present still, O goddess! in our aid;
Proceed, and firm those omens thou hast made.
We to thy name our annual rites will pay,
And on thy altars sacrifices lay;
The sable flock shall fall beneath the stroke,
And fill thy temples with a grateful smoke.
Hail, faithful tripos! hail, ye dark abodes
Of awful Phœbus: I confess the gods!'
Thus, seized with sacred fear, the monarch pray'd;
Then to his inner court the guests convey'd;
Where yet thin fumes from dying sparks arise,
And dust yet white upon each altar lies,
The relics of a former sacrifice.
The king once more the solemn rites requires,
And bids renew the feasts, and wake the fires.
His train obey, while all the courts around
With noisy care and various tumult sound.
Embroider'd purple clothes the golden beds;
This slave the floor, and that the table spreads;

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A third dispels the darkness of the night,
And fills depending lamps with beams of light:
Here loaves in canisters are piled on high,
And there in flames the slaughter'd victims fly.
Sublime in regal state Adrastus shone,
Stretch'd on rich carpets on his ivory throne;
A lofty couch receives each princely guest;
Around, at awful distance, wait the rest.
And now the king, his royal feast to grace,
Acestis calls, the guardian of his race,
Who first their youth in arts of virtue train'd,
And their ripe years in modest grace maintain'd;
Then softly whisper'd in her faithful ear,
And bade his daughters at the rites appear.
When from the close apartments of the night,
The royal nymphs approach divinely bright;
Such was Diana's, such Minerva's face;
Nor shine their beauties with superior grace,
But that in these a milder charm endears,
And less of terror in their looks appears.
As on the heroes first they cast their eyes,
O'er their fair cheek the glowing blushes rise;
Their downcast looks a decent shame confess'd,
Then on their father's reverend features rest.
The banquet done, the monarch gives the sign
To fill the goblet high with sparkling wine,
Which Danaus used in sacred rites of old,
With sculpture graced, and rough with rising gold:
Here to the clouds victorious Perseus flies;
Medusa seems to move her languid eyes;
And, ev'n in gold, turns paler as she dies:

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There from the chase Jove's towering eagle bears,
On golden wings, the Phrygian to the stars:
Still as he rises in the ethereal height,
His native mountains lessen to his sight;
While all his sad companions upward gaze,
Fix'd on the glorious scene in wild amaze;
And the swift hounds, affrighted as he flies,
Run to the shade, and bark against the skies.
This golden bowl with generous juice was crown'd,
The first libations sprinkled on the ground:
By turns on each celestial power they call;
With Phœbus' name resounds the vaulted hall.
The courtly train, the strangers, and the rest,
Crown'd with chaste laurel and with garlands dress'd,
While with rich gums the fuming altars blaze,
Salute the god in numerous hymns of praise.
Then thus the king:—'Perhaps, my noble guests,
These honor'd altars, and these annual feasts,
To bright Apollo's awful name design'd,
Unknown, with wonder may perplex your mind.
Great was the cause; our old solemnities
From no blind zeal or fond tradition rise;
But, saved from death, our Argives yearly pay
These grateful honors to the god of day.
'When by a thousand darts the Python slain
With orbs unroll'd lay covering all the plain;
Transfix'd as o'er Castalia's streams he hung,
And suck'd new poisons with his triple tongue;—
To Argos' realms the victor god resorts,
And enters old Crotopus' humble courts.

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This rural prince one only daughter bless'd,
That all the charms of blooming youth possess'd;
Fair was her face, and spotless was her mind,
Where filial love with virgin sweetness join'd.
Happy! and happy still she might have proved,
Were she less beautiful, or less beloved!
But Phœbus loved, and on the flowery side
Of Nemea's stream the yielding fair enjoy'd:
Now, ere ten moons their orb with light adorn,
The illustrious offspring of the god was born:
The nymph, her father's anger to evade,
Retires from Argos to the sylvan shade;
To woods and wilds the pleasing burden bears,
And trusts her infant to a shepherd's cares.
'How mean a fate, unhappy child, is thine!
Ah, how unworthy those of race divine!
On flowery herbs in some green covert laid,
His bed the ground, his canopy the shade,
He mixes with the bleating lambs his cries,
While the rude swain his rural music tries
To call soft slumbers on his infant eyes.
Yet ev'n in those obscure abodes to live,
Was more, alas! than cruel fate could give;
For on the grassy verdure as he lay,
And breathed the freshness of the early day,
Devouring dogs the helpless infant tore,
Fed on his trembling limbs, and lapp'd the gore.
The astonish'd mother, when the rumor came,
Forgets her father, and neglects her fame;
With loud complaints she fills the yielding air,
And beats her breast, and rends her flowing hair;
Then wild with anguish to her sire she flies;
Demands the sentence, and contented dies.

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'But touch'd with sorrow for the dead too late,
The raging god prepares to avenge her fate:
He sends a monster, horrible and fell,
Begot by furies in the depths of hell:
The pest a virgin's face and bosom bears;
High on a crown a rising snake appears,
Guards her black front, and hisses in her hairs:
About the realm she walks her dreadful round,
When night with sable wings o'erspreads the ground;
Devours young babes before their parents' eyes,
And feeds and thrives on public miseries.
'But generous rage the bold Chorœbus warms,—
Chorœbus, famed for virtue as for arms:
Some few, like him, inspired with martial fame,
Thought a short life well lost for endless fame.
These, where two ways in equal parts divide,
The direful monster from afar descried;
Two bleeding babes depending at her side,
Whose panting vitals, warm with life, she draws;
And in their hearts imbrues her cruel claws.
The youths surround her with extended spears;
But brave Chorœbus in the front appears:
Deep in her breast he plunged his shining sword,
And hell's dire monster back to hell restored.
The Inachians view the slain with vast surprise;
Her twisting volumes, and her rolling eyes;

720 *Two bleeding babes.*

See the grisly texture grow:
'Tis of human entrails made. GRAY.

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Her spotted breast, and gaping womb imbrued
With livid poison, and our children's blood.
The crowd, in stupid wonder fix'd, appear;
Pale ev'n in joy, nor yet forget to fear.
Some with vast beams the squalid corpse engage,
And weary all the wild efforts of rage.
The birds obscene that nightly flock'd to taste,
With hollow screeches fled the dire repast;
And ravenous dogs, allured by scented blood,
And starving wolves, ran howling to the wood.
'But fired with rage, from cleft Parnassus' brow
Avenging Phœbus bent his deadly bow,
And hissing flew the feather'd fates below.
A night of sultry clouds involved around
The towers, the fields, and the devoted ground:
And now a thousand lives together fled;
Death with his scythe cut off the fatal thread;
And a whole province in his triumph led.
'But Phœbus, ask'd why noxious fires appear,
And raging Sirius blasts the sickly year,
Demands their lives by whom his monster fell,
And dooms a dreadful sacrifice to hell.
'Bless'd be thy dust, and let eternal fame
Attend thy manes, and preserve thy name,
Undaunted hero! who, divinely brave,
In such a cause disdain'd thy life to save;
But view'd the shrine with a superior look,
And its upbraided godhead thus bespoke:—
''With piety, the soul's securest guard,
And conscious virtue, still its own reward,

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Willing I come, unknowing how to fear;
Nor shalt thou, Phœbus, find a suppliant here.
Thy monster's death to me was owed alone,
And 'tis a deed too glorious to disown.
Behold him here, for whom so many days,
Impervious clouds conceal'd thy sullen rays;
For whom, as man no longer claim'd thy care,
Such numbers fell by pestilential air!
But if the abandon'd race of human kind
From gods above no more compassion find;
If such inclemency in heaven can dwell;—
Yet why must unoffending Argos feel
The vengeance due to this unlucky steel?
On me, on me, let all thy fury fall;
Nor err from me, since I deserve it all;
Unless our desert cities please thy sight,
Or funeral flames reflect a grateful light.
Discharge thy shafts, this ready bosom rend,
And to the shades a ghost triumphant send;
But for my country let my fate atone:
Be mine the vengeance, as the crime my own.'
'Merit distress'd impartial Heaven relieves;
Unwelcome life relenting Phœbus gives;
For not the vengeful power, that glow'd with rage,
With such amazing virtue durst engage.
The clouds dispersed; Apollo's wrath expired;
And from the wondering god the unwilling youth retired.
Thence we these altars in his temple raise;
And offer annual honors, feasts, and praise;
These solemn feasts propitious Phœbus please;
These honors, still renew'd, his ancient wrath appease.

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'But say, illustrious guest,' adjoin'd the king,
'What name you bear; from what high race you spring?
The noble Tydeus stands confess'd, and known
Our neighbor prince, and heir of Calydon.
Relate your fortunes, while the friendly night
And silent hours to various talk invite.'
The Theban bends on earth his gloomy eyes,
Confused, and sadly thus at length replies:—
'Before these altars how shall I proclaim,
O generous prince! my nation or my name,
Or through what ancient veins our blood has roll'd?
Let the sad tale for ever rest untold!
Yet, if propitious to a wretch unknown,
You seek to share in sorrows not your own;
Know, then, from Cadmus I derive my race,
Jocasta's son, and Thebes my native place.'
To whom the king, who felt his generous breast
Touch'd with concern for his unhappy guest,
Replies:—'Ah! why forbears the son to name
His wretched father known too well by fame?
Fame, that delights around the world to stray,
Scorns not to take our Argos in her way:
Ev'n those who dwell where suns at distance roll,
In northern wilds, and freeze beneath the pole;
And those who tread the burning Libyan lands,
The faithless Syrtes, and the moving sands;
Who view the western sea's extremest bounds,
Or drink of Ganges in their eastern grounds;—
All these the woes of Œdipus have known,
Your fates, your furies, and your haunted town.

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If on the sons the parents' crimes descend,
What prince from those his lineage can defend?
Be this thy comfort; that 'tis thine to efface,
With virtuous acts, thy ancestor's disgrace,
And be thyself the honor of thy race.
But, see! the stars begin to steal away,
And shine more faintly at approaching day:
Now pour the wine; and in your tuneful lays
Once more resound the great Apollo's praise.
'O father Phœbus! whether Lycia's coast,
And snowy mountain thy bright presence boast;
Whether to sweet Castalia thou repair,
And bathe in silver dews thy yellow hair;
Or, pleased to find fair Delos float no more,
Delight in Cynthus, and the shady shore;
Or choose thy seat in Ilion's proud abodes,
The shining structures raised by laboring gods;—
By thee the bow and mortal shafts are borne;
Eternal charms thy blooming youth adorn.
Skill'd in the laws of secret fate above,
And the dark counsels of Almighty Jove,
'Tis thine the seeds of future war to know,
The change of sceptres, and impending wo,
When direful meteors spread, through glowing air,
Long trails of light, and shake their blazing hair.
Thy rage the Phrygian felt, who durst aspire
To excel the music of thy heavenly lyre:
Thy shafts avenged lewd Tityus' guilty flame,
The immortal victim of thy mother's fame:
Thy hand slew Python, and the dame who lost
Her numerous offspring for a fatal boast:
In Phlegyas' doom thy just revenge appears,
Condemn'd to furies and eternal fears;

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He views his food; but dreads with lifted eye
The mouldering rock that trembles from on high.
'Propitious, hear our prayer, O power divine!
And on thy hospitable Argos shine;
Whether the stile of Titan please thee more,
Whose purple rays the Achæmenes adore;
Or great Osiris, who first taught the swain
In Pharian fields to sow the golden grain;
Or Mitra, to whose beams the Persian bows,
And pays in hollow rocks his awful vows;—
Mitra, whose head the blaze of light adorns,
Who grasps the struggling heifer's lunar horns.'

END OF VOL. III.

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